

LETTERS

FROM THE
DUCHESS DE CRUI AND OTHERS,
ON

SUBJECTS MORAL AND ENTERTAINING,

WHEREIN THE
CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE SEX,
WITH

Their RANK, IMPORTANCE, and CONSEQUENCE,
IS STATED,

And their RELATIVE DUTIES in LIFE are enforced.

By Lady MARY WALKER.

THE THIRD EDITION, corrected.

V O L. II.

D U B L I N:

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AND J. NORMAN.

M DCC LXXIX.

THE FIRST

SUBJECT: MORAL AND ETHICAL

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LETTER XXX.

From Miss N—— to Lord H——

MY LORD,

BEFORE this letter reaches your hands, my writer will have renounced her habitation in consequence of your having abandoned her, in reward for the unlimited confidence she placed in you, to the destruction of her honour, peace of mind, and every other felicity her youth and life might have produced her. Could you have informed me of your change of sentiments, I should have pardoned you, and imputed it to my own misconduct.—Cruelty, in estimation, is preferable to perfidy. You are going to wed a Miss Castor, or have thought so, which to me is much the same. You must by this time be acquainted with my character, the strength of my affection, and the sensibility of my heart; it remains only for me now to acquaint you with the fixed purposes of my soul. I despise those women who are capable of changing their affections; but I pity those whose weakness ever suffers them to commit an infidelity.

Love admits no partnership; pure affection is celestial emanation. Do not apprehend, on

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my part, the weaknesses of common mind is only for them, like those of weak conditions, not to expel the poison they have imbibed. *You will never see me more.* And now, Lord, after informing you of my intentions, must be convinced I can have no farther in view in acquainting you with some truths, but *your own* account. In justice to my own character, permit me only to observe, that if I do not combat my inclinations, and triumph over them, by having less fortitude and more sensibility; yet I considered my weakness as a spectacle, as nothing was wanting but the money to render me the wife of a man, who must be perjured if he did not ratify his engagements. I trust to the indulgence of a benevolent Being, who judges without prejudice; and that my present and past sufferings will atone for my misconduct.

From what I have heard of the Lady, she are going to wed, she can never engage your heart, her fortune alone commands your attention. You are possessed of a sensibility which must condemn you to an eternal ennui, if you have not some favourite object to ingross your thoughts. Your resource, as a married man, can only be with women of bad character; they may avail so far as to seduce your senses, but it will be still beyond their power to inspire you with real love. And you will again lament her, who alone can make you happy, because she alone can love as you deserve to be loved. You will be liked by many women, but idolized by none alone.

When you become the insipid object of languid affection, that will pardon every thing because it feels *nothing*, you will then perceive

et the unreasonableness of my temper, the extravagance of my mind, with the tender sensibility of my heart.

You have now rendered yourself the object of my contempt, therefore do not suppose I am moved by passion. Contempt is always calm, because it is a sentiment of superiority; hatred is but a vulgar sensation, superior minds only despise. If to raise a fallen enemy be the part of a hero, what is it to triumph over a confiding friend, to insult those who throw themselves on your patronage—and to return by the cruelest neglect the unlimited confidence which has been reposed in them! which carries with it so many claims to compassion, observance and affection! Would not every one allow that this was a great piece of villainy! And yet this very practice towards women passes for a trifle, the amusement of a man of gallantry, and is often made the subject of boast and triumph.

I must intreat you, my Lord, to take this into your consideration, and to be more sincere with your women; endeavour to know that heart which you may venture to attack. How truly miserable, though contemptible is he, who attempts to deceive, who involves another in dishonesty, and condemns himself to a train of infamy and falsehood! Sooner or later he comes to be detected, is persecuted by his associates in folly, attracted towards one, withheld by another, insulted here, and despised there, and suspected every where; he can neither feel content nor merit esteem. He becomes peevish in mortification, creates disgust in others, and concludes his despicable career, unloving and beloved.

I have only to add before I conclude, that I heartily forgive you all the miseries you have occasioned me; and to confirm what I have often told you, although I shall never see you more, that I shall die blessing you, and entire

Your's

WILHELMINA N—

L E T T E R XXXI.

From Lady FILMER, to Mrs. ROSS.

DEAR MADAM,

I Return you many thanks for your last, which I have communicated the contents to my brother-in-law Lord Chester; father to Lord H—.

My nephew, for some months past, has been plunged in the deepest melancholy on N— account. The very evening in which he left her, he had a fall from his horse, broke his collar-bone, and fevered: his father, who loves him with the utmost tenderness, attends him constantly; and hearing him often mention her name in his delirium, was convinced he had a private attachment. The difficulties L H— knew his father was involved in, made him postpone telling him his real in

ons, flattering himself with the assistance he would acquire from the mediation of an uncle, who was hourly expected from an embassy abroad. This affair had been the only occasion of the change of temper Miss N—— perceived in him, whom appearances have undoubtedly been much against; but when this unfortunate young lady knows the uneasiness he suffered, was merely on her account, and his silence to her entreaties, only to prevent her unhappiness, she must feel her error in thinking dishonourably of him.

Lord H——'s fever did not abate, and his delirium continued for three weeks, during which time Miss N——'s letter arrived. This Lord Chester concealed, flattering himself it might perhaps be only a temporary engagement, which this little absence might efface. His anxiety however increased, when the physician told him he suspected Lord H——'s recovery was retarded by the uneasiness he appeared to have on his mind. Dr. Worthy, had always been of opinion it was necessary for gentlemen of his profession, to attend to the peculiar dispositions of the mind and their influence on the body. Should not, my dear Mrs. Ross, a physician be a philosopher too? For without taking in the contact of the *mind*, can he ever be sufficiently master of his subject, the *body*? If he cannot cure anxiety, what signifies correcting of acidities? "If he cannot medicine to minds diseased, of what avail are all his alkalis?" In consequence of this manner of acting, he was not in great repute with the apothecaries.

Lord Chester, by his advice, judged a change of place, and such amusements as he was capable of enjoying, would prove the most

effectual means of recovering Lord H—
The first day he went abroad he was brought home in a fainting fit, seized with sudden p^{er}oxysms; and his life afterwards despaired. Lord Chester was informed this relapse was occasioned by his son's having discovered, at Dr^{um}wich, that a lady had left a house he called. He then informed Dr. Worthy of the letter he had received, in his son's first illness; and then thought it necessary, upon the first interval of his disease, to break the matter to him by degrees. When they put this design in execution his knees smote one against the other, a cold dew hung upon his forehead, a thousand dreadful consequences crowded upon his imagination: compassion, fear, remorse, and horror, shook his whole frame; he could only say, "nothing remains for me but to die!" and then sunk into a long swoon. They knew not whether he would ever recover from it. Dr. Worthy shed tears: Men ought not to be laughed at for weeping, till we come to a more clear notion of what is imputed to the hardness of the head and the softness of the heart.

At length Lord H—— was restored; for some time he seemed to be in a manner stupified; a dreadful calm held his soul in suspence; his eyes were sometimes fixed on his father, and sometimes cast up to heaven, with a look of such unutterable anguish as wrung his heart. Lord Chester assured him, if the young lady was of good character, exclusive of her misconduct with him, that he would permit him to marry her. There are times when all the forms and interests of life are nothing, when nature is only heard: Lord Chester forgot every thing but his son; who, grasping his father's hand, said,
"She

She is Miss N——, the daughter of Sir
 N——; in whom the charms of beauty,
 the graces of the mind, the greatest dignity of
 the soul, and all the virtues of the human kind,
 are united. Her love gave me a new being, in
 comparison of which, my former life was a dis-
 tinct change of the same tedious days and
 nights, an unanimated vegetable existence.”
 Lord H—— has been in constant search of Miss
 N—— ever since, although his father has been
 endeavouring to persuade him to go to Bristol,
 for his health.
 I have time to add no more; as Lord H——
 is impatient to set out—He has promised to wait
 Miss Byron's instructions at York; in order not
 to hurry, by his sudden appearance, Miss N——,
 in the present weak state of health you acquaint
 me she is in.

I ever am, my dear Mrs. Ross,

your affectionate

and sincere friend,

AMELIA FILMER.

(8)
L E T T E R XXXII.

From Mr. LEWIS, to Sir JAMES BRUCE

DEAR SIR,

I Have the satisfaction to be able to give you most agreeable accounts of Lord F — ; he has every thing I could wish him to be: this I chiefly impute to the example of Mr. Trueman, being very sensible of the insufficiency of your excess. Man is by nature imitative, and the power of example operates upon him by insensible, but irresistible force.

I have constantly observed to him, that a human soul was formed for pleasures of a higher nature than those that are commonly supposed arise from love; such as flow from justice, truth, virtue, and goodness: these form a firm basis for happiness, whereas the chains of beauty are slight and easily broken. What ought to make every one jealous of this passion is, it owes its rise, for the most part, to *caprice*; its progress subverts the power of *reason*, and destroys all true *constancy* and *peace of mind*; its agitations are too violent for our *repose*, and its weaknesses too strong for our *resolution*: in short, the variety of cares and passions that attend it, are so many quicksands to virtue. Mr. Lord one day answered me thus, "Love and prudence are incompatible, where-ever we suppose the one, the other must necessarily be excluded."

ended. In vain, my good friend, may wisdom reach, or reason dictate, the soul will feel! The philosopher lays down maxims; every body commends them: the moralist establishes precepts with regard to manners; the world approves them: the preacher declaims from the pulpit against the wickedness of the times; people acknowledge the solidity of his reasoning: notwithstanding all this, the passions still take their course; the vices of mankind conquer philosophy, morality, religion, and the impulse of the passions bear down the strongest conviction of reason." I answered his Lordship, it would be a labour vain and absurd, to endeavour absolutely to eradicate passions: nature forbids the attempt. The passions and affections of our souls are absolutely necessary to our happiness: they are the tools and instruments of the mind, wherewith it is to work for procuring our felicity. They are the bond of union that cements mankind together, and we have not a single passion which does not (under proper regulations) tend to promote our chief good, our supreme happiness.

Love for instance, I mention in particular being the predominant passion of youth, authorized by reasonable prospects, guided and heightened by duty, is every thing excellent that poets have represented it. Yet even this must submit to the awful dispensations of Providence, whether of death or other disappointments. And such trials ought to be met with chearful resignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or rendering them useless. My Lord's time had been principally engrossed by his studies. The more we occupy the *mind*, the less we feel the dangerous necessity of finding employment for the *heart*.

He has a good understanding, but it is accompanied with a strong imagination, which makes me tremble for him, as the misfortune when this is the case, it makes people judge rightly only, where their own inclinations are not concerned; but when once any violent passion interposes, it is generally employed to hide and gloss over all bad consequences that attend the gratification of it; and to remove difficulties to man's own destruction, which one of less sense and cooler fancy would never have got over. Strength, either of body or mind, is useful only as it is employed. A deep understanding in consequences is often hurtful; it is men of superior parts who corrupt mankind.

For one who has been instructed by the *sense*, millions have been seduced by their *prejudice*. Has not a celebrated Scotch writer by his hypotheses, misunderstood by most readers, essentially hurt the younger people of this age the *opinions* of superior geniusses, oftner proceed from their *actions*, than their *actions* from the *opinions*. They act *first*, and then with great facility reconcile their principles to their conduct. What I take to be the primary cause of our greatest errors, is the little attention which is paid to children in infancy. The foundation of most of our vices is imbibed at that season of life when we are most susceptible of impression. This is the period when the constitution both of body and mind, the temper and dispositions of the heart are in a great measure formed. Nature, in all other cases, brings her own work to perfection; but in man she has only laid the foundation of happiness, and left the completion of it to himself. But she has amply provided him with means for the purpose, and directed his

how to employ them. In infancy it requires the strictest attention to be paid to the powers of the mind and body, that they neither be allowed to languish for want of exercise, nor be exerted beyond what they are able to bear. They must be diverted from any pursuits which would injure their *health*, or nourish the seeds of dangerous *propensity*. *Morality* must be introduced into them before the mysteries of *revelation* are stamped upon their tender minds; as it is necessary the *foundation* should be prepared before the *building* is erected. Every emotion that is praise-worthy should be rewarded, as the encouragement of one *virtuous impulse* will have a much happier *effect* than the correction of an hundred *faults*. Their mortifications must be ordered exceedingly severe for equivocation and duplicity; but in every point where correction is necessary, children must be made sensible of their errors. It requires no small share of understanding in parents, to distinguish properly whether every misdemeanor proceeded from a *laudable* emotion before it is *reproved*; for it sometimes happens, that *wrong* actions may proceed from *laudable* intentions. When children are punished unjustly, it is seldom they have it in their power to clear themselves; and they may probably judge their own *good* emotions to be the *guilty* cause, and thereby suppress rising virtue.

How often have I deplored, in particular instances, an imprudent mother influenced by her passions, both in her fondness and severity. Each children may say with the poet,

A force de m'aimer tu me rendis miserable.

One

One moment the little innocent's bones are most broken for a fault, of which it is scarcely sensible, and the next fondly cherished to reconcile it to the foolish parent.

If children are not made steady in truth, which is the only method of making them keep their own minds in matters of consequence and rewards; is it wonderful that neglect must be attended with the natural consequences, of becoming infidels, wavering in their opinions? Cruel tyrants, divested of every generous feeling, and immoderate in the indulgence of their passions.

Improper indulgences cultivate in children an inclination to cruelty, by eradicating that tenderness which makes us suffer on seeing an object in pain. While unreasonable contradiction excites fretfulness, destroys their innocent cheerfulness; and make them consider severity and violence as the only means by which they can obtain any point from others, whom they look upon as a future occasion to contend with. Where proof is necessary, mortification is the means of correction, when the acknowledgment of the fault must prove the means of reconciliation. This necessarily begets shame, and therefore a disposition is hardened into vice, which will always produce amendment. This gives them an early habit of reflection, makes them sensible of the offence for which they are thus humbled. In short, children ought neither to be rendered unnecessarily uneasy, nor suffered to please themselves by tormenting the meanest living creature. By being unrestrained in sports of this kind, they acquire by habit what they never would have learned from

ture, and grow up into a confirmed inattention to every kind of suffering but their own.

The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffrance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

May not the general treatment of animals be accounted for, from the defects of education? It is savage beyond all conception. The supreme court of judicature at Athens thought an instance of this sort not below its cognizance, and punished a boy for putting out the eyes of a bird. The great moral painter of our time, hath very forcibly expressed his sense of this, in a series of prints intitled by him, the *Progress of Cruelty*; in which, having represented a youth advancing by degrees to the highest pitch of cruelty, from the torturing of insects, birds, and beasts; he at last murders a poor girl who loves him, and is with child by him. The artist exhibits the dead body of the inhuman wretch undergoing the last infliction of the law, amidst a circle of surgeons, who cut and mangle it with as little appearance of pity, as he when alive used to shew to all different kinds of creatures.

“As the education of both sexes, at the early period I have mentioned, devolves on women; and it is they who have the greatest influence, when the tenderness of the mind receives the most durable impression; there is hardly to be conceived a greater misfortune, than when these impressions are improperly stamped upon their tender minds. Nothing then can be more unreasonable, than to debar women from knowledge. Should we not either *improve* them or *cut off* their power? As nothing can be more absurd

surd than to bestow on them an important trust, without *qualifying* them for the *discharge* of it. If in this age ladies have some little genius, and have taken pains to cultivate it, they will be thought guilty of *affectation* if they are desirous to *conceal it*; or *pedantry*, if they are forward in showing it. Can it then be wonderful they take so little care to improve themselves? *Self devoted sacrifices are now exploded*. In consequence of this, most fine ladies (as they are called) are a composition of *whim* and *caprice*; they *love* and *hate*, are *angry* and *pleased*, without being able to assign a reason for either of those passions. If they have a characteristic, *it is vanity*; to which every thing else seems subservient. They no sooner hear any man talk of the article of *charms*, than like Don Quixote upon that of chivalry, they are incapable of reason; and like Calypso, in Telemachus, lose the pleasure of their numberless votaries, if one mortal escapes their snares. They always affect a great deal of good nature; are hurt very much at the sight of any object in *bodily pain*, and yet value not how much they rack people's *minds*. Outward form and ceremony constitute the whole of their friendships; all their acquaintances are valued alike; as each individual serves equally to make one at their parties of cards, provided they inherit one of the three qualities, which are absolutely necessary in order to be well received; a *name*, or a *splended appearance*, to gratify their *vanity*; or to play genteely at cards, that is, to be agreeable by losing money, and so sacrifice to their avarice; and have not the least concern for the good qualities or well being of any of their friends, abstracted from the above considerations. Fine ladies pay little regard to their husbands,

husbands, children, or their duty; because their attention is confined to themselves and their amusements. But what can be expected from women to their husbands, children to a family or society in general, who have never studied their duty, nor even learned to think or reflect? for even thought and reflection are to be learned.

Ignorance sometimes produces more vices, than the abuse of knowledge or the passions. An idle mind, like fallow ground, is the soil for every weed to grow in; in it vice gathers strength, the seeds of vanity flourish unmolested and luxuriant; discontent, malignity, ill-humour spread far and wide, and the mind becomes a chaos, which it is impossible to reduce into order or beauty. Knowledge is so essential, that virtue itself without it, will be irregular in its movements, and its sphere of exertion more confined. Employment is the greatest antidote against depravity of heart: the gloomy and the resentful are always found amongst those who have nothing to do.

“Every rational being has a claim to good sense and all that is intelligible. Reason is absolutely unlimited in her jurisdiction over mankind: we are all born to judge of what concerns and affects us. And if *some* cannot see the objects of sense with the same facility as others, yet *all* have an equal claim to the use of their senses. Truth and knowledge, like light and air, are not to be diminished by communication.” The contemplation of the beauties of the universe, the cordial enjoyments of friendship, the tender delights proceeding from an union of hearts, and the rational pleasures of religion are open to all, of whatever sex. How various the amusements

amusements that are to be derived both from art and nature? Every thing speaks to and entertains her who is capable of reflection; nothing but a total stupidity can make the mind skim over a variety of such objects without being affected. If a woman deprives herself of these fountains, from which only true pleasure springs, may it not be questioned whether she has a heart for devotion, humanity, friendship, and love, or a taste for what is truly beautiful and admirable? But let me not blame my fair country-women; the error does not originate with them, as I have already said. We first make laws and customs to deprive them of learning, and then blame *them* for their ignorance. Were women to be treated in a more liberal manner, they would be actuated by a decent pride, a conscious dignity and sense of their own worth, without which, mankind are never found to distinguish themselves. The mind of man seems always to have adapted itself to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement arising from the contemplation of great and sublime ideas. We find in La Bruyere's characters, "Press me into the service as a common soldier, I am Therfites; put me at the head of an army, I am Achilles." It has been observed in regard to the French constitution that was the sovereign to acquire a more absolute power than he has, the great cement of affection would be lost; for with individual consequence, individual spirit would either decline or ferment into faction. The very lowest of the people in France, who are thrown out of the reach of privilege, and treated like slaves, do not fight, either as soldiers or sailors, with

the spirit and resolution of those who are inspired with a higher opinion of their own consequence; though the rights that animate the latter, are often merely ideal.

In like manner a woman of generous spirit, when she is treated like a friend, will always do honour to that distinction; and a man of noble sentiments will find himself more gratified with the attachment of a woman of merit, than with the obedience of one, who from humility or contracted timidity has become a willing slave.

I remain dear sir,

your obliged friend

and humble servant,

JAMES LEWIS.

(18)

L E T T E R XXXIII.

From Mrs. Ross, to Lady FILMER.

DEAR MADAM,

I Accompanied Miss Byron in her visit to Miss N——; by slow degrees she communicated the contents of your letter to her. She thanked God, Lord H—— was worthy for *his* own sake. But added, "My dear Miss Byron, it would have been better for me, had it been as I apprehended. My affection, if I recover will induce me to marry him: by complying with my inclinations, how miserable shall I be, if I lose sight of my eternal welfare, which ought to be my principal concern. The woman who has once submitted to the controul of her passions has reason always to be afraid of herself.

"Had Lord H—— acquainted his father with our attachment, (from his subsequent conduct) would he not have granted his consent to our union? In which case all my guilt would have been avoided. The violaters of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes. And it is suitable to the divine benignity as well as justice, to lend sanctions and punishments, in aid of those duties which bind man to man." Miss N—— is to go this evening to York. This family go there to-morrow, for the race-week. I acquainted you already, that Mr. Bruce with the approbation of her father, has made his addresses to Miss Byron.

Wh

When he first proposed it to her, she said, she had now passed the season of forming such a connection; that a woman of thirty should entertain no thought of marriage, and that she should rejoice in seeing him allied more suitably. Mr. Bruce has however conquered her reluctance. And Sir James has insisted their nuptials shall take place the same day with his daughter's, that is in three weeks. When Lady Sophia was informed of this, she said, they were two ranting fools, very fit for each other; and that they would moralize all day long. "But added she, all Miss Byron's rationality, principles, and virtues, are no security against the shafts of ridicule. You, and the wise ones, goody Ross (as she often calls me,) forgive every thing but *vices*; the world forgives every thing but what is *ridiculous*. He marries a frightful old woman; I cannot help laughing at the idea of their *tender* *loves*! to complete the farce, my uncle should marry you." It is impossible for me to express to your Ladyship how much I rejoice in Miss Byron's good fortune. She is one instance of *virtue* triumphing over *beauty*. But how few can resemble Mr. Bruce in this particular!

When Sir James read us Mr. Lewis's letter, subscribing entirely to his opinions, he told us, that "the gentlemen in France, in all periods of life, and even in the most advanced age seldom associate with one another, but spend all the hours which can be spared from business or study, with the young, the gay and the happy. In England they entertain ideas of decorum, which lead them to despise the manner in which the French spend their leisure hours: but if they suppose a greater communication with the fair sex would only promote effeminacy, experience is not

not on the side of their opinion. Slavery is far more generally established in those countries where the sexes are debarred a full liberty of mutual intercourse, than in those where they have the most unobstructed access to each other. Witness Asia, where the women are imprisoned all their lives, and the men are the most tame and abject victims to the most unbounded and insolent tyranny. In this country they judge that it is proper for persons of the same age, of the same sex, or similar dispositions and pursuits, to associate together; and think the nearer resemblance in characters, the more perfect will be the union, since there is no person who has not most sincere affection for himself. The *last* I grant, but must add, that this self-affection, fear, will go but a very little way, even in or remove only from the individual. The partiality we have for our *real* selves, will not always extend itself to our *second* selves; and we often commit follies, and indulge humours in our own *persons*, which we do not find half so excusable in *others*. Neither do I think a sameness of humours, will mix and associate so well as the contrarieties; like perfect chords in music, they rather *tire* than *enliven*.

“For instance, two people are of a melancholic or cholerick disposition. How shall we enliven the deficiency of bile in the *one*, or correct the superabundance in the *other*? Will not they both *drop asleep*, or fall together by the *ears*? In short, continued Mr. Bruce, a parity of humours or sentiments, must often render conversation dull and insipid; and when we meet with nothing new, such a friendship must soon grow tedious and *languishing*. Whereas if we consult nature and common sense, we shall find that the proper

propriety and harmony of social life, depend upon the connection of different dispositions and characters judiciously blended together. We find in l'Histoire des Rois Catholiques Ferdinand & d'Isabelle, a judicious observation of the author; "La meilleure preuve (said he) que Ferdinand & Isabelle ne se ressembloient pas, c'est que, sans s'aimer beaucoup, ils vecurent toujours unis."

"Nature regulates all things wisely, and perhaps more suitable to the state of man than we superficially imagine: if, all men were *wise*, society could not well *subsist*. A mixture of *prudent* and *weak* people have an admirable effect. Difference of taste makes nothing remain useless in the world. Nature has rendered us all dependent on each other: no one is sufficient for his own happiness. Each sex, each character, each period of life have their various advantages, and disadvantages; and that union is the happiest and most proper, where wants are mutually supplied. A certain mixture in society is as necessary to assist us in distinguishing good from evil, as shades in painting give the delicate character and relief. By associating with the ladies, we acquire a greater facility in bringing our arguments to light. Of what use is our learning if we cannot express it? Or to have our minds stored with a confused remembrance of an infinity of things, which we have not the art and talents to communicate agreeably? I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the first's reign; and from what we read of these times, the methods then used for cultivating conversation, were altogether different from ours; several ladies, whom
we

we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding of both sexes, met to pass the evening in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had in love or friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into every thing that is sordid, vicious, and low. I am persuaded, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where it does not preside; and as our *passions*, add *vigour* to our *actions*, *enthusiasm* gives *spirit* to our *passions*—may I farther add—it often opens and enlarges our capacities. Sir William Temple, in his Essay on ancient and modern Learning, says, that an ingenious Spaniard maintained that the history of *Don Quixote*, had ruined the *Spanish monarchy*. Nor was this position void of truth. For though it must be confessed, that the author turned all their romantic love and honour into ridicule with great *truth* and *justice*, as well as with inimitable *wit* and *humour*, yet it had undoubtedly a very ill effect on that nation: for from the time of that publication, the Spaniards in general became ashamed of *fighting* as well as *loving*, nor has there been any thing done since by them in any degree equal to their ancient glory, unless I am to except their achievements under their truly great general the marquis *De Lede*.

“Montesquieu observes, that libertinism is more prevalent in England than gallantry, from the less degree of deference and condescension required in the former. The French formerly de-
barred

barred from their tournaments all persons who were accused of having talked of the ladies in a slighting manner: their conduct in this particular, was not directed by a principle of humanity, or influenced by gallantry, but proceeded from views merely political. They were persuaded the greater respect is paid to women, the more anxious they will be to merit esteem: and that several great men, remarkable for elevated sentiments, would perhaps never have aspired to that high distinction, if an inclination to appear amiable to women had not influenced them to approve themselves worthy of regard. Plato says, "A lover is full of a divinity, which speaks and acts within him; and there is no accomplishment, no virtue, no heroism, which he is not capable of attaining while in this state of inspiration, and in the sight of his beloved." And Tasso tells us,

Ma chi de paventure in altra impressa
Sarvien, ch'amor taffide?

Love then must be a sure guide to heroism, and the experience of all ages has shewn, that hearts insensible to *love*, can hardly be enamoured with *virtue*. Why is Marius a *barbarian*; while Cæsar, who was no less ambitious, is *adored* at Rome for his clemency, and almost makes the Romans forget all the injury he has done them? Livia divests Augustus of his cruel and bloody temper. Whence the difference between Mahomet II. and Solyman II? Between Lewis XI. and Henry IV? Germanicus, without Agrippina, might never have been a great warrior. Titus, *abhorred* by the Romans during his consulship, became the lover of Berenice, and soon after
the

delight of mankind. Charles VII. owed his courage to the fair Agnes : had it not been for her, the English to this day might have been masters of France." We returned Sir James our thanks for his commentary on Mr. Lewis's letter, and I told him, that I could not myself help thinking that those men who affected to despise women, were more induced by *disappointed* pride or jealousy, than influenced by wisdom or nature; no man ever despised the sex who was a favourite with them, nor did any one ever speak contemptuously of love, who was conscious of loving, and being beloved by a woman of merit. Did we hear a vicious person expressing his contempt of honesty and virtue, which should we think the more meanly of, him or them? In the same manner when a shallow fop sneers at what he does not understand, when he meets a woman of understanding, his low raillery ought to cast no reflection upon her; but he is to be considered as sunk from the dignity of reason, and so far degenerate as to make his ignorance his *pride*, which ought to be his *shame*. But when men of sense adopt these opinions, I am at a loss how to account for it, except they desire to keep us in ignorance from the same cause the Mahometans do their disciples, who carefully keep them from philosophy, because no man can admit of their religion, who is previously furnished with the rules which philosophers use to discover truth.

I ever am, dear Madam,

your obliged, and

affectionate friend,

MARY ROSS.

L E T

L E T T E R XXXIV.

From Lady FILMER, to Mrs. ROSS.

DEAR MADAM,

Rejoice at Miss Byron's good fortune. I am at all surpris'd at Lady Sophia's refusing her approbation, as it for a moment confers an appearance of superiority which every *little mind* attempted to *assume*. Such is the fate of super-
 ior understanding, it meets opposition from those whose limited capacities cannot reach the extent of its conception. This perhaps is not a very amiable picture of human nature, but is it not a just one? No creature, but man, in the world, glories and triumphs in the destruction of his own species. Man is the only jarring spring that spoils the concord of the universe. I know, my dear friend, it is a maxim of yours, that we indulge a principle of self-love, even in ascribing merit to others: in finding fault with them (as I hinted above) do we not do the same? or by condemning their errors, we would impute that we are free of them. So true it is that self-love knows how to make an advantage of every thing; and that for, or against, is equal to promote its end. Miss Castor is going to be married to Sir James Freeman. My son, knowing I had seen her with her lover, who is an elegant young man, asked me if *she* was in love with *him*? I answered with some heat, *it is impossible!* upon his testifying his surprize, I
 Vol. II. C could

could only reply, had you ever seen the lady you would have been of my opinion: her very manner is not tinged with that softness and complaisance with which love graces and sweetens every expression, and which give rise to the sweet civilities of life. You may recollect the beautiful description in Homer of Venus, in which were woven fond love, and desire, love's secret whispers and such persuasions as won the wisest to compliance. In the ancient mythology, the Graces were made to preside over courtesy and outward charms: the assigning this double province, was happily imagined, civility or the desire to please, naturally produces a gracefulness of action, and spreads over persons that *venustas*, which is the completion of exterior beauty; while the privation of it has the contrary effect.

Farewel, my dear friend.

Ever your's affectionately,

AMELIA FILMER

L E

LETTER XXXV.

From Mrs. Ross, to Lady FILMER.

DEAR MADAM,

York.

AS Lord H—— has acquainted your Ladyship with his meeting with Miss ——, their affecting reconciliation, &c. it is needless for me to add more on that head, only that I have procured a house, where she can have the attendance of the physical people here; and his Lordship has taken care that every thing should be as commodious as possible for her. She has insisted on not seeing him more whilst in this situation, until she is able enough to accept of your ladyship's invitation.

I have been heartily tired of this week, where the continual hurry and noise precludes all quiet enjoyment of one's self and friends. May it not be justly said, races are meetings where the men assemble to quarrel about *horses*, and the women about *precedence*. We have been tired with disputes on both these interesting subjects. Lady Sophia has gained two admirers, Lord Dacres, and a Scotch Baronet. She has been hitherto indiscriminate in her attentions, by which she has encouraged them all. When Lord Dacres introduced Sir James Ramsay to her Ladyship, he added, after naming him, he was not so great a fool as he appeared to be.—“That,” answered Sir James, Madam, is the difference betwixt his Lordship and me.” Sir James, is a

well bred amiable man, possessed of great abilities and a pleasing address; there is a precision in his ideas, a force and elegance in his expressions and a propriety and noble freedom in his sentiments and manner, which charm every one that converses with him. Lady Sophia has affected to be much amused with Mr. Bruce's attachment for Miss Byron; he came into the library and asked Lady Sophia where she was? who answered,

Conose rollo a i fiori
Ove saran, piu folti

Or,

Conoscarolo, a l'aure
Ove saran piu dolce.

BONARELLI's Filli de Sciro

Then curtsying very low to Mr. Bruce, said "The fair one whom you enquire for, is retired to the garden." Lady Sophia has attached herself to a Miss Ridley she met at the races, who it seems had been at school with her; she is a person of no fashion, and of coquetish manners. Thus commenced an acquaintance which of all other is the most likely to last, between a *superior* and an *inferior*, when the advantages are on the side of the former: for Miss Ridley is very *ugly*, which circumstance alone affords Lady Sophia more satisfaction, than the intimacy of one of much superior talents. Is it not highly absurd to boast of an advantage which we possess without any effort or desert of our own; or to be jealous of the beauty of another; of a quality

to which we can add nothing by our solicitude, and from which distraction can take nothing away? Now, my dear friend, I am to acquaint you with an affair that will surprize you—Sir James, in speaking to me of his son's marriage, and of the rational delight attending an union with a sensible woman, said, he believed the happiest marriages were, where people had a high esteem for each other, exclusive of the perturbations of love, especially in an advanced age. That he had had the supreme felicity of being united to the woman of his heart; one of the most amiable of human beings! But that the inexpressible uneasiness he had undergone for so many years, on account of the afflicted state of his beloved object, had embittered his happiness for the best part of his life. I could not help here telling him, that tenderness for woman is so far from lessening a character, that it is a proof of a manly generous soul*.

Sir James said my compliment flattered him very much; and added after the above declaration, "Madam to a great many of your sex, it would be a bad compliment to say, though my heart can never be again affected by love, yet you are the first woman in my esteem; I wish to make you my wife, and to prove the sincerity of my professions from my conduct. Between people of our time of life, there ought to be no disguise; we should be explicit with one another." I bowed: I love not to make disqualifying speeches; by such we seem to intimate that we doubt the truth of the assertion, and want to have it either *repeated* or *confirmed*.

* An orator in the House last winter said, that bravery and compassion were associate virtues.

I told Sir James he did me a great deal of honour; that marriage was a state into which I had never thought of entering again; but that I should endeavour to recollect myself, and answer him fully in a day or two. When we next met, I acquainted him with my whole history and connections, &c. &c. I gave him a short account of my affairs; I found his good opinion increased by my frankness. I then told him, that I was perfectly agreeable to me, that esteem heightened by gratitude and enforced by duty, would soon ripen into love; the only love that suited this imperfect state, a *faithful*, a tender affection.

There is a superior ardour, my dear Lady, due only to supreme perfection; and only to be exercised by us poor mortals in humble devotion. But where duty and reason are perfectly reconciled, affection will instantly unite itself to them; and then obedience will become not only an easy but a delightful task.

Lady Sophia has declared for Lord Dacre. Sir James Ramsay I believe was not very much disappointed. A reflecting man like him soon develops characters; he seems much taken with the amiable Lucy, Sir James's youngest daughter: love, like her, is represented timid, reserved, serious.

I am delighted with the simplicity and elegance of unadorned nature, now so rarely to be found and so little observed. Those graces which are obtained by art, have always an appearance of affectation and constraint. Under a smiling countenance, and that air of youth which seems to promise only sentiments of gaiety and pleasure, this charming girl conceals a solid and serious

L E T T E R XXXVI.

31

ious turn of thought, with which every body who knows her intimately is surprized.

I ever am, my dear Madam,

your Ladyship's affectionate

and much obliged

humble servant

MARY ROSS.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

SIR James thought it proper to shew Lady Sophia the letters he had received concerning Lord Dacres, at the time he had payed his addresses to Lady Harriet. She read them with great attention, and then coolly replied, she was sure Lord Dacres would not use a virtuous woman *ill*; and she did not doubt, but *her* conduct would make him behave *well*. That truly if forward girls would throw themselves into a man's way, it was their own fault, and they must look to the consequence. That for her part, it was a proof to her of his gallantry and spirit, and she imputed what his tutor had said of

him to malice, and the other gentleman's remark to envy. In short, she is one of those women who, like the savages, esteem a man in the greater degree, who is most covered with frightful scars, who love a man only in proportion to the number of women he has ruined. Their wedding is to take place at the same time of the others, which are to be solemnized in this family.

I could not help hinting to Lady Sophia how short the acquaintance had been between her and her lover.—“To play the tyrant before marriage (answered her sagacious Ladyship,) but a bad claim for indulgence afterwards. Lord Dacres is the delight of all the servants; he strews his silver to the mob in the streets of York. I know no virtue, the want of which may with respect to all its advantages, be so well supplied by vice, as generosity; vanity *alone*, will sometimes perform all its functions.

We have been visited by all the people of fashion in the neighbourhood: I forbear from characterising any, but those in whom you are particularly interested; being convinced you dislike a *malicious insinuation*, as much as you approve an *interesting hint*; I therefore spare even *those* who will not spare one another. I cannot help, however, making one general remark: I do not admire the Yorkshire ladies, they resemble Amazons too much to please me constantly riding, and leaping four-barred gates &c. The other day, as we were walking on the fine lawn before the house, where a flock of sheep continually graze, the gentle Lucy was feeding some of her favourites, whom she had taught to answer by their names.

I was admiring the docility of the sheep, and expressing my astonishment at their answering to their

their names, when Sir James Ramsay acquainted us, that the celebrated Buffon affirms, that our sheep are very far removed from their natural state; and that Dr. Hammond says, the shepherds of Jewry knew every sheep severally. This he clearly deduces from these words, St. John x. 3, 4. *To him the porter opened the door, and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out: and when he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, because they knew his voice.* That the shepherds gave them their names, also appears from a passage in Theocritus, Id. v. l. 103. 104. where a shepherd calls three of his sheep by their names. These (added Sir James) only appear strange to us, because we are too much estranged from nature, to think of such pastimes as the lovely Miss Lucy does." Thus agreeably were we engaged, when two of these *lady hunters* arrived, arrayed in their riding dresses, and boasting they were in at the death. I could not help thinking how much they would relish seeing a bull-fight in Spain. How much is this to be lamented? pity is nourished only by tender sentiments, and is extinguished by the frequency of those objects, which ought naturally to confirm it. Nero, who wished he had never learned to write, when pressed to sign the warrant for a criminal's execution, could delight in the murder of his enemies. The tyrant*, that loudly bewailed the fate of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, as represented on the stage, could hear without emotion the cries of those he had doomed to destruction. By a frequent attendance at those

* Alexander, tyrant of Pharez.

bloody feasts, which, in some countries are given by *avarice* to *idleness*, they soon lose all sense of the strong notions, they had hitherto felt of the cries of mangled animals; in time they hear them with pleasure. By often frequenting the slaughter-house the soul becomes callous to their impressions; unaffected with the prospect of human misery, and insensible to every tender emotion. The contrast was too great between them and Mr. Lucy, not to strike us with admiration of the latter. After they were gone, Sir James Ramsay asked her if she approved of their sentiments; she answered modestly, it did not become her to disapprove or censure any one, but she could not help contrasting them with the character of Jaques in *As You Like it*, who weeps and comments upon the *jobbing* deer when he says,

The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

We told her, we were quite charmed with her sentiments: she only answered, her nature must have been bad to have possessed any other.
“For (said she) have I not been bred up in the school of humanity? is not my father the friend of the poor, and the comforter of the afflicted? is not his house his asylum for his old servants, and the poor, I believe, you never yet saw: adjoining to this he has appropriated a piece of ground, where his horses, once serviceable to him, enjoy through his indulgence the pastures, with an immunity from labour. There are also various other dumb creatures in the same place.”

This account excited our curiosity, and the more as we never heard it mentioned before, although so long in the house. We walked thither; it is in a remote part of the park (although it would have been a pretty ornament in view) to avoid any appearance of ostentation. Nothing indeed here is calculated merely for show and parade; nor were such idle expences admitted into that consummate plan which regulated the structure of the universe. A learned clergyman, who is blind, resides in this asylum. Every servant who has lived in the family ten years, at the age of sixty is received into it. And every object in this and the two next parishes, that by infirmities is rendered incapable of procuring a livelihood, here finds a retreat: there are only three at present. I inquired of Sir James, how it happened there were so few objects in this asylum? he told me that, according to Sir William Petty's calculations, there are not in nature any more than one in five hundred that are so weak and infirm as not to be able to get their bread. And it is well known, said he, that there are more deformed men born in a century, than deformed brutes since the creation! How considerate is Providence! Creatures which participate most of the material and least of the spiritual nature, necessarily require the corporeal talents in a higher degree. Brutes having therefore greater endowments of body than men, are intended for their use. God and nature do nothing in vain, nothing is superfluous. As brutes are inferior to men in the mental faculties, let us apply their bodily excellencies in promoting beneficial uses to society. While men may supply the deficiencies in themselves

selves, by art and skill, which are the fruit of knowledge, reason, and understanding. But who can refrain from astonishment and pity when he looks around him, and finds so many of his own species so little humanised, as scarce to differ from brutes; yet arrogate a superiority over them, while they debase themselves below them? The boundaries betwixt the human and brute understanding is not easily to be fixed. *Who can determine the lowest degree of human ignorance, and the highest pitch of brutal knowledge?* Who can say where the one ends, and the other begins, or whether there be any difference betwixt them but in degree? Far be it from me to reproach any part of mankind, for employing themselves in the necessary, though laborious offices of life; there must be *hewers of wood, and drawers of water*; yet even people of this class deserve reprehension, as their business need not engross their whole thoughts. How many millions are employed merely in performing the business of horses, and beasts of burden; or works that require more labour of body than exercise of mind? Brutes should supply the labour of man, but let us never forget humanity to subordinate animals*. God graciously extends

* A noble Lord, in his Treatise on Horsemanship, justly exposes, not only the cruelty, but the bad policy of the English in cutting off the tails of their horses. "It is hardly credible (says he) what a difference, especially at a certain time of the year, this single alteration would make in our cavalry, which, though naturally superior to all others I have seen, are however, long before the end of the campaign, (for want of that natural defence against flies) inferior to all,"—constantly fretting from being tormented and stung off their meat and stomachs, while the foreign cavalry brush off the vermin, are cool, at ease, and mend daily, instead of perishing as ours do.

his

his care to all his creatures, even to the lowest reptiles and insects. When reason appears only in the exertion of wanton cruelty and tyrannical oppression, it is really not a gift to be boasted of. When a man forces the furious steed to endure the bit, or breaks oxen to the yoke, the great benefits accruing to society excuses the forcible methods by which it is accomplished: but to see a man from the vain desire of having in his possession the native of another country, and another climate, reduce a fine and noble creature to misery, and confining within a narrow inclosure him whose happiness consisted in unbounded liberty, must shock the nature of every one endowed with a feeling heart.

Such is the fate of many noble animals, purchased by wealth for the amusement of fools; who estimate every thing according to what it costs: therefore prefer *heterogeneous* plants and *exotic* animals, to those of their own country*. Does not this observation extend itself to music? We run mad (says a favourite author †), or rather foolish, after this important music (speaking of the Italian opera) while we have much better of our own. Most of the modern Italian compositions only trifle with the ear; the Welsh, the Scotch, and the Irish music, reach

* The goodness of God, bestows on every country remedies for the diseases that ordinarily reign in them. It is the ingratitude of men, to despise the riches and gifts of nature they have at home, and seek for them abroad. The perfection of botany consists in entering into, and following that order God has established; and in teaching men to be contented with the plants that grow under their eyes, and which they trample under foot.

† Launcelot Temple.

the

the heart. The productions of our present Italian masters, are thrummed over for a season because they are new, and forgot for ever afterwards; because when you have heard them twenty times, you find them still as insipid as at first.

The music which charmed these islands, perhaps long before the boasted revival of this art in Italy, or rather in Flanders, is as established as the ancient classics; and these compositions short and simple as they are, never become insipid, but give delight and rapture every time they are heard."

Mr Bruce acquaints me that when he was in Italy, the *dilettante* there were much pleased with Scots Music, which the celebrated author of the *Secchio Rapeto*, warmly recommends. He says they imagined it had been composed by David Rizzio*, but this he convinced them was highly improbable; there is a peculiarity in the style of the Scots melody, which foreigners even of great knowledge in music, and after a long residence in Scotland, never could imitate with success. The wildest of them which bid defiance to all rules of modern counterpoint, are generally the most powerfully affecting; and no music can be more plaintive, expressive of that tenderness and pleasing melancholy attendant on unfortunate love. They were sung by the bards; whose profession, in the Highlands of Scotland, was upheld in some degree of honour till this century: about which time the communication of the inhabitants was

* Lord Kaimes acquaints us they were composed by King James the I. which seems much more probable.

the more civilized parts of the kingdom, by degrees assimilated their manners to those of their neighbours; by which means the bard's profession became extinct *. As you have hitherto indulged me in throwing out my thoughts on paper without order, method, or perspicuity, I am afraid my fondness for Scots music has made me trespass on your patience: but I know you will agree with me in thinking that music, like all the sciences whose standard is in nature, can only be corrupted by the professors or learned in that art, because the sense of the untutored part of mankind is the true standard, and can never be wrong. It has always been an art of more importance in uncultivated than civilized nations: among the former we always find it intimately connected with poetry and dancing; and it appears by the testimony of many ancient authors †, that Music (in the original sense of the word) implies melody, dance, and song: by these almost all barbarous nations in every age, in every climate, have expressed all strong emotions of the mind.

The most affecting passages in favourite authors owe their excellence to simplicity alone: but at present the ablest musicians are led by a false emulation of displaying a masterly hand, to introduce the *extravagante*; while they neglect

* About the close of the last century, John Glas, and John Macdonald, bards by profession, who resided in the houses of two Highland chiefs, travelled fifty miles, and met by appointment in Lochaber, to indicate their own honour, and that of their respective chiefs, at a public meeting, in a poetical and musical contest.

† See Plato and Athenæus.

the wild graces, the nobly plaintive strains, the sounds that charm, that elevate the soul, and assuage the petulant cares of this life, that inspire us with golden visions, and generate those that we were never before conscious of.

Lady Sophia questioned me whether Sir James had made his addresses to me : I attempted not to put a limit to her conjectures; since denial, or evasion, would but, as it generally does, defeat its own end, and *strengthen* what I aimed to *weaken*.

How disagreeable is it, my dear madam, to live in a station, for which habits in our early education have utterly disqualified us. This, by your goodness, I have been preserved from, but I have occasionally even found my pride revolt at not being able to carry consequence enough by mere externals, or to conciliate the regard of the world by any other than internal qualities often liable to the suspicion of affectation, and always of little consideration in the eyes of those who possess them not. If I have tired your patience, the approbation you gave my former letters have made me continue my *reveries*. I am not ignorant that superior geniuses sometimes take pleasure in encouraging the inferior, by smiles of applause.

I am ever

your Ladyship's affectionate

and obliged friend,

MARY RO

L E

L E T T E R XXXVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

Have now the pleasure to inform your Ladyship that the marriages were celebrated a week ago. Lord and Lady Dacres set out this morning with a grand retinue to the seat of the Duke of A —, who is confined with the gout. She has carried Miss Ridley along with her, who is a compound of ignorance and self-sufficiency: she cannot come up to Lady Dacres in the brightly sallies of her conversation, and therefore, with greater *penetration*, has found out an easier way to be *like her*; and is so very humble as to imitate her in her failings; and has all *her malignity* without her *wit*. She is of that species of people who adopt the faults of every body they converse with. The Scots Baronet paid his compliments after the marriage. Sir James Ramsay, I believe, is *really* in love with Miss Bruce. He acquainted Mrs. Bruce of his sentiments, but that he could not, with propriety, address one lady so soon after *another*; though the terror he was in of any other man's excluding his hopes, was alarming to him. Mrs. Bruce advised him on that account to speak to Miss Bruce: he answered, that her reserve had inspired him with an awe he could not conquer. "Whenever the heart is deeply affected, I believe

I believe there is always this deference," said he. "But you did not, replied Mrs. Bruce appear to have much of this *mauvaise honte* with Lady Dacres." "Ah! Madam, said he, how different *are my feelings!* In the first instance my heart was perfectly at *ease*, though under the influence of the lady's *charms*; it is so *engrossed* at present by the object of its tenderest affections, that it has not leisure to trifle before her. Gaiety implies a vacancy of thought. "Fear, says an elegant writer, always accompanies love when it is great, as flames burn highest when they tremble most." Sir James Bruce was highly pleased to hear of this *tendresse* but this amiable man has not been so happy to touch the heart of the gentle Lucy, although she has the most perfect esteem for him.

I am ever, dear Madam,

your Ladyship's affectionate

and obliged friend,

MARY ROSS

L E T

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

From Mr. LEWIS, to Sir JAMES BRUCE.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote to you last, we have been constantly travelling, until three weeks ago, when we arrived at the Duke d'Elbeuf's, at Portici. Till of late nothing has occurred for me to write you; for as I know none ever travelled with greater advantages than you, or made a better use of it, it is needless for me to acquaint you with our observations: let it suffice to say, that the recommendations we have had, have procured us admittance into the first company wherever we have been. It is not easy for me to give you a just idea of the warmth of our reception here, or how much Mr. Trueman is respected by the *Duke* and *Duchess*. They are a most agreeable couple, and perfectly attached to each other: they have one fine boy and girl, as beautiful as the sublimest idea of a painter's Cupid, or the children of Fiamingo; these are the delight of the happy parents, who love them to excess.

The Duke, from the observations I have yet been enabled to form of him, is one of those few who can be chearful and employed, without having recourse to the business or diversions of the world. He has a warm imagination, tempered with an excellent understanding, both which

which he has improved by a judicious mixture of reading and conversation. He is arrived at that period of life when the powers of the mind are in the truest vigour; and having conversed at large long enough to give him a thorough knowledge of mankind; he has narrowed the circle of his friends as well as acquaintance, desiring but few of either. He is a professed admirer of what he calls refined *simplicity*; and discovers that chastity of taste, not only in judgment of the fine arts, but in his house, furniture, his equipage, and in short, throughout the whole conduct and œconomy of his life. Though his inclinations have led him to place his felicity in family-connections, his talents qualify him for making a figure in the active scenes of life; yet at the same time it must be confessed there is a certain natural delicacy in the frame of his mind, which would have rendered him less serviceable in business, than others of inferior abilities.—I mention nothing of Herculanum, as there are so many excellent accounts of it already; I shall only tell you Duke's father discovered these ruins sixty feet distance below the surface; and what is more remarkable, forty feet below the bed of the sea.

I must now acquaint you that the very high character Mr. Trueman gives us of the Duchess d'Elbeuf and her sister, was so far from being exaggerated, that it was not equal to their merits. They are much admired here, and I may venture to pronounce them the most accomplished of their sex. The first day we arrived, we had a concert; most of the music of which, was composed by these amiable sisters; and although the

There were some of the best *contrapuntists* in Naples present, they yielded the palm to them: Miss Ogilvie can play a *ripieno* part, on the violin, in concert: she sings with a great deal of expression, and has a considerable share of execution.

I ever am, dear Sir,

your obedient

humble servant,

JAMES LEWIS.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

From Mr. LEWIS, to Sir JAMES BRUCE

DEAR SIR,

THE Duchess has once a week a conversazioni, which is much frequented by the foreigners and men of letters at Naples. This Lady besides all the virtues and graces she possesses, has acquired a knowledge above her sex; she has carried her scientific acquisitions to the most sublime parts of geometry. These two sisters of my own, have perfectly astonished me. They are full of problems, theorems, and equations, and have convinced me that I was not superior to them in this knowledge, though I had studied it for much longer time. They have copied many of the fine pictures at Portici. In short, were I to tell you half of their accomplishments, I should not have time to acquaint you with the consequences. Miss Ogilvie's merit has produced the same effect. Let it suffice only to say, that it must detain every one (as Hamlet says) to see them, and that their faculties so meekly.

Mr. Ogilvie is very infirm; it is pleasant to see the Duchess's tender attentions to her father. Both sisters are entirely void of conceit and vanity; and do not seem to have found out that their knowledge exceeds that of others. At present they look upon it as a casual advantage, which reflects not honour on themselves, but is en-

owing to their deceased mother. Add to all these perfections their extreme beauty, and it is not at all surprising that such uncommon charms should produce uncommon effects. From the first day I observed Lord F—— admire Miss Ogilvie, I asked him carelessly, what he thought of her; he answered with vivacity, "Her features are not regular, but so well adapted for pleasing, or rather for affecting the heart, that her face as Horace says, is too dazzling to be looked at; and it is impossible for any one to see her with impunity, unless their heart is defended by a previous attachment. Her countenance is the expression of sentiment, and her loveliness begs description." The young man ran on for half an hour, in a strain of rapture and passion, not very suitable for my aged ear to hear, or my pen to indite. I pardoned the fire of youth, and acknowledged the merit of the object; but was seriously alarmed on account of the Lady's being of the Romish Church. I represented to his Lordship, that for a young man to form connections for life in a foreign country, was a mark of great imprudence; and it is rare that connections thus hastily entered into, turn out well.

"I own, my dear sir, said Lord F—— I am not to be led away by passion; and when people are under *its* dominion, their arguments are very weak. I have ever, my good friend, proved my respect for you, by the attention I have paid to your counsels; but in this particular no arguments whatever can avail.

"If Miss Ogilvie is not engaged to Trueman, which I suspect; no other man shall obtain her, but through my heart: if Trueman loves her, I will overcome my passion, or die; I shall put the

the question to him, and determine accordingly. Miss Ogilvie is a *Roman Catholic*; this, my good friend, can be your only objection to her. The exemplary piety of both sisters, would afford an excellent pattern for protestants, who would be edified by their example; and learn to blush at themselves for their little attention to their most essential interests." In short, I found it in vain to say any more on this subject; and Mr. True man having convinced my Lord, he had nothing to apprehend from him, he addressed Miss Ogilvie as a lover. The Duke d'Elbeuf is very fond of him, but told him he could not espouse his interest, as he had engaged it before for the Prince de la Rocella, who is passionately in love with her. This prince is very amiable and accomplished; is possessed of every advantage of fortune, a man of extensive knowledge, and great connoisseur in the fine arts.

I heard Miss Ogilvie explain to him the general principles of Newton's philosophy, with the profoundness of a great geometrician, the perspicuity and ease of a person of wit, and the gracefulness and vivacity of youth. There is also here on a visit, Mademoiselle Ardinghelli, a French lady of Italian descent; she translated Dr. Hale's Treatise of Hæmastatics into Italian when she was only sixteen years of age.

I believe my Lord *now* more sincerely regrets his deficiencies in learning, than ever he did *before*; the Prince's superiority over him in these respects drives him to despair.

I remain, dear sir,

your obedient

humble servant,

JAMES LEWIS.

L E T

L E T T E R XL.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR SIR,

NOW reassume my pen: Miss Ogilvie is too amiable to feel a triumphant satisfaction in the number of her admirers, or in the thought that her charms are enough to make a man of merit forget his own dignity. She acquainted the Prince de la Rocella, that Lord F—— was her favoured lover. This she had the prudence to do, before she had afforded my Lord the smallest hopes. Lord F—— had been in the anti-chamber with the Prince, when the latter was sent for by Miss Ogilvie. Lord F—— continued there in a situation not to be described. When Miss Ogilvie came into it with the Prince, perceiving him at that particular time, covered her face *with confusion*; and making an apology she retired. There is sometimes a confusion in the innocence of some people, and a cross concurrence of ill-looking circumstances, very like the convincing evidences of guilt.

As the sight of Lord F—— could not, at this time, be very agreeable to the Prince, he made a slight bow and was retiring, when the jealousy and impetuosity of the latter broke out into a threatening menace, telling the Prince that however happy he might think himself, yet he should never possess Miss Ogilvie while there remained a drop of blood in his body. The

Prince, who piques himself upon being descended from the Greeks, (and actually does resemble them in his person, being broad and full chested with a fine complexion and a very brisk eye) looked down with ineffable contempt on Lord F——; “Stripling (said he), I was willing to have spared you; but now, as you have given me the lesson, look to the consequences.” The Italians, though possessed of as much vivacity and acuteness as any people, are at the same time remarkable for the most deliberate composure. If they sometimes take it upon them to revenge their own wrongs, it is owing to the slowness of the laws, or the remissness of the magistrates, from whom little redress, especially against a superior, is to be expected. When Lord F—— was informed by Miss Ogilvie of her distinction in his favour, he was much concerned that warmth of his temper had hurried him into such an impetuosity with the Prince. Alarmed for the consequences, I sent Mr. Trueman to wait on him, (judging a young man’s sentiments upon this occasion, would have greater weight than my own) to mitigate his resentment. His embassy proved ineffectual; the passions of men, who are not subject to be ruffled, are much more to be dreaded than those of a school of people, who can have their whole frame shaken and torn to pieces concerning the mere trifles. The Prince received Mr. Trueman very graciously, made a cool reply, *that he knew what was necessary and due to his dignity*, and declined entering any more into that subject; but expressed his happiness in seeing Mr. Trueman at his palace.

Their conversation then turned on general topics, such as the laws of Naples, its commerce &c.

ate of its music, painting, and architecture, &c. The Prince shewed Mr. Trueman his fine collection of pictures, and desired the favour of his company at dinner, which invitation he was glad to receive, and complied with, to facilitate the scheme he had in view of conciliating matters between his Highness and Lord F——.

After dinner the Prince told Mr. Trueman, that at six he must leave him for half an hour, but intreated his remaining until he returned, otherwise he would place it to his own unpoliteness in leaving him; and that if he chose to retire to his library, he might amuse himself there; for, as he was so fond of music, his concert began at five o'clock, and that he had some of the best performers in Italy in his band.

Mr. Trueman was greatly charmed with their performance. There were two girls from the *Incurabili*, who perfectly enchanted him, he says they are absolute nightingales, and have a facility of executing difficult divisions equal to that of birds. As we knew that Mr. Trueman was with the Prince de la Rocella, we were not alarmed upon missing Lord F——. Judge of our consternation, when his Lordship was brought in upon a litter apparently dead. We were soon relieved from our anxiety by the arrival of the surgeon, whom Lord Truby, his second, had procured. He gave us very good hopes, after examining the wound; and we were resigning ourselves to joy, when Mr. Trueman returned, acquainting us that the Prince was almost expiring; that after he had been brought home, he sent his second, Signor Morelli, for two of the chief magistrates, who arriving, he declared to them in the most ample manner, that he alone had been the aggressor in this rencounter;

ter; that Lord F—— had acted entirely as a man of honour, and upon the defensive. After this the surgeon searching the wounds, pronounced them mortal; that he had fainted before he left the palace, where, by the Prince's desire, he was instantly to return, to acquaint him concerning Lord F——.

Luckily for us, the Prince deceived *their* expectations; he is now recovering, though but slowly. My Lord was perfectly well at the end of a fortnight; he attends his Highness with the most unwearied assiduity, even sacrificing the pleasure of enjoying the company of the woman he loves, to perform this act of friendship; and has not urged the completion of his happiness, lest the Prince should relapse. He says the delight he experiences in being the object of Miss Ogilvie's affections, makes him consider the greatness of the Prince's disappointment with compassion; that it would be a shame for a man so happy as he is, not to soothe his melancholy. Her attachment to him, is increased by his proof of the goodness of his heart. Reason governs her thoughts and actions in every thing, nor can the greatest flow of spirits make this lovely woman lose sight of propriety. Every thing in her is natural grace, she is always consistent and uniform.

Severe laws have been made against duelling; they have generally been evaded. How is it possible they can answer the end proposed? Can the fear of death prevent a crime founded on the contempt of death? Can a penal statute make that infamous, which custom makes reputable? Thus the world is more governed by prejudice and custom, than by reason.

Miss Ogilvie regarded this transaction in a very serious light. The highest authority of *her* church

church is against it. The council of Trent treats the combatants who fall, as self-murderers, and denies them christian burial. It is surely gaming very deep, to stake soul and body against a trifle.

The unchristian custom of duelling owed its rise to the barbarous nations, who had however some plea to make in excuse, which we have not, as they were governed by particular lords, and were not united under *one* head or government, to which, as a last resort, persons supposing themselves aggrieved, might appeal for legal address.

I remain dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

JAMES LEWIS.

L E T T E R XLI.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE now the pleasure of congratulating you on the acquisition you have made to the worthies of your family by Miss Ogilvie; she laid aside that name yesterday.

The *Prince* was present, but almost fainting during the ceremony, and, excusing himself from weakness owing to his late indisposition, retired. I am certain he must have suffered much in obtaining this victory over himself. Lord F—— has promised to remain one year longer in Italy: I propose returning next month. Mr. Trueman at the Prince's desire, has attended him constantly, during his illness: he is to take a tour with him to Greece: this jaunt is highly agreeable to him. To see a people whose ancestors were the original founders of literature must ever be entertaining to a classical investigator. The present inhabitants of Greece do not merit any peculiar attention from men of learning—strangers as they are to the liberty and learning of their ancestors!—Their country, however having frequently been styled classical ground, must induce the scholar to explore those regions which have produced scenes of the greatest actions, performed by the greatest heroes and recorded by the greatest poets, &c.

As the Prince has both the power and inclination to serve Mr. Trueman, I flatter myself his fortune is made. I know no person so worthy as himself: after the most exact attention, I cannot discover in him the least fault as to his morals, knowledge or accomplishments. I have often been tempted to apply to him, what Voltaire, in a letter, said to the Duke De Anguien on another occasion, "Set some bounds, if you please, to your conquests, if it is for no other reason but to accommodate yourself to the capacity of men's understanding, and not to go further than their belief can go with them." His person is manly, yet soft and expressive; in his manners he is modest, yet full of taste and fire; in his disposition never weak, yet full of sensibility: understanding, enjoying, extracting the essence, the quintessence of pleasure from every object of pleasure, yet deriving it still more from the sacrifice of it all to another. Is his friend in distress, he will with pleasure give up his course to relieve him: in danger, he will with still more pleasure give up his safety to defend him. I have made my will in this young man's favour, and the idea of his possessing that competency I can give him, affords me true satisfaction. By this means, my dear sir, when my grey hairs are laid with my fathers, I shall bless your family and my neighbourhood, by leaving them a successor, whose virtues and high qualities must endear him to the worthy; and will more than atone for the loss of an old man, whose only merit has consisted in the goodness of his intentions; having never had such distinguished abilities as to have rendered any small

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knowledge

knowledge he may have beneficial to more of his own flock. The pictures and other curiosities my Lord has intrusted to my care for your acceptance, I shall take every method for the preservation.

I am ever, dear sir,

your obliged humble servant,

JAMES LEW

LE

L E T T E R XLII.

From Mrs. Ross, to Mrs. BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

MISS N—— and I arrived safe at Filmer-Place, and found all the worthy family in perfect health. They were just returned from the seat of the Duke of A——, where they had all been on a visit to Lord and Lady Dacres. Lady Filmer tells me that they are at present very happy. My Lady is greatly charmed with her new title, fine place, and large fortune; while my Lord is intoxicated with her beauty, calls her an angel at every word, and in all companies exclaims against celibacy. Late converts are generally, you know, the most zealous; but a woman who is so much exalted above what she can *deserve*, has reason to be *terrified*, to think of the height she must fall from in his opinion, after the honey-moon is over: as it is in his power to treat her but as what she really is, *a mere mortal woman*. The Duke, Lady Filmer says, is an old gentleman turned of seventy, whose chearfulness and vivacity might have tempted people to forget his age, if he had not recalled it to their remembrance by unseasonable attempts of gallantry. The passions of youth are always ridiculous in old age; and though many fine women have sacrificed their charms to superannuated husbands, the union is so unnatural, that we must suppose their affections were

fixed upon title or estate, or something else to the persons of their lovers. The Duke had a life of constant gallantry almost from cradle, and *now* cannot divest himself of passion of love, though his constitution is tremely shattered by debauchery and high living and it seemed as if a fit of coughing would any time have shook him to pieces. He keeps several mistresses; as to marriage, he is resolved never more to wear fetters of that slavery, while his passions have so free a range in a way more agreeable to his inclinations. He was therefore overjoyed at his son's marriage, and much pleased upon observing certain qualms in Lady Dac which seemed to flatter him with the hopes of an heir.

Lady Filmer says, that during the time she was there, she had an opportunity of pitying several who were kept in attendance by his promises. The art of promising is the second secret of a great man's pride, a sort of good husband of conferring favours by which they receive tenfold in acknowledgments for obligations.

His Grace is passionately fond of dogs, bears, and monkeys, and makes himself truly ridiculous, as also his followers, by this fancy. He would not suffer a monkey to be killed, although he had almost destroyed the child of a day-labourer. After this can we refuse to credit the report of Suetonius, when he says, "Caligula loved his horse to such a degree, that he bestowed on him a house richly furnished, with attendants to serve him, and even designed to make him a consul!" The Duke might swear *by dog*, the great oath of the sage philosophers: for his dogs he regards more than anything else but his son.

What greater debasement can happen to man-
 than to have their understandings reduced
 the condition of infants and ideots, to be de-
 with trifles, and to like only what they
 at. If their shape was metamorphosed
 monkeys, the dignity of human nature
 not be more debased by it. We should
 no *taste* for any thing that is not directed
 good sense; nothing should have a place in
 esteem from their being only uncommon:
 the word *common* disgusts people so much,
 they even lay aside *common sense*. It has
 been exploded by the schools, the virtuosi,
 what are called the fine people. Whereas
 ality, few things are desirable if they are not
 rare: and ought we not to be free from
 littleness of mind, which makes people va-
 thing the more for its being possessed by
 but themselves? Some virtuosi, were they
 calculate their estates, might reduce all to the
 memory of Scopias the Thessalonian, who
 fessed his lay only in such *toys* as did no good.
 to return from this digression: Lady Filmer
 Lady Dacres took infinite pains to mortify
 Harriet, by exaggerating every circum-
 in her situation, whereby she thought she
 had the pre-eminence over her, when
 to Mr. Filmer. I asked her, in coming
 e, if she did not repent her cruelty to Lord
 es? She smiled, and said, she was sure her
 Mamma was only diverting herself by ask-
 such a question; that she aspired not at high
 great fortune, nor splendid equipages;
 that her dear Edward, in her eyes, was in-
 ly to be preferred to all other considerations.
 ut, added she, madam, were he out of the
 tion, I would not marry a man whose want
 of

of knowledge might make me stagger at the performance of my duty to him; and who perhaps command from want of understanding what I should think unreasonable to comply with. There is a pleasure and credit in giving up even one's own judgement, in this different, to a man that is wiser than one (like Mr. Filmer); but we are apt to do so to a man of contrary character, what in this we should have no doubt about; and to do so to a person's merit, is the first step to disobedience. Such are this excellent girl's sentiments.

Lord H—— is constantly here: I am struck with the delicacy of his behaviour to N——; nothing is more easy than *love* to conquer *reason*; its greatest triumph is, when it is victorious over *interest*. His father is charmed with her. There is (you know) a stately dignity in her person, which inspires with respect; while a melancholy with her fine features are tinged, excites one's tenderness. As Lord Chester considers his son, the cause of the latter, he is impatient for the celebration of the nuptials. They are therefore to take place next week; as also Lady Harcourt and Mr. Filmer's.

A letter accompanies this to request all companies upon this occasion. Lord C has been at the utmost pains to soothe and comfort Miss N——, and to remove all her scruples in marrying his son. I was present when he spoke to her as follows: "Learn, madam, to respect yourself; your H—— loves you, he then reveres you, and the rest of the world admire and will esteem you, if you do not let over-humility lead them to disrespect."

In this age we may do just what we please. I have known an amiable woman, possessed of every virtue, and almost superior to the common frailties of human nature, except those which arose from the weakness of her heart, in favour of one distinguished object; I say I have known such a one censured, and conscious of *her meriting it*, she would not defend herself or increase her error by falsehood; and in consequence of this integrity of heart, has been discarded by society.

“As if integrity of manners, which comprehends the whole virtues, was a thing of no consequence. A prejudice not only false in its principle, but so much the more dangerous, as it has often been, to many, productive of the most shocking misfortunes all their lives: for having once happened to fail in what they have been instructed was their sole obligation, they are apt too hastily generally to conclude, that they have no other duty to regard. From this arises the numerous instances of misery in the unhappy, and much to be pitied, women of the town, who have first erred from an excess of sensibility, which might have secured to men of honour and just sentiments the most supreme felicity, had they formed honourable connections with such persons; and which drives the wretched objects to despair, when they find themselves abandoned by their inhuman seducers. And as they have nothing to hope from relations or the world, they are necessitated to connect themselves with the infamous, by which means they become hardened in their iniquity, and go on from bad to worse, until they end their shameful course in the most deplorable wretchedness.

“But

“ But to return (said Lord Chester) from this digression, I mentioned to you an instance of a lady’s being shut out from society for her candour. On the contrary, I have seen others, who with the most unparalleled effrontery, have gone the greatest lengths in libertinism; made no secret of their shameful and *universal* prostitution; yet by dint of assurance go every where, are received well, and whose houses are frequented by all the fashionable world.” How just, my dear Mrs. Bruce, are these sentiments. Lord and Lady H—— are to be presented at our court immediately after the marriage, are to stay a week in town, and are then to set off for Italy, accompanied by Lord Chester; by which saving scheme he intends to pay off the mortgage of his estate. His Lordship wrote a letter to Lady N——, Miss N——’s Mother, to ask her to see her daughter previous to the marriage.

The haughty mother replied, that she would never again behold her daughter as Miss N——: if she became lady H——, it would be then high time for her to consider how she was to act, and to shew whether natural affection, or wounded honour should have the pre-eminence in her breast. Miss N—— was greatly hurt at this answer. “ To err is human, to forgive divine.” How noble is that sentiment? The supreme Being is won by penitence to pardon; shall honour or religion dare to be more inexorable? I admire that sentiment of Pliny, that he looked upon that man as best and most faultless, who pardons others, as if he never erred; but yet so abstains from errors himself, as if he

would never pardon. You know the poet says,

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is not of heaven, nor earth.

I ever am, my dear Madam,

your affectionate and

obedient humble servant

MARY ROSS.

L E T T E R XLIII.

From Lady FILMER, to Mrs. BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being personally known to you, yet I entertain so high an idea of your merit, as to embrace with great pleasure, this opportunity of paying you my respects; and of congratulating you on Sir James's marriage to the worthiest, the most exemplary of her sex; whose knowledge every one must allow is inferior to few others; and whose prudence, wisdom, and virtue, have distinguished her in the various circumstances of her walk through life. Upon Sir James's arrival here, he pleaded his cause so effectually, that we at last prevailed on Mrs. Ross's waving the ceremony of waiting a few months longer.

The

The completion of my son's happiness, hardly afforded me more joy than that of my friends. The three couple were married yesterday. Lady H—— is an amiable deserving woman; yet, dear Madam, what a hard part has she now got to act in life! It is with such a character, and with a limb that has been broken, the fracture may be healed, but the part is easily affected and cannot bear the least contusion. "Miserable (said Cicero) must that man be, whose former life stood in need of an apology." Under her unhappy predicament, she must bid adieu to all her spontaneous, lively, unoffending follies which, harmless in themselves, commonly please, and are construed as the prerogatives of youth. She must be *mysterious*, where there is no *mystery*; she must look *grave* when others may *laugh*; she must be *reserved* in general companies, where *liveliness* and *ease* would render her more agreeable; and she must be contented to appear a *fool*, lest a misconstruction should be put on her words and actions. And it is most probable, that after all her care she will be esteemed through life, either a *prudent* or a *coquette*. Both of which characters are despicable; but of the two, I look upon it to be a less crime to go one's self, than to lead others astray; and think it much less blameable to want *prudence* than *character*; to have weak *heart*, than an impertinent and corrupted *mind*.

The many ill-natured things which have been circulated, and by Lady H——'s own relations are really astonishing. Slander and invective do an injury never to be repaired, and are consequently unpardonable sins.

An open candid foe I would not hate,
 Nor ev'n insult the base in humble state;
 But thriving malice tamely to forgive,
 'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

ARMSTRONG.

But as we can no more correct all ill opinions in the world, than heal all the distempers that are in it, let us possess ourselves with this maxim, *We can never be hurt but by ourselves.* Till there shall be a possibility of banishing from human society all envy, all dishonesty, and all ill-nature, it would be unwise to make ourselves uneasy about their effects.

Let these effects (I have urged to Lady H —) be confined to the objects from whence they proceed; there it is only they ought to be, and there it is generally productive of misery. A vicious and unfriendly disposition, is a greater torment to its possessor, than it can be to others; and is the proper object of *pity*, not *resentment*. “The comforts of a good conscience, answered Lady H —, together with the chearful prospects of futurity, are certainly more than a counter-balance for the severest sufferings. But though the opinion of the world is of little value to a heart conscious of its own integrity, alas! madam, the want of it is a bitter ingredient in the cup of the self-condemned.”

She is evidently still in a very declining state of health; the sense of her past errors prey upon her spirits. If we regard this world only, it is the interest of every man to be either *perfectly good*, or *completely bad*: he had better *destroy* his conscience than *gently wound* it. The many bitter reflections which every bad action costs a mind in which there are any remains of
 goodness

goodness, are not to be compensated by the highest pleasures such an action can produce. When I look at her it reminds me of an apostrophe, the author of a poem called the Magdalen has to the women of the world, in proposing them the patron of the penitent of St. Beaume.

Ne rougirez vous point de ses pales couleurs ?

All this family join in best compliments to you and Mr. Bruce. We propose accompanying Sir James and my Lady to Bruce-Hill. I need not mention the happiness I expect from being personally known to a lady whom I so highly respect as Mrs. Bruce,

Being with the utmost regard, Madam,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

AMELIA FILMER.

L E T

L E T T E R XLIV.

From Mr. TRUEMAN, to Mr. LEWIS.

DEAR SIR,

Hope this letter will find you safely arrived at your peaceful habitation; and that you found your friends in perfect health. As I knew your goodness, I make no doubt you have employed some trusty person to make inquiries in Scotland concerning my worthy parent; and that, if she is still alive, that you have transmitted to her the small sum of money which I have at this time been enabled to spare, to administer to her wants. To make that respectable woman happy, and comfortable in her old age, is the wish of my soul; to the accomplishment of which my every endeavour tends.

The extreme melancholy with which the Prince is affected, has made me urge his removal from a place which revives in his mind so many disagreeable ideas, and feeds a passion which, I am afraid, nothing will be able to surmount.

It has been with great pain, my dear friend, that I have discovered the Prince's *scepticism*, which I have endeavoured to remove. How much have I wished for your instruction, lest by my own want of knowledge or misapprehension, I may not have sufficiently been informed in what I have taken upon me to explain. I have studied

studied the Prince's character; he is possessed almost every good quality; he is rational, impartial, even to self-condemnation; it is a rule with him to do always what is right; virtuous, he is so from principle, and is universally approved. And as Homer says of Ajax, "He is a friend to mankind because he loves them all." His Highness is also noble, generous; he possesses every amiable virtue but is so far from being conscious of any reflecting upon them as virtues, that he professes them only as the means of happiness; they are so far from being the effect of law or restraint, that he would suffer if ever he was separated from them: his virtues therefore have a certain freedom, an elegance, and an inexpressible charm of nature about them; which is admired, needs only to be seen: whereas the strong desire which some people have to please always prevents their doing so. With the greatest contempt of money, his liberality is remote from profusion, which often goes hand in hand with rapacity; nay what would be profusion in another, is generosity and propriety in him. *Uncommon* characters are superior to common rules. Cold insensibility, corrupt selfishness, licentiousness, and depravity, he compels at once to perceive, to taste, and to approve the exalted, refined delight of being serviceable to mankind, and of which before they had no relish nor conception. In short, there is no one shade to his character, and sorry I am, were it to continue, it would be sufficient to eclipse the whole; but I trust in God, through my humble endeavours it will be removed. As soon as I was certain of the Prince's infidelity, I could not help being surprized at

ular attendance at mass, and attention to religious observances. I soon discovered from him, that one of the first principles of a deist is, to conform to the external ceremonies of worship for the sake of society. Those people who look on revelation as a fable, believe it to be of no use to the greater part of mankind, who are incapable of conducting themselves merely by motives of honour; and are willing to leave them in an error which is productive of moral advantages. The conduct of the prince is such, that he can have no interest in his incredulity, before the greatest difficulty is got over.

I repeated to his Highness the sentiment I remember to have read of one of our English deists, which I observed had great weight with him, "That supposing an infidel had as much reason to doubt, as a christian to believe, I should (said the author) be a christian upon the principles of common sense: for to what risque should such a conduct expose me? Religion, if it had no foundation, would be a comfortable delusion, which would support me under circumstances of distress, and would deprive death of its terrors, by the hope of a happy existence after. But if an impious man is mistaken, what a risque does he run! Dreadfully must he be deceived!" The Prince then told me that his mind was unhinged by many doubts which had been infused into him, as there were many things he could not understand; and added, that it must ever be the case where different religions are introduced, prejudices, enthusiasms, and sects; where different systems of philosophy have confounded truth; and where universal reason has so undermined it, that if all the maxims and principles of men could be thrown into

into one view, the fancied chaos would have confusion in it. "But (added he) Father Peccatori has informed me, our Saviour and apostles had their knowledge from a purer fountain than that of philosophy. The lights then introduced into the world, were immediately drawn from Heaven, and have nothing in common with the frivolous speculations of human wisdom." I answered the Prince, that our being able to understand the most mysterious parts of christianity, is no argument against the truth of them.

There are many things in nature whose certainty I by no means question, and yet am totally ignorant of the methods whereby many of them operate; and even of the use of some of them. Can you say what purpose the fiery meteor answers? How is its motion produced so regular in its period, so unequal in its motion, and so eccentric in its course? If we descend to the meanest objects, into which the Author of nature has so curiously wrought the mass of matter, with the several relations that those bodies bear to one another, we have sufficient evidence of an all-wise Creator; but there is somewhat more wonderful and surprising in the world of life. The divine power and goodness is no less conspicuous in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures.

Every part of matter is peopled, every green leaf swarms with little animals. If we look through a microscope at a sage-leaf, we find it covered with a kind of cob-web, in which swarms of little active creatures with piercing eyes are busily employed.

If we look at a nettle, we observe its whole surface covered over with needles of the

perfect polish, every one of which has three points, and these needles rest on a *base*, which is a bag of flexible substance filled with a sharp poisonous liquor; this is discharged at the extremity of every point of the needles, that cover the surface of the nettle; from a hole visible in every point, the poison is thrown out, which excites a sense of pain.

In what manner (continued I) can we account for the polypus's property of supplying that part of its body which shall be cut away? That insect alone, of all the creation, does not continue maimed by amputation, but multiplies by it. To what can we attribute this difference in the insect, which in all particulars beside resembles so many others? Yet who doubts of these things*?

An unknowing or accidental cause could never produce such wonderful effects. Common

* We find in Bonnet's *Considerations of Organized Bodies*, in his twelfth chapter, several reflections on the discovery of the polypus, with observations on the scale of beings; together with some common facts relating to vegetables, and the analogy between trees and the bones of animals. Mr. Bonnet also makes two quotations from Mr. Formey, professor Theoneg, the one tending to shew that the propagation of insects, by dividing them, was known to St. Augustin, and even so long ago as the times of Aristotle; the other intimating that the discovery of the polypus was foretold by Leibnitz, as a necessary link in the chain, uniting the animal and vegetable creation. Mr. Hervey also takes notice of the sensitive plant. "She alone (says he) partakes of perceptive life, at least advances nearest to the exalted state of being; and may be looked upon as the link which connects the animal and vegetable world."

sense

sense is able to inform the lowest capacity, that if man could make himself, he would by a necessary consequence, be perfect as his Maker and not be subject to change, pain, or dissolution; in all which, and many other frailties, the most perfect among us give evidence of the weakness and corruption of our nature: so that the divine existence may be made evident even from our inability to exist without him. If you view the construction of your body, and consider who, and what you are, or whereof you consist; that all the animal motion necessary to your life is independent of your will; that your heart continually beats without your consent and direction, that your blood flows through its various channels; and your arteries, sinews, pulleys, muscles, fibres, and nerves, all perform their respective functions, without your help and advice: how you are preserved in the world, and came into it without any knowledge or concurrence of your own: it is evidently apparent that he who at the beginning made man, endued him with senses because they were good for him. — Eyes wherewith to behold whatever was visible, and ears to hear whatever was to be heard. For to what purpose should odours be prepared if the sense of smelling had been denied? Or what the distinctions of bitter and sweet, unless a palate had been likewise given to judge of them, and declare the difference?

Is not that Providence conspicuously eminent which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath therefore prepared eyes to receive them, which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? What sounds would stun our ears, if we had the sense of hearing in as large a degree as we have?

degree as many brutes? And should we not be much offended by our sight, if our eyes magnified objects like certain insects? We must therefore allow, that nature has beneficently and justly given greater degrees of sensibility to brutes than men. The Author of nature has taken care to provide all his creatures with organs in proportion to the purposes he has made them for, and has given us all a sufficient certainty, that a power far exceeding human knowledge, is exerted even in the support of our bodies. In pursuit of this let us enquire wherefrom we have our breath, the comforts of heat and light, the fruits of the earth, the faculties of the mind, the growth of our bodies, the insertion or joining of our bones, or the circulation of our blood? When this superficial survey of the human body produces amazement in persons endowed with the slowest intellects: but those who have made the happy progress in physiology, as to discover the harmony and usefulness of all the parts of the human system, their mathematical situation, the regular motion of the pulse, the wonderful variety and aptitude of the muscles and fibres, the curious diversity of duplicates through the whole texture, where necessary, the separation of the juices, and the manner of digestion; those are they who have daily opportunities of admiring the wisdom and conduct of Providence, so noble a fabrick. As man is an intelligent creature, endowed with reason, conscience, and the capacity of thinking, comparing, and judging, and making a great progress in knowledge without confusion; does it not plainly prove a divine, immaterial, and omnipotent creator. Our reflections, intentions, and reason, must be derived from something more noble

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than the native dulness of matter; for which has none of those itself, cannot confer of them upon another.

It is impossible to imagine any relation between the motion or figure of matter and thought for whether matter be divided or not into inagitated particles; it is not the less matter, corporeal, or more capable of thinking, the essence of matter being always the same: because there can be no difference discovered between the several sorts of its accidents, such as motion, figure, size, &c. none of which can render it capable of thought; so that if thinking were essential to matter, all matter would of necessity think. In short, it is as easy to conceive that the modifications of sound should produce feeling as how the modifications of matter can produce thinking, for matter cannot determine its own motion; nor can a motion (which is the operative accident in it) determine itself, but must be determined by some external cause, that is, by something of another nature. Hence it appears, that no such thing as body can be the first cause of motion; so that the first cause of motion must be incorporeal; and this first cause must be the original of all beings that have understanding, or can be understood."

to The Prince answered, " Might not man exert the same functions under another form, without that internal mechanism I had described? why then has he this form, or those intricacies in his machinery?" I replied, " Because the Maker chose it, as seeing it best." Is not this my respectable friend, the proper answer on all occasions, when the decrees of the Almighty are discussed? Facts only are obvious to our reason: we must judge of them by the evidence of the reality

reality; if that is sufficient to establish the facts, why, or how, they were produced, is beyond our comprehension. *Finite minds* cannot judge of *infinite wisdom*. Should we not beware of giving causes for things which are primary in themselves: and doing what Leibnitz thought it unreasonable to require, as appears by his question to a great queen, "*Vous voulez, madame, que je vous donne le pourquoi du pourquoi?*"

Let us, in admiring the works of nature, be conscious of the deficiency of our own judgment, when it attempts to find out the ways of infinite wisdom; and let us be as cautious of enquiring into his handy-work, as we should be of meddling with his attributes. But to pursue this enquiry a little further: if we are led by unprejudiced reason to consider what could pass in the dark and wasteful regions of nature, before the obscure confusion of the unborn world was calmed and reduced into harmony and order; what the state of this earth was before the distribution of the first matter into parts; whence that matter proceeded; what supernatural power drew order out of that confusion, giving laws to the whole, and the least individual thereof; and whence the various operations of nature so regularly proceeded. — what can we think! Can we impute the origin, and government of all this, to chance! Surely all the laws of motion and vicissitudes in nature, that are regulated with so much order, proportion, and design, can never be the effect of an accidental concurrence of irregular causes operating by an ignorant necessity! Chance can never act in a perpetual consistence with itself, or appear uniform in all its operations.

The great Author of nature has discovered himself to us in the profusion of his blessings;

and engages our affections by his boundless magnificence. If a due sense of such inestimable benefactions does not lead us to a knowledge of him who is the fountain from whence they flow, we must not only be shamefully remiss, but ungrateful.

Let us reflect on the end for which the beauty, order, and immense treasure of the world was intended; but let us be careful not to extend our inquiries beyond the limits prescribed by human reason.—I know not if you will approve of my arguments, but I flatter myself that they have been efficacious to the Prince.

I am ever, dear Sir, your obliged,

and obedient servant,

EDWARD TRUEMAN

L E

L E T T E R XLV.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

Filmer-Place.

SIR John and I arrived safe here, and found Lady Harriet and Edward in perfect health, and as happy as you could possibly wish them. Joyful state of human nature, loving and being beloved; where every joy is heightened into rapture, every little pleasing trifle unfelt by others, becomes a source of infinite delight! May no ill hour destroy this blissful state, no blasting incident breathe destruction on their blooming hopes of happiness. Lady Dacres had sent frequent messages to know when I was to arrive; I sent to her as soon as I came to town; she came instantly to me. My Lord is already heartily tired of her, and has taken a girl into keeping, one of the dancers at the opera. In consequence of this, they have had frequent quarrels.

He acquainted her coolly, that men of the world, instead of overcharging the heart with one grand passion, divide its affection into a thousand little, light, transitory likings, tastes and attachments (the small money of love), as people change gold into silver, preferring still the value of the whole. Lady Dacres' pride was sensibly hurt, and things have come to the utmost extremity between them; insomuch that she was determined to leave him, and return no

more to her house. I reasoned her out of it, by desiring her to recollect, what right had she to expect constancy from a man, whose character she had been well informed of previous to her connection with him: that, as she had taken upon herself, to marry him under these disadvantages, and enjoys his rank and fortune, it was her duty to be blind to his failings, and indulgent to his weaknesses.

The troubles of life, Madam (said I), I constantly place in the balance against the enjoyments; and they convince me every day, more and more of the vanity of all human pleasures. Every passion is followed by its own correction. Wealth, rank and fame, have constantly a number of troublesome attendants; and the anxiety in the pursuit of these, frequently exceed the pleasure in the enjoyment. There is a good and a bad light, in which every thing that befalls us may be taken. If the human mind will busy itself to make the worst of every disagreeable occurrence, it will never want woe. There are more born to *misery*, than *happiness* in this life; but *all* may die to be ever-glorious, and ever blessed, if they please. Women, my dear Lady Dacres (said I) would do well, to forbear their declamations against the falsity and wickedness of men. The fault is theirs, to fall into such coarse-spun snares as are laid for them.

Had you seen things as they really were, you would have been as little persuaded that Lord Dacres was a *hero* of romance, as that you yourself were that *goddess* he defined you. There is no eternity in any sublunary thing, and least of all in love. When a lover swears,

will love you eternally, it signifies only, *his*
*love will last as long as it can**,

The mean adorations, and the excessive compliments by which the men endeavour to please, would create a suspicion, and induce our sex to mistrust such unbecoming homages. It is necessary to a certain degree, that we should accommodate our *likings* and our *aversions*, to our situations; by struggling with our chains, we only inflict wounds that were never intended us. 'Tis hard, in your present situation (the next month) to be so treated; but resentment will only aggravate your misfortunes. Endeavour to calm your spirits and take care of your health; perhaps when Lord Dacres is humanized by the tender name of father, it may probably make a change in his conduct.

The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

Alas! we suffer with impatience the misfortunes that beset us: we weep, we lament, we think the evil insupportable, and look upon it the greatest imaginable, and yet it is but too true, that the greatest grief in our present apprehension, may be succeeded by a still greater. Had you my dear Lady Dacres left your husband's house, you must have ever been dependent upon him, for even a scanty allowance; a thousand stories would have circulated to your

* In the love calendar, as moments are sometimes years, and years ages; it happens too that ages become years, and years moments: thus, *it is an eternity since I saw you*, sometimes means, I have not seen you these two days; and *my love will be eternal*, often signifies, *it will last but two days*.

disadvantage, and you would have had longer the command of that fortune, which you may now render beneficial to mankind."

This last circumstance seemed to strike Lady Dacres particularly. I told her, I was very far from depreciating Lord Dacres' understanding; but as she seemed to hold it in contempt herself, that she should be more careful to restrain her vivacity, than she need to have done, had she had superior talents to herself. It is a great advantage in the commerce of life, to have to do with people of sense, rather than with others. Whatever misunderstanding may be our unhappiness to fall into, with regard to the former, is sufficient, in order to recover their good graces, to explain ourselves, justify our conduct, or offer an apology for it. But as to the *stupid*, and *ignorant*, it is a much more difficult matter to deal with *them*; for as they are extremely bigoted to their prejudices, a reconciliation with them is not easily obtained. I afterwards spoke to Lady Dacres of her religious duties, which would dictate patience, resignation and all the other virtues. "This, said I, will teach you to be patient under disgust, anger, and perhaps contempt; will render you affectionate, virtuous, sensible, even if after every effort to please, you are still exposed to the ill treatment of your husband. And though you may never have the satisfaction of receiving approbation for actions the most commendable, nay, must even conceal them, at least for your own ease appear to be in fault; religion will teach you to hide your sorrows from the world and mourn only in secret; and thus making a continual sacrifice of your inclinations, you will endeavour to take on *yourself*, the blame

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those faults which you cannot prevent. Tho' you will be guided only by those rules which virtue and reason inspire, it is probable your virtue will be unapproved, and your reason attended to; and yet though every solicitude and indulgence, of themselves almost persuasive, prove ineffectual to the purpose desired, you will still endeavour that nothing of this domestic business shall be observed by others, that your husband may at least appear a man of sense and principle.

Religion dictates all this, and a great deal more." "Good God! Madam, replied she, how you alarm me! I always thought to be married, was to be *my own mistress*; instead of which, from the picture you have drawn, you put me in mind of the pitiable situation of those poor men in the army, who serve under tyrannical officers. Born to the same privileges with those who command them, and even by the military law entitled to good usage, it is with them often a point of prudence to put up with the worst: to quit the service without leave, is death; to complain, may be construed mutiny, and expose a man to great danger. Now if I am under the same unfortunate predicament, am to have no *passions*, no *inclinations* of my own, but am to be turned into a piece of clock-work, which my husband is to wind up, or let down at his good pleasure. A fine woman, when she is married, then, makes as ridiculous a figure as a beaten general marching out of garrison."

I could not help smiling at this sally of Lady Acres; but recollecting myself, put her Ladyship in mind, that it had not been my fault that she was not better informed; as I had always

urged to her, that before we enter into *any relation*, we should set ourselves to examine with care, what are the *duities* which it *especially* requires ; what kind of *behaviour* will render us most agreeable and useful to those with whom we are concerned ; that we expect not perfection in any, nor lay too much stress on nice punctilios of honour and respect ; that we make favourable interpretations, and the most indulgent and candid allowances in all cases, that the nature of the cases themselves will bear ; that we animadvert not too strictly on little failings and indiscretions ; nor be over-rigid in censuring greater miscarriages, which appear to have proceeded from precipitation, oversight, want of due reflection, and not from a vicious or malevolent heart, or a real intention to offend ; that we avoid moroseness, which make others sullen and disobliging ; *unjust suspicions* which are the bane of friendship, and destroy mutual confidence ; *excesses of passion*, which blind the understanding, that it cannot form a right judgment ; and *pride*, one of the most turbulent of the bad principles, by which human nature is actuated ; and that, above all things, we should preserve a cool temper, or if it happened at any time to be inflamed, to allay the ferment, and reduce us to a state of composure and tranquility as soon as possible ; that being free from inward perturbation, we may the more regularly attend to our own incumbent duty. “ All this, my dear Lady Dacres, you may recollect I have often told you ; and also that by marriage you would contract a still greater dependence ; and I also taught you the means of rendering this dependence agreeable, and of cementing the union.

When

When once a wife possesses her husband's confidence, and deserves it, her power is not inconceivable. Women have but one privilege, that making remonstrances; that is really our power, and it is incumbent on us to know how to use it.

It is my opinion, that we can have but little power for the person whom we will never indulge, but to an unreasonable demand. But to give the point with cheerfulness in those less important matters, which interest ourselves alone, is absolutely necessary, in order to preserve that influence we have got over a husband, to those other occasions, wherein a deviation from rectitude would be most dangerous; to endeavour, without seeming to aim at conviction, to convince him of an error, by that mode of persuasion which is dictated by reason, and presented with all the graces of love and mildness. To be able to do this, is to possess a charm by which we shall obtain such an empire as is most to be desired, but of which no boast must be made. It is incredible what a change woman can produce in the conduct, behaviour, and manners of a man. Silence, when it shows submission, is not sullenness, is apter to persuade, than arguments produced in opposition. All men love power and superiority, and a meek and yielding spirit seems to yield to them, even when it takes their power from them. If you perceive your Lord a diminution of tenderness, or that he has placed it on another, your cares, your attention to him, ought to be redoubled. But not too prodigal of caresses to him, which at some time might be troublesome.

I charge you above all things never to reproach him, as reproaches, however cautiously

ously worded, generally leave a sting behind them, not easy to be extracted. There I know, a resource, which some women resort to, but it is a dangerous one; I mean, coquetry: they hope to accomplish their intentions by means of jealousy. But these women, by adding the loss of esteem to the loss of love, defeat their own schemes, and deprive themselves of every hope of reformation.

Now, my dear Lady Dacres, added I, you have given me sincere pleasure, by taking advice on the present situation of your affairs. Be assured none will deal more sincerely with you, and I flatter myself, you will pardon the liberty I take in begging to know, by what means you became informed of my Lord's infidelity?"—After some little hesitation, she said it was Miss Ridley.—I then asked her, as it plainly appeared it was her duty to act as if she did not know it, whether she had been obliged to consult Miss Ridley for her information?—She owned she was not; but, at the same time, she said that she herself had placed her on the watch to detect Lord Dacres; and, in consequence, Lord had insisted on her going out of the house, and that their last quarrel had been occasioned by this, and a slighting speech she had made to *La Gotella*, whom Lord Dacres keeps. I then remember the poet says,

In bed, she slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the object of my theme,
In company, I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

I conjured her, to send Miss Ridley home, which she would show her obedience to.

Lord; and never to let any thing severe or ironical fall from her in his hearing, either with respect to himself, or the object he is attached to.—That the best method is, to avoid speaking at all on those subjects. And as to encouraging any person to inform her concerning her husband, that I was sure she must be convinced, on reflection, that it was being wanting to her own dignity.

Even with vulgar minds, too close an inspection is useless, and engages them to other methods of deceit. But with minds at all cultivated, it is highly pernicious. Lady Dacres assured me, that she would follow my advice implicitly; that the perplexity of not knowing how to act, was the greatest torment imaginable, which I had now relieved her from.

But she could not think of giving up Miss Ridley, whom she had taken under her protection. I told her, that as long as we live in the world we are, and ought to be amenable to the judgment of others, who decide, that friendship must consist in an agreement of humour and dispositions. I presumed, therefore, that she would be unwilling that a young woman of her character, should be ranked among the number of her friends. *Vice may reverence, but it naturally fears virtue.* A person has little relish for that merit in another, of which he finds no resemblance in his own breast; and, therefore, people attach themselves to similar dispositions with their own. The voice of censure I never attend to, but when I perceive corroborating proofs of its justness in the person's conduct; and surely Miss Ridley's levity is distinguishable in her every action; and does not her late officiousness, madam, said I, indicate a bad heart.

Had

Had she loved you, or had just ideas of propriety, she would have concealed from you, what, in knowing, could only be productive to you of evil, by ruining your peace, and endangering your health; and by giving way to your passions, you might not only have lost your reputation and establishment, by leaving your Lord's house, but also your life, and that of your child's, the heir of your husband's title and fortune, and the surety of his tenderness and affection. Nothing but finding some fault in the heart can ever excuse us for abandoning our friends; in this instance, you have great reason to be exculpated to yourself."

In short, my dear Lady Bruce, my arguments prevailed, I attended Lady Dacres home; and, by her desire, took my Lord aside, and informed him of her intention to get rid of Miss Ridley. He appeared very much surprized, and said, that he would always be happy, if she continued to take my advice. I took the liberty of reminding him of her *present* situation, and affection for him, which I was persuaded would induce him to be tender of her, and would prove an *antidote* to the *poison* which had been infused into her mind. We chatted for two hours, and I had the pleasure of leaving them in apparent good humour.

Of what consequence is it, my dear friend, with whom we connect ourselves! In the choice of my friends, I always made virtue my guide, for I held it as an established rule of my conduct, that where there is no virtue, there can be no friendship; and that the union which is formed by vice, interest, or passion, soon dissolves, nor does it finish but by our ruin.

People should be always attentives to *character*; for, notwithstanding the measure of
right

right and wrong are said to be manifest, yet character biasses and runs away with all mankind. The world (as I told Lady Dacres) will always judge of us by our companions. The complaint that little regard is commonly paid to internal good qualities, is unreasonable. The heart is invisible, but external objects strike the eyes of all. The person who is seen to connect herself with the virtuous, the wise, and the good, is thought herself to be such; it appearing natural that there should be a conformity of disposition between those who partake of the same amusements.

We are, therefore, commonly judged the counter-part of the giddy, if we are seen to associate with them.

Friendship should, therefore, never be formed but with the worthy. If drawn into any other by a misrepresentation of character, they should be retracted secretly, to avoid the censure of ill-nature, or ill-manners. But if even such a conduct should be resented by the party, it is better to risk their enmity than one's own reputation. If bad example does not suddenly corrupt a heart impressed with the love of virtue, it at least insensibly tarnishes its purity.

Vice is a monster of such frightful mein,
As to be hated, needs not to be seen.
But seen too oft familiar with its face,
We first behold, then pity, then embrace.

Who can touch pitch, and be not defiled?
A woman either young, little known, or of a middle station of life, may essentially hurt herself by the protection she affords others, which,

at

at the same time, can be of little use to them. For the same reasons, does not your Ladyship think, that it not only requires a woman of superior rank, or well known in the world, but one of advanced age, and approved conduct, to venture with impunity to Ranelagh with Lady——, to Almack's with Mrs.——, or to exhibit Miss—— in her box at the opera.

A brilliant wit, agreeable talents, may gain our admiration, but have no right to our friendship unless they are accompanied with virtue. It is, therefore, essentially necessary, that we do not confound the jargon of the world with the language of the heart, nor blend the superficial manners of people with their real characters. We must avoid falling into vulgar errors; we should approve or dislike reasonably. If we follow the dictates of reason, we are safe. Let us live in the world, but let us not adopt its follies; and, at the same time, let us, in avoiding them, beware of thinking that we have a right to despise those who have been so weak as to be seduced by them. It is strange that philosophy, so noble in its principles, so mild in its maxims, so indulgent in its dictates, should insensibly be confounded with a sordid and morose misanthropy; that an inexhaustible source of consolation to mankind should be employed only in afflicting, mortifying, and insulting us. Do you not, my dear friend, with me look down with pity, unmingled with envy, on all those who, by their youth, are doomed to toil through the rugged road of life in search of a happiness, that is not to be met with in it; and, at the highest, can be compounded for, only by the blessing of a contented mind.

Sir John, Lady Harriet, and Edward, join me in best respects to all your family, with congratulations on Mrs. Bruce's safe delivery; and, I ever am, with real affection,

Yours,

AMELIA FILMER.

L E T T E R XLVI.

From Mr. TRUEMAN, to Mr. LEWIS.

DEAR SIR,

Naples.

I AM greatly concerned to acquaint you, that the amiable Lady F—— is no more. She was delivered of a daughter, and seemed in a fair way of recovery, but died the third day. There could no reason be assigned for it, unless we may account for it from the impression of a dream that she had, which all her good sense, and the reasoning of her friends could not overcome.

It is needless for me to acquaint you of my Lord's distraction of mind, or the distress of all Lady F——'s friends upon this melancholy occasion

caſion. The Prince is inſoluble, and regrets her as if he had been himſelf the diſtinguiſhed object of her affections.

I have done every thing in my power to ſooth and ſupport them; but being conſcious of the inequality of my powers to the due performance of the taſk, I wiſhed inceſſantly for your aſſiſtance. I have urged to my noble friends, that to lament for the happy is impiety and folly. To feel for one's own loſs is the impuſe of humanity; but a too great indulgence of affliction is contrary to the laws of Chriſtianity.

Mr. Thompson has finely expreſſed this in his philoſophical poem on the Seasons :

This infancy of nature cannot be
God's final purpoſe.

You may believe, my dear Sir, that I did not intrude theſe ſentiments until a fit opportunity. There are, in truth, certain moments when the muſic of the ſpheres would be diſcordant, and when the condolence of our deareſt friends is an unwelcome interruption.

The human ſoul ſettles on her darling ſubject, deſcends into herſelf, and indulges in a luxury, which, bee-like, extracts the poiſon of calamity.

Ask the fond youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms, ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tear ?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds,
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when ſtealing from the noiſe

Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture.

AKENSIDE.

My Lord has been advised to accompany us to Greece. Whenever the mind receives a blow, and is deprived of its usual tranquility, changing the scene is the best method we can take to forget our loss, or disappointment, and restore its peace. New scenes, images, and objects, by attracting our eyes, turn our thoughts into another channel, which, if we can by any means accomplish, our business is done. It is the dwelling on disagreeable reflections excited by the objects before them, which drives so many people under the pressure of affliction to despair.

Now, my dear friend, while I have been exerting myself to reason others into tranquility, it has required no small resignation in myself, to bear with fortitude, the death of my respectable friend, and second parent (my old tutor) Mr.

I owe every thing to his memory; he was my only friend, my comforter, my stay: when the unkindness of my relations had plunged the most valuable of mothers into distress, such as even deprived her of educating or maintaining her only child. Alas! what judgment, what knowledge, what virtue are gone with him to the grave; oh! that when he took his flight to heaven, he could have left me, like Elias, his mantle, that he could have left me his learning and experience in life; such a legacy would have been far more valuable to me than all the riches

riches of Peru. He has left me 1500 pound. Shall I trouble you to receive it from his executor? If my mother has survived her misfortunes, transmit it to her: If, alas! she is no more, lay my trash (for such I shall then consider it) out in any way your wisdom shall direct. I am called ———

The Prince has had a fall from his horse, by which he has received a violent contusion on the head. He is at present insensible, the surgeons are arrived.——

Alas! my dear friend, the amiable, the worthy, the deserving Prince is in the utmost danger. His priest is with him. He has just sent for me —— The Prince addressed me in a feeble voice in these words; “My dear Trueman, my obligations to you are inexpressible; I love you with the tenderness of a brother, and as I find myself dying, you will soon be sensible I am not ungrateful to you. *There are few people who have any notion of services, which are not pecuniary.* But in my opinion, those persons who give up their time, and sacrifice all their inclinations to the humours of others, cannot be over-paid by any thing we can do for them.

“Men never think a slave obliged to them, for giving him bread when he has performed his task. And certainly it is a double slavery to be made servile under the mask of friendship. I know, my dear friend, added he, how much you have suppressed your own grief, to mitigate ours. But this is a small obligation, in comparison of the new lights you have afforded me. even father Piscatorri himself has acknowledged it.—The little Eliza and you will share equally of two thirds of my large possessions.”

Highn

Highness grew faint, I called in the priest; the Prince grew better, but fevered in the third day after. I have not been able to finish my letter until now, all hopes are now extinguished. Alas! my friend, the Prince's death is announced to me. I can no more,

Yours,

EDWARD TRUEMAN.

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L E T T E R XLVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE extreme grief I felt at the conclusion of my last letter was unutterable. I went into the apartment of my deceased friend, clasped the dead body in my arms; and the lessons I had frequently and recently given to others, I found difficult to practise myself. As I was pronounced sole executor, I took every thing upon myself; and was determined not to precipitate matters; I had heard of people's recovery after a long interval of cessation of the animal spirits. By consulting the observations of the famous anatomist Winslow, we may be convinced that between death and life, there is often so faint a shadowing, that it is not even perceptible by all the lights of the medical art and the most attentive observations. Nothing proves better, how much a certain state of insensibility resembles that of death; so that it is exceedingly reasonable, and an act of humanity, to act with caution in the interment of the dead. Four or twenty hours, as it sometimes is performed at this place), is not a sufficient time for distinguishing between a real and apparent death. There are instances of persons who have risen from their graves after three days. Charity and religion

religion recommend therefore a sufficient time to wait, that life, if it still subsists, may manifest itself by signs.

At the end of two days, Lord F—— said to me, “Trueman, notwithstanding all your good sense, you act like a madman; your attempt is vain. The Prince’s death, joined to my other misfortunes, are too much for me: I quit Naples to-morrow; I take my Eliza with me. As her interest is concerned in the will of the Prince, I leave all that for you, to manage for her. I must set out with this little comforter: a change of place is necessary to keep me in my senses; the Prince I loved as I love you, Trueman; can I say any thing stronger. After kissing the remains of his dear friend, and bathing him with tears, he departed.

I found by Le Fleur, that it was rumoured in the palace, that the Englishman was mad, that no corpse had been ever kept at Naples so long. I believe some of the domestics were impatient for their legacies. I let them speak on, watched by my friend, and was determined before I saw a change take place, not to permit the last offices to be done him. I was rewarded for my trouble; at the end of the third day his breath appeared on the glass! judge of our joy!—my care, attention, and tenderness (under God) has restored him to my wishes. Is not this a lesson to many? I am convinced numbers of people are buried alive; or that their death is often premature, by the selfish disposition of hireling curles, to whose care the last offices are conigned by their over *delicate* friends, *fond* husbands, *affectionate* wives, or *dutiful* heirs, whose extreme self-love prevents them, under the disguise of sensibility or weak nerves, from proving

proving the sincerity of those professions. Should we not on those occasions, remember the golden maxim, of *doing as we wish to be done to*? How unchristian it is in England, the instant a person dies, if he is a great man, the family leave the house; if a poor one, he is sent to the undertaker (who at his burial furnishes mourners for the occasion), as if all affection and all obligations, were to end with the last breath of the party.

Thank God, my dear Prince is now able to sit up in bed. We have not as yet acquainted him with the circumstances of his illness, but refer that until he is perfectly recovered.

As I have been obliged to pretend sudden business obliged Lord F—— to return instantly to England, the Prince proposes going there alone before we go to Greece; Father Piscatorri attends us. I ever am, dear and esteemed friend

yours faithfully,

EDWARD TRUEMAN

L E

(97)
L E T T E R XLVIII.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

Have the pleasure to acquaint you, Lady Dacres and Lady Harriet are both perfectly recovered.

Lady Dacres behaved in such an exemplary manner before her lying-in, that I began to form great hopes of her; her Lord even appeared affected by her condescension, wild as he is: he much delighted with his little son; and the late, his father, is distractedly fond of him.

But, notwithstanding she is much troubled with the redundancy of milk which nature has supplied for the nourishment of the child, I find, to my great surprize, she had laid aside thoughts of nursing her child. Thus, was no longer sensible of being a mother, than when she was with child; and that over, the name, and almost the very name, is quite forgotten, and the child was dismissed to a distant chamber. If the object of her affection is thus regarded, what more could be done to that of hatred? Indolently stretched in a bed of state, she shewed no consciousness of being a mother; without the least concern, told me, she had given it to a nurse; these things were only for the vulgar, or for those whose circumstances
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required it; as if the feelings of humanity were interdicted to the great: without recollecting the dangers to which the little creature is exposed in the hands of a mercenary hireling, *her blood, perhaps, none of the purest, will be incorporated with his*; is it not from that precious blood the child is to receive a kind of formation*?

The duke is laid up with the gout; as the world has been kind to him, he makes a good deal of a little pain, for want of stronger exercises to his patience; and so he is a sufferer in self-indulgence. The blessings human kind enjoy, resemble those liquors that occasion trouble after they are drank; a water-drinker is never dry. My dear Sir John, you know, is in a declining state of health. Moderation, and a proper regimen in food, indulgence, and exercise, appear to him remedies likely to repair the disorders of nature. My mind, I hope, by the grace of God, is capable of bearing any trial that it pleases him to afflict me with. Yet, dear friend, the uneasiness, the anxiety, the heart-rending fears I suffer for my dear husband are incommunicable. Heaven spare his life, and afflict me in some other way. But, what do I pray? Am I sure that either my mind or my wishes, are in such a state of resignation and purity, as to merit concessions from Heaven? Hope and submission are our sole resource in happiness and misery, the distributions of a Father, being accountable to himself alone. The affect

* The Countess of Lincoln, who lived in the reign of King James I. wrote a small tract, entitled, *Countess of Lincoln's Nursery*, on the advantage of mothers nursing their own children.

best of men has inspired me with, is a combination of tender friendship, of confidence, and respect, sentiments which are become to me as were necessary to my existence. Every day I think they are arrived at their utmost perfection, and every hour I perceive them increase.

I have prevailed on him to relinquish his seat in parliament, and to live more in the country, where I think he will be more at his ease. As we are all one family, united in the closest bonds of affection, Lady Harriet and Edward insisted on our living all together. Upon their marriage, John settled on them four thousand a year. The town-house is theirs, the country one ours: Lady Harriet says, she could not exist without her dear mama; and her dear mama, the truth of the matter is, could not be very happy absent from her. To see this lovely girl nursing little Emily, affords me the greatest delight, while Edward is perfectly enraptured with her. Lady Julia A——, sister to Lord Dacres, has married Mr. Finlay, a gentleman of profession, of a good family; his elder brother is created to a peerage; he has himself a genteel moderate fortune. The Duke at present will not marry; though, I am apt to believe, he is rather glad she is out of his house, although on advantageous terms to herself, as he is not so much to propriety as to make her associate with his women, and her presence interfered too much with his gallantries. His having almost compelled her to marry the Marquis de Lambert, drove her to this step. She had a great respect for Mr. Finlay, whom she knew had a great regard for her. He came in the way (being employed in his family in his profession); found her in tears. He communicated her distresses: he told her,

that if she would condescend to free herself from the importunities of one man, by listening to the tenderest and sincerest vows of another, he had an expedient to propose; this was, to offer himself. Lady Julia complied with his desire. He is a worthy amiable man; humanity is his principle characteristic. How far he may succeed in his profession is dubious; this is not an age when men of merit receiving the suffrage of the world. I must acquaint you that Lady Julia was a pupil of mine along with Harriet, though you never happened to see her. Her features are so regular, as they are perfectly well marked; she has an ingenuous countenance, an agreeable look, a decisive manner, wit, vivacity, and accomplished education, much sensibility and delicacy. With the most refined sentiment, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Always assuming, yet never ashamed, nor awkward for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty. But Lady Julia, to the most critical discernment adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! By this silent and unassuming merit she overawes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent mirth, and overbearing noise, with which inferior natures (though often in superior stations, overwhelm the slavish the mean.

Lord —— paid his addresses to her; although he is a very agreeable man, she refused him an account of his morals. A gentleman who undertook to plead his cause, told Lady Julia, he had seen him at Rome, after sitting up the whole

night, when others went intoxicated to bed, sit down with the greatest composure, and write on political, moral, and entertaining subjects, with the greatest perspicuity.

Lady Julia coolly answered, "Socrates was also highly applauded by some writers, who say, that after spending the whole night in a debauch with Aristophanes, as soon as it was light in the morning, he would delineate, and demonstrate the most subtle geometrical problem: an evident proof, indeed, in either case, said she, that the wine had not yet done them an injury; but is not this rather to be ascribed to the strength of their brains, and to a good constitution, than to the temperance of philosophers."

I am sorry to acquaint you, that the amiable Lady H—— is no more: she died at Vienna; her sensibility was too great for her *consciousness* of an error. A generous mind, that has offended against virtue, cannot pardon itself. All attempts to disguise, or palliate actions, which will not bear the test, are vain. The poet says,

The Gods are just, and of our several vices,
Make instruments to scourge us.

Lord H—— is inconsolable, and Lord Chester has wrote Sir John a very affecting letter on this subject. He was himself dangerously ill: Lady H—— nursed and attended him with the utmost care and affection, above what her strength could enable her to bear, and which they were apprehensive had precipitated her death.

Afflictions, if we make a discreet use of them, are messengers of love from Heaven, to invite us thither. To sink under inordinate grief at the approach of any misfortune, is a proof of a vulgar mind, and betrays too much of a distrustful temper; but to bless God in the time of trouble,

and chearfully to welcome his corrections,
the true exercise of a reasonable, well-inform
foul.

Lord F—— is just arrived. I cannot wr
long at present, as I do not (but for a lit
while) at a time absent myself from S
John.

Yours affectionately,

AMELIA FILMER

LET

L E T T E R XLIX.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I wrote last, we have received the melancholy account of Lord Chester's death. Lord F—— is a very agreeable, sensible man: he has presented each of his sisters with ten thousand pounds. He is quite charmed with my Harriet, and with seeing her employed about her little girl, and his little Lady Eliza, who is a very fine child; as I think this scene affects his spirits too much, I have endeavoured to persuade him to go more to Lord Dacres; but the uneasiness, he says, he observes in that family, is too much for his present weak spirits.

Lady Dacres has entered into two new intimacies; the one is with Lady Rivers, the other with Mrs. Rice. Lady River's voice is neither treble nor bass, but of such a singular kind, that Tenducci would run mad at hearing it, though it might succeed to a miracle at the opera at Paris. Like Mr. Bayes's hero, she is *unamiable* but *great*; she excites the admiration of *some*, but pleases *none*. Shakespeare has justly observed, that pity, delicacy, and softness are the jewels which adorn the fair; and Pindar says, "Whatever is pleasing, amiable, and elegant, is formed by the hand of Venus and the Graces." But this Lady had no such pretensions; her husband,

band, Sir Hugh, humours her in every thing left contradiction should hurt her health (as large fortune depends upon her life), until he has made her perfectly miserable. She grows *too delicate* to be *happy*, and was so *whimsical* that it was impossible to *please her*. Every body therefore avoids her, as they would run amongst briars or nettles, for fear of being *scratched*, or *stung* by them; she, however, flatters Lady Dacres on account of her rank.

The other Lady, Mrs. Rice, conducts herself in such a manner, as if she proclaimed—I am of consequence, *consider me*; I am agreeable, *seek my company*. The world is in this instance so complying, that it takes her word, and gratifies her; “Yes, say you, the undiscerning and foolish; all others see that the woman is only vain and impudent.” It is true,—but while I hear those cry out against the imposition, I likewise see them grant the request. Mrs. Rice is undoubtedly an elegant pretty woman, but I suspect much her morals will not aid the deficiency of Lady Dacres: add to this, she is mistress of an inverted wit, which consists in a remarkable quickness of misapprehension, what the French call *jouer des mots*.

Lady Dacres is reputed to have a great deal of real wit, and is so very generous, as to let her acquaintances partake of it, by omitting no opportunity of displaying it. I do not find she has been particular with any one man, although she has been so universally admired, that she is quite giddy. I sincerely believe, she is only actuated by the love of dissipation and admiration. She may, however, give up that reputation to a crowd, which she does not trust to a single person; and, it is even possible, in the situation she

in, to lose her character with the greatest innocence of heart, and to be censured without deserving it. She has committed great imprudences; and, at a time when her Lord's affections were returning to her. The world's approbation of her beauty flattered his taste, and confirmed it; but when he found her censured, his pride was alarmed; he, therefore, with the refined delicacy of Julius Cæsar, found her guilty, merely because she was suspected. Lord F—— spoke to her on this subject: as she had taken care never to afford him an opportunity in private, he was obliged to talk to her in my presence, and that of Mr. Druce, who still lives with Lord Dacres: as the conversation amused me, I will endeavour to recollect it.

“ Believe me, my dear sister, said Lord F——, you will lose in the esteem of the wise and good, what you gain in the applause of the fashionable world, by acting agreeable to its depraved customs. If women were but sensible of their own interests, they would know how much modesty, decency, and propriety embellish them, and heighten all their charms. How much do those amiable qualities enliven, and add to every enjoyment: that one single virtue in woman, *modesty*, balances the most shining accomplishments that are found in men. But when women really virtuous, metamorphose themselves into an appearance of levity, and affect a behaviour that is improper, they sink below the dignity of their sex, and the respect of the other. If such have good sense, they must have a strong conviction that they talk and act inconsistent with their characters, therefore cannot be screened from the contempt due to their indiscretion.

“ In coquetry, continued he, a woman has every thing to lose, and a man nothing; custom whose decisions are not to be disputed, has so ordered it, that what is *folly* and *rashness* in her is only *fire*, *spirit*, and *gallantry* in him. No age ever erected *altars to insignificant Gods*; they had all some quality assigned them, to draw worship from mankind. Does not this make more unreasonable for woman to expect to be *considered*, and at the same time resolve not to *deserve* it. Good looks will not do, they are not of such a lasting *tenure* as to be relied upon.”

“ Brother, answered Lady Dacres, as I am not learned like your favourite Harriet, I cannot tell you what would, or what would *not* do at Athens or Rome; but if you speak concerning Great Britain, custom is not on the side of your argument; and, I think, Mr. Druce, you once told me of a man, who * was punished by the loss of his sight for his invective against Helen, but recovered it on his praising her in recantation.”

This gentleman I suppose deemed it politeness to take the lady's part; he therefore, bowed and said, “ Mr. Dryden also, who knew human nature perhaps as well as any man who ever studied it (pardon me my Lord), has given us a just picture of the force of female charms, in the story of Cymon and Iphigenia. He paints in Cymon you know, a soul buried in a confusion of ideas, informed with so little fire, scarce to struggle under the load, or afford a glimmering of sense. In this condition he presents him struck with the rays of Iphigenia's beauty: kindled by them, his mind exerts

* Stesichorus.

powers, and that uncouth ferocity of manners, which he had been hitherto distinguished, gave way to an obliging behaviour, the natural effects of love."

Lady Dacres thanked him for what he had said, and then addressing Lord F—— said, Mr. Druce is much in the right: we pretty women, (as they say of horses are powerful creatures, if we knew our own strength. Beauty performs every thing for a woman in London. The sciences of dress and address are all the qualifications necessary for a woman of fashion. You know my Lord, Hudibras, quaintly remarks,

No argument like matter of fact is.

What you sober gentry condemn in women as defects, are the very things which make them appear amiable; should we leave off certain accidilloes, on account of which the men continually rally us, nothing could be more ineffectual than our conversation. While I am a mortal, I shall certainly say and do a thousand foolish things; it is the privilege of human nature, and I shall insist on my claim; my pretensions are evident and indisputable, and I am sure you have not the conscience to desire me to be infallible, and free from mistakes, both of opinion and practice. I am not to learn however, that modesty, meekness, and humility are qualities of which men are mighty fond of in women. But in reality, Lady Filmer, said she, addressing herself to me, we should forgive them for the bad opinion they entertained of us; since they only judge our hearts by their looks; and, consequently paint us so absurd and ridiculous.

ridiculous? The men, these lords of the universe who pretend to so much fortitude and greatness of mind, *are* incapable of making any resistance to their capricious passions, or to the slightest impression of their senses. Whereas (I have heard Lady Filmer often say) women when they are determined to be great, are so in every thing professing true and real fortitude." Her Ladyship thought *here* she had secured me in her interest by this political address, to (what I know she thinks) my foible, but I remained silent.

Lord F—— answered her, that he would take another opportunity of discussing the subject with me; but that at that time he had nothing at heart, but to speak to *her*; and therefore in answer to what she said last, he could only remark, that he believed vanity not only secured women's honour, but would render them heroines of the first order." "And pray, brother answered she, does not vanity frequently make a man *honest*, who has every disposition proper to form a *knave*. I believe we are pretty much upon a par, with this difference, our follies are not so detrimental to society." Is not the man who gives up all his ease and sacrifices all his time to the satisfying a restless ambition, and the grasping of power, just on the same footing with the woman, who makes it her study to display and set off her charms to gain admiration? The same love of power is the motive of both their actions; and consequently I cannot see if there is so much folly as is said in the *one*, how the *other* can be exempted from the same imputation. I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the source of happiness.

"A

“ As to the errors this may occasion, they are few; a dissipation of the mind is generally a safeguard of the heart. The passions which make such a havock in the heart of a *sedentary woman*, glance only upon *ours*; *their* keenness is blunted by dissipation, and *our* hearts almost impenetrable to any tender impression. The present mode does not oblige us to love our husbands, and to do them justice (in general,) they are not so unreasonable as to desire or expect it. It is true I love cards,—but I can afford to lose my money. Husbands and brothers, instead of declaiming against the amusement, should recommend it to their wives and sisters.—The Roman orator *, (what do you call him) has left a treatise against perturbations; but Mr. Hoyle, in my opinion has published a better for counteracting sensibility. For whoever engages in the pursuits this philosopher recommends, enjoys a state of most blessed insensibility.” Lord F——, although he could hardly refrain from smiling, told her he regretted much that she had 800l. a year pin-money—as she seemed to think herself entitled to throw it away as she pleased. I suppose said he you remember what the poet says,

The love of gaming is the worst of ills,
With ceaseless storms the black'ned soul it fills.
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the power and will of doing good.
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And what is still more dreadful, spoils your face.

Lady Dacres repeated the lines, and then said, “ shaking her head, *gold* indeed, is said to be a great auxiliary against the virtue of women; but really, when their opulent husbands

* Tully.

sell daily their integrity *for it*, why should we not worship the same *Deity*, and sacrifice our honour to him? The avarice of a wife only injures *one man*, when the villainy of that man may endanger the whole *community*.

Lord F—— intreated her to be serious, only for half an hour: “Dear sister, said he, what delight can you take in a society you must despise? What is generally called *sense*, said Lady Dacres, has very little to do with what men *think*; where self is at all concerned, inclination steps in, and will not give the judgment fair play. Thus, I can argue *for*, or *against* any thing; and after all, my wife brother, we shall both continue to act as we like. But I had the honour to tell you before, which I now repeat, I like *play*, and can *afford it*; I am *handsome*, it pleases me to be *adored*. Thirdly, and lastly, I cannot please Lord Dacres, therefore do *not love him*.” Mr. Druce here thought it decent to retire, (she had said all the above in his presence). “It is, (continued she) for the most part the fault of the husbands themselves, if they are not beloved by their wives. A woman of the world, may surely be allowed some privileges, where a man openly boasts of his.” Lord F—— told her that they who comply with all their lawful desires, will certainly soon lose the empire over themselves. That she must be sensible, he could have no other motive to urge such home-felt truths, but her advantage: that her passing so much of her time at cards, with these old beldames, and powdered puppies, would drive him, were he her husband, to madness. She answered him with some heat,

heat, that the company she kept were the best in town; that as for the men, as she had not the power of creation, she must take them as they were. But my Lord, said she, I think I have *already* afforded you sufficient proofs of my patience. I am convinced that the person who will bear *much*, will always have *much to bear*. We can make people allow *for* us, and respect us as we please; if we can be but steady and determined in our own wills, and set out accordingly. It is being the less beloved for it, added she, that is all; and, if we have power to oblige those we have connections with, it will not appear to *us* that we are less beloved. How commonly do we hear said, such a thing my Lady — makes a rule of, or it is her way, or you would not venture to talk thus to her Grace! Be assured, my dear brother, that I knew perfectly well what I was about, when I married Lord Dacres, and am perfectly sensible of my own consequence. That foolish girl Lady Julia Finlay, from the subordinate station she has chosen for herself, dares not do the hundredth part of the fooleries I shall be applauded for. I will never take any notice of her; but, on the contrary, mortify her as much as in my power. And this I shall find myself justified in; the Duke had never before any one of his family married to men of professions; his uncle was a merchant; and there is no concealing the disgrace, he traded to all parts of the world.

Persons in certain conditions of life, make a science of hating one another, with all the good breeding and complaisance imaginable.

I shall

I shall send a message to her, that I intend to drink tea with her. Upon my arrival I shall look round me, congratulate her upon her *comfortable* house, seem surprised it is so good, give her a long account of the Duke's lawsuit, as his affairs were taken out of Mr. Finlay's hands on his marriage; then I shall look at my watch, say I was engaged at seven, although it was half an hour after, before I entered the house. Then talk of going half the town over, and tell her I envy her *tranquility*.—Is not this, my dear brother, a charming scheme?" We were just going to remonstrate to Lady Dacres on her cruelty, when her Lord entered the room, and acquainted us, the Duke had expired that morning of an apoplexy. Lord F—— came away with me; he lamented to me, in the strongest terms, his sister's conduct and want of feeling. "She appears to me, said he, to think that she fulfills all the duties which society can require of her, if she has not been deficient in returning visits, in the payment of compliments, or the observance of the drawing-room ceremonies.

"Oh! Madam, continued he, what a different character did I once flatter myself to have introduced to your Ladyship! but she is gone for ever, and with her all the graces of her sex." This put me in mind of Guarini's burying the Muses with his mistress.

Piange Parnasso, e piagnerian le Muse ;
Ma qui tace son elle, e morto e chiusa.

Parnassus and the Muses would have wept ;
But that they died, when she did.

But

But why may not ingenious fictions be made use of in prose as well as verse? I recollect Catullus says of a great beauty, "she alone has possessed herself of all the graces."

I ever am, my dear Madam,

your affectionate

humble servant,

AMELIA FILMER.

LET-

L E T T E R L.

From Lady HARRIET FILMER, to Lady
JULIA FINLAY.

MY DEAR JULIA.

I Sincerely wish you that happiness which none can deserve more than yourself; and make no doubt but Mr. Finlay's good sense, and tenderness for you, will compensate for those many advantages in point of rank and fortune you have sacrificed for him.

I am sure my dear Julia, that none has more cultivated understanding, or a better heart than yourself; but you are now called upon to exert it. I have considered your situation thoroughly, and cannot help trembling for you. The part you have to act, is indeed a very difficult one.

As Mr. Finlay chooses to improve his fortune by settling in London, I hope his views will be answered. A wife must never dictate a situation for a husband; it is undoubtedly your duty to conform yourself to him. Yet as your fortune is sufficient for you to live genteely on an estate in the country, I cannot help regretting the tranquillity a country life might have afforded you, in the society of a sensible man. I do not, my dear Julia, mean to intimidate (but only to caution) you.

I hope

I hope you will not set out upon too high a plan; as, if your hopes are not fully answered, you will be hurt to *lessen* your expences, whereas nothing is more easy than to *enlarge* them. I insist more upon this particular, because I am much afraid, that you have little to expect from the assistance of near relations; on the contrary, my greatest fear is, they will hurt you essentially, and even your husband in his profession; this you may possibly smile at, and answer, *perhaps with the ignorant*; but his character is too well known, and is superior to such malice. All this, my dear Julia, is very true; but if your husband's practice is to be confined to the *judicious* and discerning few, it will never very much enrich his family.

Ninety-nine people in an hundred do not enter into the reason of things, and when mistakes happen between *great* and *small*, or *middle* people, the world generally grant their suffrage to the most exalted. "Like the dew of Heaven, their favour lights most on the most conspicuous." So, if Mr. Finlay is not employed in the Duke's law affairs, his enemies will say it is clear, he has not abilities, his very relations do not serve him. By expecting this to be the case, if it happens otherwise, you will be agreeably disappointed. Had I been your sister, my Julia, I hope you should have found me really such. You must, my dear friend, imitate in yourself the fine lady, and the frugal house-wife, and must be condescending to people in every sphere of life, in order to be of service to your husband; and after all your trouble, you will perhaps please none. As your birth (pardon me) must be a loss to Mr. Finlay in many ways, you can only make that up to him, by availing yourself

yourself of that superficial advantage, with those who will be silly enough to honour you upon that account.

However to do the world justice, they are become wiser in this particular. People have too great an honour for rank, ever to fully their sublime notions of it, by uniting it with the ideas of profession, or want of exterior appearances of splendour, &c. If you do not keep up certain connections, (especially if your own relations do not countenance you), you will sink beneath the character of a gentlewoman; and those who envy your rank, will be glad to pull you down. On the contrary, people of your own rank, from an idea of your *wanting* their protection, will be *very slow* in bestowing it for such commonly act as if there was something infectious in *middling* circumstances, which they deem *poverty*. The only way to deprive them of their consequence, is to convince them you are independent of them, *which you really are*.

The friendship of very fine ladies is very little to be regarded, it is seldom more than *Ranelagh deep*. The *flippante* of both sexes may think otherwise; but, in my opinion, real worth and companionable qualities are more generally found in middle life, where people are less actuated by ambition or necessity, or influenced by dissipation or æconomical attention to the minutiae of their little concerns, which souring the temper, render people selfish and unsociable.

Mr. Butler says that which the wise man prayed for of God in Ecclesiastes—to give him *neither riches nor poverty*—is as much to be desired in conversation as business; namely, to have nothing to do with men that are very rich or very poor; for the *one* sort are commonly in-
sole

solent and proud, and the other *mean* and *contemptible*, and those that are between both are commonly the most agreeable."

There are few rich people in any of the polite nations, but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons in a higher rank, often live in a kind of splendid poverty, are perpetually in want, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvy one another in the shadows and appearances of it; while an honest mediocrity is not attended with the meannesses of poverty, or the foolish prodigality of riches. Great wants are occasioned by great affluence, so that often the best way of getting the things we *want*, is to deprive ourselves of those we *have*.

Thus, in different situations, different characters are found; as in the animal world, we do not flood an aviary, and expect the *birds* to *swim*; or drain the ponds, and expect the *fish* to *fly*.

A sensible woman, in admiring the arrangements of Providence, and the application of wisdom in adapting people to their respective circumstances in life, will endeavour to improve herself, by gaining information from each person in their proper sphere, by which she will afford them an opportunity of displaying their peculiar excellencies.

Those who have a true taste of conversation, enjoy themselves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Like an industrious *bee*, sipping the *sweets*; not like the venomous *spider*, extracting a *poisonous* quality.

A lady

A lady well known in the literary world, was so much directed by this maxim, that the only discourse she afforded me, was the beauties of my dress. I suppose your Ladyship, said she, purchased that cap at——. I make no doubt she was in her own mind deploring *my folly*, while I confess I was reflecting, by her appearance, that the intense exertion of thought necessary for the discussion of abstruse subjects, is no way favourable for the preservation of beauty. Thus contempt among mankind, like action and re-action in solid bodies, is always reciprocal and equal; whoever despises his company, may be assured he is not less despised by them. But to return to what I was saying, in opposition to those who can improve themselves by almost *all*, if they talk to them on those subjects on which they best understand; how injudicious and cruel is it, by dragging people out of their own way of life, where they must ever appear to the best advantage, to give them occasion to blush at their ignorance in *one thing* (superficial manners), while we are conscious they excel us in *many* more substantial attainments? When Minerva wanted to enterprize any action, she brings Ulysses on the stage; when she designs to break a truce, Pandarus is for her purpose: when the Trojans are to be routed, Diomedes is employed: Diomedes was valiant, Pandarus a good archer, and Ulysses eloquent. In the same manner, my dear Julia, although you must necessarily know a variety of people, yet one lady may chaperon you, a second may direct your taste, and a third may instruct you in domestic œconomy. The discretion of a person is often seen in minuteness; as there is but one Lady-Filmer in the
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the world, it is seldom that all qualifications meet in the same person.

“A tolerable judgment (says an elegant * author) upon the different characters of mankind, may help us to work some useful end, even out of the worst and meanest; and, as to the evils and goods of life, a religious sense of them will be found to be the only true philosophic one, To consider the first as a reprobation of our faults, and so amend; and the latter as a reward of our virtues, and so persevere.

I must now, my dear Julia, leave you for half an hour; my Edward went out early this morning a-hunting, returned just as I began this letter; I prevailed on him to change his linen, and take a glass of wine: he was a good deal fatigued, has lain down, and fallen asleep on the sofa. As my Emilia was sleepy, I placed her in her father's arms, where she now enjoys a sweet repose: I am tempted to leave off, to make a picture of them; but what pencil can do justice to the manly beauties of my Edward, or the smiling innocence of my Amelia.

I have accomplished it; here is my dear mama; she has kissed me for it, and is viewing the father and daughter with the eyes of maternal joy. My Amelia awakes, and disturbs my Edward; all other interruptions to his repose, this Harriet would have guarded from him.

I now again, my Julia, take up my pen; I have hitherto availed myself of our friendship, in throwing out my ideas on paper as they spontaneously arise, without connection or method; I know you will take every thing in the sense I mean it: you are not ignorant how

* Letters between Frances and Henry.

tenderly

tenderly I love you, therefore I must, as you desire it, acquaint you with my real sentiments. To return to the subject on which I was engaged; moral beauty is nearly the same kind of ornament to our actions, as dress is to our bodies; and, it is equally necessary to model our conduct in conformity to the prejudices of those we connect ourselves with, as to avoid particularities in our dress. The renowned Mr. Klim, finding himself taken for a monster in Martinia, because he had no tail, presently accomodated himself to the mode of the country, and avoided farther censure. A man whose address is peculiar, and his ideas not liberal, would, like the moving statue of Dedalus, be fixed to his native soil, since he is nowhere in his proper place, but among those who are like himself. You, my dear Julia, have happily an accomodating temper, and can make yourself agreeable to all whom it may be your lot to shew attention to.

You know Lady Filmer used to point out to me the difference between the true politeness which flows from the heart, and the affectation of it; the last of which, as it affects the external behaviour only, is easily attained, even by those of a contrary disposition. Mr. Sterne used to say of the French politeness, that it might be compared to a smooth coin, it had lost all mark of character. Lady Filmer used to regret that the most unhappy effect which common politeness produces, is to teach us the art of making no account of the virtues we imitate. Let us, she said, in our education be inspired with humanity and benevolence, and we shall by this means learn politeness, or have no farther need of it. Agreeable to this, you have derived a

you

your outward graces from your inward goodness, which is the basis of society, of virtue, of happiness, of every thing that is valuable. You will, I am certain, encourage by your affability the timid, and will use every winning attention (particularly in your own house), to bring to the line of equality (which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests) those whose sensibility have placed them below it, and will temper your wit with all the delicacy that can sooth an unhappy mind, which unguarded mirth will inevitably disgust.

Though you will pay a proper respect to distinctions of rank, it will not lead you to overlook the rest of the company; your own pride even calls upon you to be indiscriminate in your attentions to those whom you have invited, or receive at your own house.

Among intimate friends, good breeding is equally necessary, and we ought to guard against familiarity even with our most particular connections, if we would maintain their good opinion; for it often happens, that they who live familiarly together, come at length mutually to despise each other; being unguarded, their faults and weakness are disclosed. Yet to real friends, there is a neglect that is flattering, and an attention that is mortifying; and the same expression which would be a compliment to a stranger, addressed to the friend of one's heart, would wound her sensibility, and wring her heart. She that is truly polite, will know how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation, and will be equally remote from too low familiarity; and an insipid complaisance. We all should (and you in particular, my dear friend) be careful in not making enemies.

Most of our friends do us neither good harm, but the least of our enemies can hurt *all* are able to do mischief. Experience da shews, that many whose malice has long, circumstances been prevented, have at last m themselves felt when opportunity offered. It therefore, more prudent to be reconciled to little enemy, than to procure a mighty frie But we need not carry the matter so far a nobleman mentioned by Selden, who hav been instructed to the above effect by his tu answered, "I have constantly followed y advice, even as to the devil himself; a therefore hope, that his infernal majesty treat me with civility, if I go to his court."

Do good to thy friend, says the wise Cleo lus, for that will increase his friendship; and good to thy enemy, for that will lessen his tred: but there are proper methods of shew one's attentions.

There are those whom I would attend in f nefs, or relieve in distress, or refuse any gra tion to myself, to serve; whom I would parade with in public (particularly in your f ation), and there are many whom I w attend in public, whose rank and respect qualities would do me honour, whom perhap intellectual accomplishments I should think fective for social intercourse, When the or of Apollo was asked why Jupiter was the c of the Gods, since Mars was the best sold it made this answer, Mars is valiant, but J ter is wise.

No consideration whatever should induce to accompany any person in public, who not add to your dignity. You may absent y self from inclination, but going with impr comp

company will be construed as a sure indication of your deficiency of judgment, and inattention to established rules of prudence, and must consequently excite in the world disadvantageous ideas of yourself, from the defects of your associates, either in character, obscurity, awkwardness of dress, vulgarity of manners, or unsuitable situations of life. The having *with* one, *one whom no body knows*, is a scandal as old as the days of Homer* "There is pride in giving protection, but it is more prudent in *you* to receive it." One great advantage of being placed in high life, is to patronise merit publicly, whatever situation we find it, without hurting ourselves.

The administration of a family, and the management of servants, require every woman to have studied the springs of this interior government; and not from ignorance, or capriciousness, to have considered marriage under the false ideas of liberty, pleasure and ceremony. To be respected even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not to be thought ignorant in those matters that it becomes a mistress of a family to know. Lady Filmer makes a rule to receive no servant into her family, who cannot bring the most unexceptionable vouchers of their character and qualifications. Every one has a distinct province pointed out, which he or she must attend with diligence and exactness. The second transgression is always punished by a dismissal from the service, to prevent the trouble of watching suspiciously a people of doubtful honesty. In her family-management, she says, she has always found it, as well in policy as generosity, to repose

* See the second Odyssey, ver. 175

a trust in servants: not to seem to expect, or depend upon justice from them, is tacitly giving them the hint to be unjust. People low in station have often minds not fordid; and, it is often seen, among the most ignorant of their class, a susceptibility of resentment, if their honesty has been suspected; and many a one of them will say, with Ursula in the Padlock, that although they value themselves upon their *honesty*, no master nor mistress should suspect them for nothing. He who will not be cheated a little will be abused a great deal, and by that means suffer no less in his fortune than in his reputation; our first lesson, therefore, in the art of œconomy, should ever be to learn how to permit ourselves to be properly imposed on, in due proportion to our situation and circumstances.

Now, my dear friend, I have written to you every thing that occurs to me. In regard to your duties of a wife, I can say nothing: the endearing connection I have formed with the most amiable of her sex, incapacitates me from giving a judgment of others. I look upon women as a distinct species from my Edward. But an account I have read of the Jesuits, I think may be applied to this subject. Signor Martelli acquaints us, they are exceedingly attentive to shew themselves to one another in the most amiable light; and the polite behaviour the first day is uniformly kept up during the many years they continue together. This complaisance, at first only apparent, improves into a solid harmony, which their enemies, who have any feeling, allow them as the corner-stone of that superior reputation, by which they have eclipsed all other orders.

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I need not tell you, my dear Julia, that I shall do every thing in my power, to effect a reconciliation; but you know I have very little to say with the Duchefs, whose conduct seriously grieves me. And my own opinion is this, that unless your relations serve Mr. Finlay professionally, it is more for your interest to have no connection with them; for then there will be an ostensible reason for their neglect of him, which their false pride makes me very much suspect will be the case. If our near relations are not our *dearest friends*, they are our *bitterest enemies*. To be truly just, it is not enough that we ourselves do no wrong to our fellow-creatures; we ought also, as far as we are able, to repel the attempts made by others to their prejudice, and to shelter and protect our friends. If we neglect this, we are unjust; and though we may be exempt from the cognizance of human laws; though we feel no remorse of conscience, for having abandoned those who had a right to our protection; yet, we must not flatter ourselves, that he, whose impartial eye traces through every subterfuge, will suffer it to go unpunished, for having neglected our duty to society, and acted in opposition to the dictates of reason and religion. You know the poet says,

In the corrupted currents of the world,
Offence's gilded hand, may shove by justice.

But 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence.

With best wishes and congratulations to Mr. Finlay, who in my estimation is the happiest of mankind,

I remain ever,

my dear Julia,

your affectionate friend,

HARRIET FILMER

L E T T E R LI.

From the Duchess DE CRUI, to Mrs.
PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU cannot deny that I have been very diligent in obeying your commands; and I now think it is high time to enforce to you a subject I have much at heart. I hope you know me sufficiently to think I am far from indelicacy, but I am convinced it is very possible to refine away our happiness, which sometimes by extremity of refinement dwindles into anxiety and disquiet.

disquiet. It is very possible for sentiments to be too fine drawn. You have acknowledged, that it required efforts on your part to surmount your affections for Lord Chester. You cannot say he ever failed in his respects to you. If your fortune is lessened, he has a noble one to lay at your feet. Why then will you not see him, at least to make him sensible of his offence? In this, my dear friend, you have departed from common justice; and if you continue in this resolution, you will be worse than a barbarian. How capricious is the human heart? When you *may* be happy, you *will not*.

Were you indeed to marry a man of small fortune, the interests of your children might interfere; but you cannot serve them more effectually, than by connecting yourself with Lord Chester. You will be able, by that means, to introduce your lively Fanny, and your timid Lucinda, into life, with great advantage. And to the promotion of your son in the world, interest will be all you have to depend upon; so young as he is, it is easy to see his merits will be such, as will not help him to rise in modern times.

I think I hear you exclaim here, what has your favourite Julia done, to be excluded from your remembrance? Know then, my dear friend, I have prevailed on the Duke to permit me to take the sweet girl under my protection; and as I flattered myself you will not object to me notwithstanding your former opinion; I considered the little urchin, from that moment as my own. But to prevent any uneasy sensations, I must now let you into a secret, which I have only been mistress of myself half an hour. Dearest and your fly girl have exchanged mutual

vows; the Duke discovered it by a letter, from him to her: I was transported at the discovery but concealed my joy, to see in what manner the Duke would take it. He soon relieved me from my anxiety, by saying that if the love girl had the tenth part of your qualifications, I would prefer her to the greatest match in the kingdom. I can recollect my fathers conduct to me, added this best of men; and that the result of his indulgence has rendered my whole life a scene of continued joy, complacency, and affection. I could only take my beloved Lord in my arms, the tide of joy was too great for utterance. May your daughter be equally happy with my son, as I have been with his father the best, the worthiest of mankind, from whom I never received the smallest uneasiness. Every action in life has demanded my respect and my admiration; while his domestic virtues, his humanity to all, and unalterable affection to me incline me often to view him as a superior being. Good husbands, they say, are like the philosophers stone, all the world seek for it, but few boast of finding it! In my dear Duke, I have found every thing.

All minds are not unworthy to undergo a trial of affliction, and it was necessary that Providence should consider the weakness of mine. But I believe trials are sometimes necessary to make one support one's self, with some degree of outward fortitude. I am out of humour with you, and I am so much favoured by fortune, that I cannot suffer the smallest contradiction. Give me leave then, upon our long friendship, upon the endearing connection which will soon take place in our families, to intrude upon you to give Lord Chester a hearing. If you
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think positively you cannot see him with propriety, I must expect you will disclose to me your reasons; *mistakes* and *prejudices* make nine parts in ten, in all the *differences* that *plague* and *divide* mankind.

Lord Chester came in a litte time ago, saw me writing, asked if to you, I answered yes—he conjured me not to stop, to say every thing in his favour! I shall, my Lord, said I; but I have not yet had time. Good God, madam! you have already written a long letter! It is true my Lord, but I have many subjects always to discuss with Mrs. Pierpont; but you lovers are like people at law, they have only *one* business, and can never think or talk, but upon *one* subject. But, my Lord (added I), I was desirous of being better informed before I wrote; you must acquaint me with the grounds of her displeasure, for I am persuaded her good sense is such, that it could not be a small offence that could render her so obdurate. I am fearful the violence of your passion for Mrs. Pierpont had made you, at some time, forgetful of the respect due to her. “Let me perish, madam, said he, if ever, even in thought, I could offend her. I payed too dearly for my giving way to my passions in the early part of my life; besides, the situation in which I saw your friend, would have rendered any ideas of that kind inadmissible. I once indeed, disclosed my passion; but it was under such particular circumstances, that I must have been more than man, had I restrained myself; I also then told her the fixed purposes of my soul, never to change my condition; but I was soon silenced. Chastity, like piety, is uniform in all its appearances; I had

seen too much of Mrs. Pierpont to be deceived. She told me, that she could not be sufficiently humbled by my address, for as she considered me as a man of sense and honour, she must suppose, that some strange levity in her conduct, of which she was ignorant, could induce me to sully her ears, by a language unsuitable to her present state.

“ Women of virtue accompany their words with an air, which bespeaks an immediate and absolute obedience. Every passion and sentiment is mimicked, so is the tone of virtue; but the attentive spectator discerns soon the buffoon from the real actor. Mrs. Pierpont ever after carefully avoided me, when *it* depended upon *herself*; shall I acknowledge that alone afforded me hopes I was not indifferent to her? but I have deceived myself, and am miserable. When I offered only to speak to her, she immediately took the alarm; and has now expressly forbid my visits: as I am ignorant of my fault, I can consequently make no excuses, as such must ever be esteemed tacit confessions; nor can I remain silent, for that would be subscribing to the justice of her contempt.”

I shall only add, that I am so well acquainted with love and his Lordship, that I believe nobody is able to alter his love, or advise his reason; the one being as *unalterable*, as the other is *infallible*. The miseries occasioned by love, excite my pity more than any others, so true it is, that we compassionate more from sympathy, and never feel so sensibly for others, as when we have experienced the same kind of evil ourselves.

I shall

I shall wait your answer to this with impatience; if propitious, we shall soon be with you. The Sols is impatient to see his lovely Julia. I am truly,

yours,

ELIZA DE CRUL.

L E T T E R LII.

From Mrs. PIERPONT to the Duchess
DE CRUL.

DEAR MADAM,

I Received the honour of your highness's letter, and cannot sufficiently express my joy and acknowledgments to you and the Duke, in favouring the Prince's passion for my girl. This honour was more agreeable to me from being unexpected. My Julia must be a sly girl indeed to conceal this matter from me. I shall break the happy tidings to her by degrees.

It is true, I formerly acquainted your Highness with all my weakness for Lord Chester. Our inclinations and tempers vary according to the

the variation of circumstances, times, place and every sensible person will readily agree, that a material change in matters of importance will fully justify a change in our sentiments. To lose the friendship and esteem we have for a person, is always, to a good heart, to lose a fertile source of pleasure; and I may venture to add, that the human soul is perhaps susceptible of no pain more severe than that which arises from a necessity of despising the object of our tenderest affections. Such I fairly own to your dear Duchess, is the case of your unhappy friend.

My husband, on his death-bed, at a time when I must deem his veracity unquestionable, acquainted me, that it was Lord Chester who had introduced him to Mademoiselle de Fleury, the woman he kept; and had prevailed on him to be so extravagant on her account, that he had sold his own family, notwithstanding his large fortune, for often wanted necessaries. He then added, "This, madam, is not your only obligation to his Lordship; it was he who introduced me to the gaming table." This passion increased much upon him, that his whole fortune, I mean his paternal estate, fell a sacrifice to it, except my jointure, that he could not touch, and which had been settled at our marriage, before Sir Timothy Upton had left him his great estate. I need not acquaint your Highness, that a mind capable of entertaining the detested vice of gaming, is seldom or ever conquered by reason. I was condemned often to practise self-denial, in what was perhaps necessary for my health, to save a guinea, while my husband was paying a debt of a thousand, incurred by the

winning cards being in the hand of his next neighbour.

And while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.

DRYDEN.

Many were the mortifications these two vices of Mr. Pierpont occasioned me. My state in many respects was (a painful one) like that of the idols, who have eyes and yet see not, and though they have ears do not hear.

Your Highness will now subscribe to the justness of my resentment; I shall never give my children a father-in-law, whom they may justly consider as the cause of their father's vices, and consequently the loss of their fortune. His Lordship's fortune, rank, and interest, undoubtedly might be of service to them. But as I have ever made it a rule, never to indulge myself at their expence, I am justified to myself in not sacrificing myself for their advantage.

I aspire not at the vain-glory of distinguishing myself, by an affectation of disinterestedness against nature. Men do not prefer, through taste, labour to rest, indigence to affluence, slavery to liberty. I aim not at *chimerical virtues*; but circumstances do not permit us always to adopt general maxims, and often impose on us particular obligations.

Now, my dear friend, can you ask me again to see Lord Chester? Indeed, indeed, I cannot, I must not see him. I know too well, however great may be the faults of a person truly beloved, the moment we hear him plead, he is justified: I will not trust my weak heart. Your Highness may recollect what a French dramatic poet

poet makes a confidant of the Sultana, say upon her having vowed the death of Bajazet, and yet still being desirous of seeing him, that she might upbraid him.

Je connois peu l'amour, mais je puis vous répondre,

Qu'il n'est pas condamné puis qu'on veut le confondre.

We may hate, we may despise, but if we have once loved the object, he will occupy our thoughts. The Italians you know say,

In van si suage, quel che nel cor si porta !

In vain we fly what in our hearts we bear !

I blush while I shew this weakness ; but is there not some merit in owning a truth when it makes against us ; and is there not some force of mind required to shew some sorts of weakness ? I think it is Rochfoucaut, who says, "*La même fermeté qui sert a résister a l'amour sert aussi quelques fois a le rendre violent, et durable.*"

I entered into life with the full prepossession that, of all the satisfactions, to love and be beloved was the greatest. To enjoy this felicity, I thought no unreasonable desire : my youth rendered me sanguine, and I was chagrined at being disappointed of a happiness my heart seemed to be formed for.

Our discontent generally proceeds from vanity and self-love : we first imagine ourselves deserving of a large share of happiness, and then murmur because we do not possess it. The way to contentment lies through humility. I at last began to reflect how unworthy I was, and learned

learned to humble myself, and acknowledge with ingenuouſness, that I was already favoured beyond my deserts.

I looked around, and beheld intrinsic merit bending beneath the yoke of affliction, yet lifting up an eye of meek submission, and serene content. I regained my tranquillity, and my firm belief is, that every one is as happy as they deserve to be.

I might have been supremely happy in joining my destiny with that of Lord Chester's, had he been the man I once imagined him; but there are now invincible obstacles between us. If the extreme violence of the passion of love is admitted as an excuse, for a sex who are encouraged, by their education and natural boldness, never to curb their passions, and to sacrifice every thing to the pleasure of indulging them; modesty and that moderation required of ours, preclude us from all claim to the like indulgence.

But is it not, my dear friend, an unequal conflict, where conquest is expected from the more weak and timid? He knows well the esteem I had once for him; his respectful behaviour, after the declaration he had made, induced me the more readily to forgive his continual presence, until at last some well-meaning people intimated to me that I must be cautious in my conduct, that the world observed Lord Chester's partiality, &c.

There are some points your Highness knows of so delicate a nature, that it is a kind of dishonour to have a vindication of one's self from them appear necessary. I took these friends advice in good part, but did not follow it. To hide when there is no body to seek, is rather a dull

dull pastime; but to conceal what people's sagacity will predetermine them to discover, is still worse. To disguise a solid, a firm, and a lasting friendship (as I thought it would be then) under the mask of indifference and distance, was a meanness of which I had no idea; it would have been a sin against ingenuity to conceal any sentiment of my heart.

The first step towards vice, is to introduce a mystery into innocent actions; and whoever loves to keep himself concealed, has sooner or later reason to do so. One precept of morality may stand for all the rest; it is this, "Never let us do or say any thing which we would be ashamed of every one's seeing or hearing."

Lord Chester has cost me many tears; but as I have nothing to reproach myself with, I fear nothing but the testimony of my conscience, in the tranquillity of which I am at peace.

I beg your Highness will present my humble and best thanks to the Duke, for the good opinion he expressed of me. I love you, my dear friend, in proportion to your merit; this, in my opinion, is the strongest expression I can use.

I have the honour to be

Your Highness's faithful

and affectionate servant,

ANNA PIERPONT

L E T

L E T T E R LIII.

From the Duchess DE CRUI, to the
Duke DE CRUI.

MY DEAR LORD,

Liege.

WE arrived here yesterday at one o'clock: I left Lord Chester at the inn; and De Sols and I, to the great surprize of my amiable friend, entered her dressing room. She saluted me most tenderly, and looked loveliness itself. But the eye of friendship could discern in her countenance the traces of an anxiety and sorrow, which I imputed to the uneasiness she must have suffered in the part she had acted in regard to Lord Chester. Although highly pleased to see me, and rejoiced on her daughter's account, yet she only bestowed on me that unmeaning involuntary smile, which may escape from grief itself.

Her amiable young ones fluttered round me, as if I had been their common parent. My lovely Julia was transported when she saw me; she cried with joy. I thanked her, but told her that I hoped she would for the future bestow a little of that tenderness and sensibility on De Sols, whom his father had permitted to try to gain her affections. What answer, my Lord, do you think this amiable girl made me? She kneeled down, kissed my hand, and said as well

as

as her tears would permit her—Thank you a thousand times, sweet, dear Duchess, I think I love you more than the Prince himself: But then, with the utmost innocence added, Where is the Prince? I answered, he had been told she was in the garden, and was gone in quest of her.—She hurried from us to go to him. As soon as we were alone, Mrs. Pierpont expressed her joy at her girl's good fortune, being a match, which, in her present circumstances, exceeds so much what she could have expected for her.

After some introductory discourse, I acquainted her that Lord Chester was at the hotel, as also two people, whose testimony alone, he judged necessary to efface in her mind her prejudices against him.

After some time, I again renewed the discourse; when she half-consenting, I sent Lebrue with a note I had ready prepared for Lord Chester. In ten minutes I was called out; when, after returning, and preparing her for the interview, I introduced his Lordship. It was, as I had apprehended, too much for Mrs. Pierpont's spirits; she swooned away. I would not call in any other assistance but my own: when she recovered from it, Lord Chester was kneeling before her, supporting her head with his arm, and kissing her hand; the whiteness of which even Homer's Juno might have envied. Upon her coming to herself, he gradually assumed a more distant carriage, intreating her only to hear him in my presence.

This being granted, he declared in the most solemn manner, that he had never seen Mademoiselle de Fleurs before her letter to me; since which, he had found her out, and prevailed on her to accompany him there: that he had never been

been in the gaming-house which Mr. Pierpont had frequented, though often urged to it by him: that gaming was a vice he detested, and he defied all mankind to produce a single evidence of the contrary for twenty years backward. "Before that time I was fond of it (said he); but when I reflected on the tumult of passions, the agitations of hopes, fears, fury, and sometimes despair, which a man is subject to, while perhaps his fate is depending on a lucky cast of the dice, or the change of a single card, I considered that my circumstances were such as exempted me from the influences of these passions; and that it would be the greatest impotence of mind, to tempt fortune to withdraw her kindness from me; and resolved to assume dispositions more benevolent, to prosecute enjoyments more rational, to court pleasure less fatiguing, and a satisfaction less precarious." His Lordship then asked pardon, if what he had further to add was, or could be considered as an indelicacy, for that at present he could only consider what could advance his own cause.

That to prevent uneasiness to her, he had often assisted Mr. Pierpont in large sums, without security or interest; and that he used to tell him, that he could not pay him; and insinuated, that he was no stranger to his passion for Mrs. Pierpont, and her partiality for him, and that he left it to her to make acknowledgments to him for it. Lord Chester then appealed to my friend, whether he had ever failed in his respect to her, and whether his conduct did not deserve some pity: but added, "It is plain, Madam, your husband was mistaken! Alas! I ever was, and I am afraid ever shall, be perfectly indifferent to you."

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He then begged to introduce his witnesses, who corroborated every thing he had said.

But what was the surprize of Mrs. Pierpont, to behold in Mademoiselle de Fleurs, a girl she had educated, and had taken from distressed parents. This young woman, five years before Mr. Pierpont's death, had gone to Cumberland; from whence my friend had received a letter from one of her relations that she was dead of a fever.

This fresh instance of perfidy on the part of Mr. Pierpont, strengthening the others, had no bad effect on the mind of my friend. The wretched young woman threw herself at the feet of Mrs. Pierpont, telling her, with evident marks of the greatest agitation and confusion, that she could not look in the face of such injured excellence, knowing her own unworthiness, but that she hoped she would be merciful, as God in heaven is merciful.

Mrs. Pierpont, with a dignity in her manner, tempered with humanity and complacency, endeavoured to raise her up, only saying to her, "Sincere repentance, Miss, will obtain the pardon of a sinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of the sincerity of it."

"You must now make me a full confession, by which means you can only exemplify to me the desire you have for atoning for the many mortifications you have occasioned me, in return for the tender care, the eager desire, and charitable purposes of my soul, in educating, instructing, and cloathing you."

"Alas, Madam, answered the trembling creature, I am perfectly alive to the recollection of all your past favours! Yet it was your goodness that ruined me; you took me from a state
of

of poverty, and where hard labour would have been necessary to procure me daily subsistence. This your partiality for me made you regret, as it cut me off from all manner of improvement. But alas ! Madam, is there not great reason to think people of this class the happiest, that is to say, such as are above want ; for if they do not enjoy the pleasures arising from the proper culture of their intellectual powers, they are free from the abuse of these powers ? They are likewise in possession of a great source of happiness, health and spirits ; they never languish for want of employment, or are at a loss for something to do.

“ You will pardon, Madam, these reflections. I knew your God-like intentions ; and I shall endeavour to be as explicit as possible, and the more so, as I have something to communicate, which will restore joy to my benefactress. When I entered your family, Madam, I was but twelve years of age. You will allow, that any terms of information, I had access to, *except from yourself*, were highly detrimental to my principles. I was taught by the conversation of Mr. Pierpont, in which he was followed by his attendants, that *good* and *ill* is an opinion, not a principle. He used to remark at table (where I served my young lady) that men’s ideas of virtue and vice are local, not universal ; consequently arbitrary or dependent upon the will of a law-giver or civil magistrate. That in all countries the prejudices of the great, are the laws of the little. Thus, he said, I dine upon a slice of ham, which a Jew would think a mortal sin. In Germany it is the fashion to drink to excess ; in Turkey it is absolutely forbidden ; in England polygamy is a crime of the deepest dye ; in the Levant, a man is free to marry

marry as many wives as he can maintain. With us, adultery is reckoned amongst the greatest sins; in Lapland the chearful native presents you with his wife and daughter; many other arguments he used, and daily produced other examples of this kind, to prove, that most of the common received notions of virtue and vice are vulgar prejudices, fit only to rule the mob with. Such discourses unhinged the principles of my young mind.

“Your silence, Madam, I construed as a tacit acknowledgment of the truth of your husbands assertion. We went to Paris; Mr. Pierpont took every opportunity of saying many obliging things to me; I answered him with a modest embarrassment, that only confirmed him in his purpose. Indeed there was no occasion for much art to seduce me, as I had entertained from such a connection the most flattering hopes of my future fortune.

“My virtue was lulled asleep by the attempts of my seducer, who had taken pains, Madam, to assure me, that virtue was all a mask, and that *you* to his certain knowledge, had had a criminal correspondence with this very nobleman, (meaning Lord Chester); Pardon me, Madam, for having credited this account: as I am not defective in understanding, I own I did violence to my natural intelligence, in believing this misrepresentation of your character. I knew that I ought instantly to fly from the temptation, but alas! I had conceived too great affection for the conveniencies of life, and could no longer, as formerly, look upon indigence with an eye of indifference.

“I will not offend your chaste ear with the progress of our amour—let it suffice to say,

I was

I was undone ! without the smallest inclination for my seducer. The situation I soon found myself in, rendered it necessary to absent myself—besides, your presence, Madam, became intolerable to me. I pretended to go and see my friends; you know, Madam, how you was deceived; Mr. Pierpont conducted me to Brussels, where a magnificent apartment was prepared to receive me. Whether out of vanity or love, I know not, he loaded me with a number of rich cloaths and jewels. I possessed a gilt chariot with suitable attendants, and was transformed into a lady of consequence. Neither did I feel myself long awkward in my new situation, soon acquiring that *bon ton* and air of ease, which are generally supposed to be the effect only of a refined education. I appeared every where, where *you was not*; and no sooner shewed myself, than I became a toast. I however remained faithful to him two years; during that period, the two children *I have* were born. Since that time, I have had very little assistance from Mr. Pierpont, but have since mostly supported myself, by the way of life he introduced me to. As, however, he was passionately fond of my two boys, he came to me the last time he was able to go from home. He told me he was dying; that he had no hopes of living; regretted he had made no provision for them, therefore gave me his will in trust, (which he wrote in favour of your son) desiring me not to deliver it up until he was of age, and could make a handsome settlement on me and children. Madam, *I know you*—I trust to your generosity—there it is. I came not here to receive a trifling gratuity from Lord Chester; I came to do you justice. The mortification I have undergone,

dergone, is a penance due to my offences; sincere penitence has taken place of my former sentiments! the truth of which I can prove.—The Prince de L—— is my lover.—I doat on him, he is distractedly fond of me; I have wrote to him, I will never behold him more: nothing can alter my resolution, if you, Madam, will provide for my sons, and pay my pension to the convent of the English nuns in this place.” Figure, my beloved Lord, the joy of my friend.

Lord Chester very judiciously observed the necessity of having her declaration properly authenticated; accordingly the *commandant* was sent for, and in his presence she repeated what was necessary. Mrs. Pierpont tenderly embraced her; and assured her, that her every desire should be accomplished; she then retired. Thus every thing conspired to reward Mrs. Pierpont's virtue; Lord Chester's conduct cleared up to her satisfaction—the fortune of her son restored to him, and her eldest daughter upon the eve of her nuptials with the best match in this country. De Sols seemed transported, hanging enamoured over his lovely Julia, who seems to adore her dear Prince, as she calls him, before us all. How beautiful is the simplicity and innocence of her age!

In the evening, when the young people had retired, Lord Chester urged his suit to my friend; assuring her, if she made him happy, he would never interpose in dictating any one measure which could interfere with her duty to her children, whose establishment in the world, would be equally interesting to him, as to herself.

Her spirits were overpowered with this agonizing day of happiness, but she immediately replied

replied, with the most ingenious frankness, that she was rejoiced to find his Lordship worthy of her regard: that prudes might blush to own an well placed passion, or coquettes delight to trifle with a worthy heart: but for her part, she was above all disguise. The Duchess, my Lord, added she, knows every idea of my heart; she may show you my last letter, or acquaint you with the contents; while I retire to pour out the effusions of my heart to Almighty God, for his mercies, and to compose my mind to some degree of serenity.

I presented Lord Chester with her letter: his emotions are not to be described; he was all joy, all wonder, all rapture. Then she did love me! said he, is it possible? He was urgent with me to go that instant, to express his joy at her feet; I diverted him from that purpose, until he was more composed; when we went and found her in the garden, where she was covered with blushes; in reality I never saw her look more lovely.

The world does us injustice, in thinking we cannot be amiable at thirty years of age, when so many men are judged handsome at forty. A soft and languishing air, which my friend has contracted from grief, was no diminution of her charms, and gave them perhaps an advantage superior to that of her natural vivacity; for though sprightliness be captivating, langour is more affecting; it penetrates, interests, and attaches the heart of the beholder: it is an indication that one has a soul incapable of emotion. Nor is this display of a capacity for sensibility, a matter of little moment; when there are so many people in the world incapable of it. Lord Chester threw himself at her feet, and

called himself the happiest of men. And he did not scruple to own to the man who had so nobly merited her esteem, that he had made a most tender impression on her heart; and this soft acknowledgment completed her lover's felicity. The family are now all retired to rest, or I may say meditations; we are too happy to sleep: Oh! might our felicity be free from that vicissitude, which attends all human enjoyments! I could not rest until I had wrote this long letter to the beloved of my heart; no joy can be perfect with your happy wife, in which you do not partake,

I hope this will find you well—a few days more, and I shall be with you; till then, and at all other times, believe me to be,

my dear Lord,

your affectionate

and faithful wife,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LET

L E T T E R LIV.

From the Duchess DE CRUI, to Mrs.
PIERPONT.

MY DEAR MADAM,

AS you will not be prevailed to part with the
rested name of Pierpont, until your year of
solowhood is completed—I shall proceed with
the family narrative, to amuse you *en attendant*:
do you not think in your heart, that mankind
ould be happier if they sacrificed more to
endship, and less to punctilio? The Duke is
warding the lawyers with their papers for
Sols's nuptials; and Lord Chester, you may
ieve, is not idle. In the mean time I busy
elf about the jewels, &c. &c. We shall
allow you to put off your marriage one day
ger than the expiration of the year. Fare-
ll, my amiable friend.

Yours,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

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L E T T E R. LV.

From the Duchefs DE CRUI, to Mrs.
PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

I Come now to speak of myself: my Julian's impatience for this part of the narrative is natural; there are many useful lessons to be learned from what I have to relate. My mother died in child-bed: as Sir John Filmer, my father was a young man, she naturally concluded would marry, and asked his leave to resign to the care of her mother and sisters; this father complied with, and I was sent with a nurse to Grosvenor-square. My grandmother was a woman of large fortune, which was to devolve to her daughters and myself, equally at her death. When I was ten years old, the old lady was seventy-five; and the young ladies, her daughters, were about fifty. I was totally neglected, which will be easy for you to conceive, when I acquaint you with the characters of these relations.

The old dowager herself had no time to attend me. Sleep and cards filled up her waking time; she depended entirely upon the latter for her amusement, and to keep up her spirits.

* This was agreeable to the original design of cards; for it was not until about the year 1680 they were invented to divert Charles the First, of France, who was then low spirited.

As Lady P—— could make her house agreeable to her acquaintances, they attended her at home (when she was no longer able to go abroad), but never forgot to applaud their charity; but were particularly careful never to mention any subject that could remind her of her mortality. Like Dame Quickly, who, whilst there was the least hope of the life of her friend, Sir John Falstaff, comforted him with the consideration, *that there was no need to think of God as yet*. I can, however, recollect, that when her diseases and infirmities increased, her company gradually gave her up, until her weakened intellects re-animated their charity, by *losing her money to them*. Friendship, you know, can never exist without esteem, and what the world call pleasureable connections, will fall off at the time they are most wanted.

La Marquise de Lambert has wrote a very sensible treatise on the old age of women, as Cicero did on old age, and Eccles. i. 12. iii. 15. exhibits in a series of bold and lively metaphors, a description of the various infirmities of that period. All who exceed the age of sixty, except the latter part of their life be spent in the exercise of virtue and contemplation of futurity, must necessarily fall into indecent age. On the contrary, an inquisitive and virtuous soul improves daily in knowledge; and though the body decays, and all human pleasures with it, yet wisdom, piety, and devotion, is to them an anticipation of glory. But the case of an old man, who has no comfortable prospect of futurity, and finds the fatal hour approaching which is to deprive him of all his happiness, is too deplorable for any words to represent. No doubt, it is necessary in the nature of things,

that our minds in their present state be formed and disciplined by custom and habit, to the temper and character which it is to be hereafter their glory, their perfection, and their happiness. It must be plain to every one, that a woman, in advanced age, must surely find her greatest pleasure in her intellectual resources and social intercourse.

The faculties of the mind will not lose their powers, unless they are suffered to lose their energy, and become languid for want of cultivation. We ought to consider the improvement of every faculty of our minds as a part of virtue; and we shall find that there ought to be no distinction between the love of knowledge and of virtue, it being evident, that the proper improvement and due conduct of the understanding, is an indispensable part of the duty of every rational being. Just sentiments of the supreme Governor of the world, of our own nature and state, of the fitness and propriety of moral good and the fatal effects of irregularity, are the only true foundation of goodness. To attain full and clear notions of these, it will be necessary to extend our inquiries, to carry our researches a considerable way into the works of God, from whence we draw the clearest conceptions of his nature and attributes; to study our own nature and state, with the various passions, appetites, and inclinations, which enter into our constitution. The connection and relations we stand in to each other, and the different natures and consequences of action, according to the motives they spring from, and the circumstances which diversify them. Will not all this, my dear Mrs. Pierpont, be of eminent advantage for raising us above vice, and confirming us in a steady

steady course of virtue, which is the direct tendency of all true knowledge, and the effect it never fails to produce in every honest and uncorrupted mind? The great secret of human happiness consists in finding such constant employment for the mind, as without fatiguing, may prevent its languishing in an irksome state of inactivity.

The intellectual faculties must be assisted by proper care, as well as those of the body; for the powers of the mind, like a flame in a lamp, will become languid and extinct by time, if not duly and regularly recruited.—We either improve, or grow worse continually; there is no standing still in virtue or vice; if we do not get forward in virtue, we are sure to lose ground; if our vices are not checked and restrained, they grow every day stronger and stronger. But, I lose sight of my grandmother, in reasoning—let it suffice to acquaint you, she died with the cards in her hands.

My two aunts, who succeeded to the charge of me and their mother's fortune, were not in the least better qualified for this trust than their deceased mother. They were so extremely deficient in charms, that they never had it in their power to prove their cruelty or condescension to a lover. Yet they concluded all men were their captives; and whatever course they took, it served to confirm them in that opinion. If men shunned them, they thought it modesty, and received it as a proof of their passion; and if they were rude, it was conduct, and done to prevent observation. When their folly made men laugh, they flattered themselves they admired their wit; and when their impertinence made men dull, they were jealous of
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their powers. They disguised their ages by the imposture of a youthful dress and behaviour, and by herding among the vainest and youngest company, betrayed young minds in old bodies, which only served to expose them to scorn and contempt. Their personal charms faded; their understandings contaminated by folly; despised by the worthless part of the world; avoided by the wise and good; all that remained for them was public contempt, bitter remorse, exhausted hearts, and impaired constitutions. On the contrary, those whose conduct is properly regulated, will find every stage in life very comfortable and easy to be endured. But the best and surest guard against the inconveniencies of this period, is to cultivate in early days the principles of moral science, and uniformly to exercise those virtues it prescribes.

Every stage of life hath its suitable recreations, which may be enjoyed with propriety, and which are requisite to our happiness; but to see two women, past fifty, hopping about in a country-dance, is truly ridiculous. In consequence of this gay turn in my aunts, we had frequent balls, at which they entertained all the giddy people of fashion of both sexes; who, you may believe, laughed at them while they partook of their entertainment; and the tax which the gentlemen, in their turns paid for this amusement, was that of dancing with these hideous old women, as they called them.

They never had any compassion on their partners, for they danced every dance to show their youthfulness, and affected being noisy by way of mirth. Wisdom, gravity, and experience, the triumph of reason over passion, prejudices, and folly; all these we expect to find

in fulness of years, and these make its wrinkles not only respectable, but even lovely.

But these were qualities of which they had no manner of idea. What was remarkable in these old ladies was, that they flattered one another with so much art, until at last they were both convinced of the truth of each other's assertions.

"My dear sister, said Fanny, your charming complexion, delicate features, and lovely bosom, captivate all those who behold you."

"All that is nothing, replied Miss P——, in comparison, my dear Fanny, to your elegant form, lovely hair, and piercing eyes."

As their fortune and foibles were well known, it is not at all surprising, that a lover soon appeared after my grandmother's death. This was no other than Sir Violet May-Dew:—he had lost a great sum of money one night at the club; quarrelled with Lord Filligree, and, the morning after, had exchanged fires at two hundred yards distance in Hyde-Park, and proved to the world his having acted as a man of honor. The greatest difficulty now was to maintain his character, as most of his ready money was gone, and his prompt payment disputable.

It immediately occurred to him to pay his addresses to Miss P——; he, therefore, sat down and wrote her a letter, in which he assured her, his future existence depended upon her smiles. Miss Fanny prevailed on Miss P—— to permit Sir Violet May-dew—to live. But his happiness was protracted for a few weeks, in which his bride, with the pretty timidity of fifteen *blushed her consent*: the marriage was then concluded to the satisfaction of all parties. The bride, by the assistance of paint, bloomed like the Glastonbury thorn. She was thirty

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years

years older than her husband, yet actually believed he was in love with her: this has been a foible in all ages. When the mother of Dionysius the tyrant acquainted him she wished to marry a young man who was in love with her, he answered, that by his regal power he could not abrogate those of nature, to make it fit for an *old* woman to marry a *young* man.

From the account I have given you of the family, you may easily suppose how ill they were qualified for taking care of my education and morals. Luckily for me, the nurse who suckled me, had remained with me until I was ten years of age, and had early instructed me in religion. She was herself an exemplary good woman; her husband was killed in battle, and her own child being dead, she remained with me. Devotion seldom dies in a mind which has been early tinged with it, though it may seem extinguished a while by the cares of the world, the giddiness of youth, or the allurements of folly; it generally breaks out and discovers itself, as discretion, age, or misfortunes, have obliged a person to reflect. Unfortunately for me, however, this good woman, when I was at the above mentioned age, was discharged, *because she was not a French woman.*

In her place was hired a chambermaid of the nation, who having left her own country for *faux pas*, which had visible consequences, was appointed by my discerning aunts to instil the principles of virtue into my tender mind. This was merely because she was French, as she would not have been thought qualified for a chambermaid to a woman of fashion in Paris. How absurd should we think it in such a one to entertain an awkward Yorkshire girl, with

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coarse clownish accent, as English governess to her daughter, to teach her the language and correct her pronounciation. But this is not the only absurdity in modern education; according to the common course of which, when a young lady is sent to school, the sanguine parents inquire, What does Lady ——'s daughter learn? Dancing, music, &c. &c. Oh! it is mighty well, ours must learn the same; in consequence of this, the young lady is instructed in *music*, without an ear; *singing*, without any tolerable voice; and perhaps to *dance* (as I once saw myself) with a *short leg and a long*. We should all make a better figure in life, and be happier in ourselves, would we adapt ourselves only for those things which are fit for us. When Cicero consulted the oracle of Delphos, what course of studies he should pursue? He was answered, Follow nature! Would people be but reformed by that wise counsel, they would distinguish themselves more than they generally do.

The young gentlemen who made my aunts house agreeable to themselves, had infused into them a passion for music and dancing. The first, because it is the fashion of the times; and the latter, that they might be amused at their expence in a double capacity.

These connoisseurs generally direct the public taste, or rather dictate to the world, what they should admire and be pleased with; which the vanity of most people make them acquiesce in, lest otherwise they should be suspected to *want taste*. In consequence of the above, my aunts danced every opportunity, and had learned to *expire at an opera*. For these two accomplishments, every other part of my education was neglected. I had no great genius for music,
and

and contracted a hatred to dancing, from observing the absurdity of my aunts.

That a knowledge of music is an embellishment to female education is indisputable, but without a particular genius for it, the application bestowed on it, is only so much lost time. As music, though an ornament, is by no means requisite, it may not be improper to inquire, whether the time necessary for the attainment of this art, be answered by the effects arising from the acquisition. To perform on any instrument, what is called playing a little, is, in my opinion, a proof of want of taste, and of a trifling mind, that can be satisfied with an appearance instead of a reality. Exclusive of the offence which indifferent playing must produce to a delicate ear, unless the performers, like the musician of Aspondas, play only for themselves; but the misfortune of it is, that we generally see those people most ready to entertain us in this way, who are by nature the least qualified for it.

Dionysius Halicarnasseus makes the subsequent observation on music; "I have learned (said he) in theatres filled with a promiscuous and illiterate croud, what a kind of natural correspondence we all have with melody and the agreement of sounds; having known the most admired musician to be hissed by the whole multitude, when he has struck a single note out of a tune, to the disturbance of harmony; yet put this same instrument into the hands of one of these simpletons, with orders to express that note, he cannot do it, though he exacted it from the artist." How is this? The one is the effect of *science*, the lot but of *few*; the other of *feeling*, which nature has bestowed on *all*. Thus all are conscious of any defects in this art though

though few can do justice to the most exquisite performance, or have a taste for its beauties. It is a science so profound, that to arrive at any degree of qualification in it, even in the executive part, is very difficult; but for composition, neither genius, nor inclination alone are sufficient; but such constant application as few indeed care to be capable of." It was this observation that made *Leo*, one of the greatest musicians Italy ever bred, declare that nothing was so insufferable to him as the music of the *dilettanti*, (or gentlemen composers.) That talent it seems, like poetry, admits not of mediocrity.

Vanity prevails so much over pleasure, that the Italian opera in London, is more frequented by people of fashion, than any other place; and, to avoid the imputation of want of taste, they condemn themselves to attend, and talk in raptures their hearts never felt. When I was in London last winter, I heard a fine Lady say, "I was at the opera on Saturday, when I was transported! that divine duette in *Armida*! *Rozzini's voice is celestial harmony!* When to my certain knowledge, she neither understood Italian, music, nor had any real taste herself.

Let such admire each great or specious name;
For right or wrong the joy to them's the same.

ARMSTRONG.

Is it possible that an Italian opera, to one unacquainted with the language in which it is written, can inspire people with that pleasure they pretend to feel? Or can their passions be interested in it? The ear may be transiently pleased with the air of a song, but that is the most trifling effect of music. Among these who do understand the language, (as the young people generally now do) and enter with pleasure into
Italian

Italian music, the conduct of the dramatic part appears so ridiculous, that they can feel none of that transport of passion the united effects of music and poetry may produce; which may be gradually raised by the artful texture, and unfolding a dramatic story. If all the pleasure the best Opera gives them, is mere sensation; is it not a pity the mind cannot have a little more share in the entertainment? I cannot help however remarking, that no dramatic poet better knows how to prepare his incidents than Pergolesi; however this is the only instance I can produce. As I have already wrote a long letter I leave off and remain,

yours affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LET-

L E T T E R LVI.

From the Duchefs DE CRUI, to Mrs.
PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

WHEN I was in England three years ago, the beau monde there were much enchanted with Mademoiselle Heynell. As they are very apt to estimate every thing according to *what it costs*, she was hired at a very great expence to dance at the opera, and received, over and above that salary, a very considerable sum from a set of gentlemen of taste, *who toil not, neither do they spin; and yet often shine forth in Solomon's array!* It would perhaps be too severe to quote the next verse, *which to-day are, and to-morrow are, &c.*—The poet says,

With us you'll see ev'n vanity controul
The most refin'd sensations of the soul.

ARMSTRONG.

But I was bold enough to declare my sentiments; I did not admire Mademoiselle Heynell. Her stalking by no means gives me an idea of our first Mother, whom Adam, in Milton describes, "Grace was in all her steps, &c." All art should be an imitation of nature, and when a beautiful figure is in motion, accompanied with

with all the charms of an elegant person, every limb and feature appears with its respective grace. Such are Monsieur Gardel the Parisian's scholars at present. Lady —— afforded a proof of this master's superiority; as her dancing last winter after return from Paris was greatly admired. Could any art or science derive importance from antiquity, dancing might stand in the first rank for this claim. The accounts of it ran almost as high as any thing we find upon authentic record. Nothing indeed particular concerning this art has descended to us, except the tracts of Lucian and Athenæus. But Plato and Zenophon have made honourable mention of it, and no wonder, since their master Socrates thought it worth his while to learn it at an advanced age. I know you have read, *Apologie de la danse, son antiquité, sa noblesse, et ses avantages, par Jean le Coint.* Mr. Gallini also seems to be well apprized in what the excellence of this art consists, in his treatise on the art of dancing; which is wrote with the candour of good sense, and the acuteness of good taste.

Shall I acknowledge to you, after writing the above, my real sentiments? How few there are who do not content themselves with mediocrity in this art, and still fewer who are sensible of the defects of their persons, which they expose by it. A certain gentleman danced very ill at a ball; one of his friends, to allay a fit of tittering, which the awkwardness of his figure occasioned, said very calmly, were you to see Sir—— at the head of his regiment, there is no officer makes a better figure! I believe it, replied one of them; and if you are his friend, you will advise him to show himself no where else. Defects of both mind and person are always most
conspicuous

conspicuous by attempts contrary to what nature intended them for; and yet we daily see no one blushes to be ignorant, in that which he never laboured to acquire, but every one is despised for natural defects, which renders people assiduous in concealing those both of body and mind; as we see in those who are purblind, lame, crooked, or have any natural defects of nature, yet are each of them displeased to find it in themselves, or children. From whence can this arise? Is it not because it looks like a testimony, from nature herself, that the person has this blemish upon him as a sign of his degeneracy? And sarcasms always cut the deepest; for he who stirs up against himself another's self-love, provokes the strongest passion in human nature. It is probable from a knowledge of this, that most mothers (like her in Juvenal) hath prayed in the Temple of Venus, for the most exquisite beauty in her children. And also, if a child is deformed, she tries every art to correct the errors of nature; and when she cannot accomplish her intention, she endeavours to conceal them, and teaches her daughter to be ashamed of her person, instead of arming her with true fortitude, to despise any ridicule or contempt it may produce. When this is the case, does it not occasion much uneasiness to them, in their younger days? And does it not require many years in them to conquer this weakness?

All affectation is absurd under such unfortunate circumstances, and, as has already been observed, only serves to betray what it means to conceal. The utmost dancing can produce in favour is, what would appear without any artificial exhibition, viz. grace, modesty, and elegance;

elegance ; which always bestow on their voices, that softness of manner, and enchanting diffidence which particularly charm in our sex. Real grace and dignity proceed more from simplicity and native elegance, than from all studied arts taught and practised in the world. The Scotch ladies are reckoned to excel in country dances, but in my opinion, they dance with too much violence, either to suit with the ideas of taste, or delicacy. I think it might afford them an useful hint, to mention the conduct of the Lady, of whom Horace speaks in the *sacred dance*, “ Who every moment, apprehensive of the censure of people of taste, the fear of exceeding the due limits prescribed by delicacy, prevented the full exertion of her powers.” The following story, as related by Herodotus, will also illustrate my idea. Clysthenes, Prince of Siconia, having declared he would marry his daughter, to him who should be found among the Greeks to be a man of the greatest valour ; for this purpose invited to her court all those who had pretensions to that honour.

He proposed that his guests should pass their time with him, in order that he might thereby be enabled to examine their characters. The Athenians became his favourites, who were among the number of the candidates, and principally Hypoclitēs the son of Tysander. On the day being come which he had set apart for the election, he gave a great entertainment to his daughter's lovers.

After the repast, they began to sing, and the circulation of the bottle ensued, and Hypoclitēs desired the musical performers to play a

dance. In the execution of which, he seemed to take more delight himself than he afforded the spectators. Clysthenes attended to the whole, but seemed then to take no notice.

Hypoclitēs ordered a second table to be brought, on which he exhibited a Spartan dance, and afterwards fell into Athenian figures. At length, being elevated to an extraordinary pitch, he presented the company with a dance, which consisted of holding up of the hands, and clapping them. Clysthenes, who had by this time conceived the greatest aversion for the dancer, could no longer restrain his indignation, and called out to him to desist, in these remarkable words, *Son of Tysander, thou hast danced away a wife!*

If the men were of my opinion, many of those young ladies, who are reckoned to dance well, and *with spirit*, would dance away a husband. They do not remember the poet's advice, "Observe the golden rule of not too little, nor too much,"

Athenæus has left us an account of many of the ancient dances; the dance of the *Goddeſs Ceres*, he acquaints us, was performed in a wood. The celebrated Pilades (the founder in Rome of the pantomine art), excluded from this dance all jumping and capering, for fear of violating, or disfiguring the graceful regularity of the whole, which he considered as the most essential article towards preserving a pleasing effect.

Even on the stage, there are certain dances offensive to feminine delicacy. Do we not see sometimes a woman dancing a hornpipe; where one would suppose, this dance was appropriated to the rough sailor *only*; and must it not be

an unbecoming attempt in our sex, whose motions on the stage should rather express delicacy than strength? Instead of which, we are the *fury*, not the *sprightliness* of motion. The women hop, and the men jump as high as they can; we go to behold the dance of giants; for what are the public dancers, particularly in England? Such as have no graceful attitude, no genteel motions, no soft expressions of love suitable to the characters they represent. They have, indeed, had too pretty tolerable dancers within these two years, Nina Favier, and La Bachali; the motions of the latter, are at once the result of nature, animated by passion, heightened by *grace*, and, improved by taste. It is a great pity, my dear Madam, that in the conduct of their pantomines. They do not avail themselves of a French dissertation on the art of dancing, by Mr. Cahusac. It seems to me a strange solecism in modern taste, that the eye should relish indelicacies, which the ear would be offended at in the narration.

Now, my dear friend, you may suppose from the above, that I made no great proficiency in music and dancing. The fact is, *I did not*. If I am tedious in my narration, impute it to your own commands, as I am sensible my adventures do me *no great honour*, I am unwilling to enter upon them, and shall introduce the subjects of which you was desirous of having my opinion.

I ever am,

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA DE CR

L E

L E T T E R LVII.

From Mrs. PIERPONT, to the Duchesse

DE CRUI.

DEAR MADAM,

I Return your Highness many thanks for your agreeable letters: you are very good to me in the approbation of my former epistles. The proper arrangement of argument I am unqualified for; all that I aim at, is to make myself understood. The first proof you give of your superiority, is to make people forget it. You know so well how to descend to a level with them, that they are frequently tempted to think that they equal you in understanding; and the advantageous impression they seem to make on you, completes the confidence they receive. I cannot sufficiently express my astonishment at the account you gave me of your education: it has been ever a maxim of mine, not to trust too much to our spontaneous feelings. I believe neither virtue nor vice are radical in the human heart, but that the seeds of both are placed in us; and, it depends on ourselves which to cultivate, and which to extirpate; I cannot think our moral virtues are derived from nature, because nothing can ever be brought by custom to that which is contrary to its nature, as is evident
by

by a stone, which, though it be ever so often thrown up in the air, yet will it never by custom ascend of itself; if, therefore, virtue was as natural to us as gravity to a stone, we should never by custom bring ourselves to vice. Nor, for the same reason, are our vices natural, because then we should never be virtuous, and it would not be agreeable to the justice of God, to punish people for those defects which were produced by nature, without any fault of their own.

God laid no foundation of wickedness in his creatures; it is an unnatural superstructure of our own, *without* foundation. From whence then, my beloved friend, are your virtues derived, when it appears, by your own account, there was no care taken of you but by your nurse, who left you when you was ten years old? Is it possible, my dear friend, that one of your Highness's sensibility, exquisite taste, tender feelings, does not passionately love music? especially as you are so great a performer. I own, without affectation, I am quite an enthusiast in it.

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd,
One power of physic, melody, and song.

ARMSTRONG on Health.

Surely you will allow, that a fine voice is one of the greatest ornaments a young lady can possess: never yet were its clear and entire notes imitated by artificial sounds; how excellently does it impart passion, and enforce sentiment?

But

But this natural advantage must be directed by some art, in order to produce its full effects.

Your Highness remembers Mademoiselle de Tours, who, at the Marquis de Cerse's, screamed a song with all the power of lungs she could muster, bellowing out, as if she had been singing for her life, in order to shew her extent of voice: Had I been to sit in judgment, like the Prince of Siconia, I should have declared she had *sung away a husband*.

She put me in mind of the story of a nightingale, in the Canto of Comedy (Gli Spettacoli), by Marini, who stretches his little throat to imitate the notes of a Lutenist, at length comes and just perches over his head, where he strains himself till he falls dead at the man's feet, and is buried in the body of the lute.

But let us not despise the talents, but the abuse of them. Such powers, properly modified, might have enabled her to a proper *portamento*. Miss Catley, upon the English stage, is the only one, I ever heard, who hazards every thing with success, arbitrary changes, embellishments, &c. &c.—I am partial to her wild graces, but cannot help comparing her to a Virginian nightingale in my aviary, whom I could never bring in with the others, to follow the notes of the bird organ.

There is a charming simile in Fingal, where a lover compares the voice of his mistress to the *sound of a harp on the gale of the spring*; as for the Platonic notion of the music of the *spheres*, it is truly Platonic indeed, as it happens to be *so piano* to affect the sense.

I agree perfectly with your Highness, that no exhibition can please in a woman, which does not

not convey with it an idea of modesty, delicacy, taste, and elegance; and, therefore, to follow your example, I shall recommend the same author as your Highness does to young ladies, Horace's third satire, where he blames the capriciousness of Tigellinus, the songster, who refused to sing when he was asked and intreated; but when in the humour of it, would sing from morning to night. An easy and immediate compliance enhances the merit of a performance.

Your Highness says, that *sound* always subtracts from *sense*, and that you can only produce one instance of the contrary; I humbly think it rather enforces it. If proper poetry be intrusted to a skilful musician, he will so adapt his sounds as to make his hearers believe, that the music and the words were conceived at the same time. Perhaps the study of the celebrated Metastasio's works will afford some useful hints to such, who may find him an excellent guide.

The opera at Paris is by no means calculated to put your Highness in conceit with music. Their drowsy pieces played still to the most sprightly audience in the world, seems to countenance an observation I have heard, that in general the music of every country is solemn in proportion as the inhabitants are merry; or in other words, the sprightliest nations are remarked for having the slowest music, and those whose character it is to be melancholy, are pleased with the most brisk and airy movements. Lully in France, first attempted the improvement of their music, but only changed a ba

* 2 Pet. iii. 10. This verse is an eminent instance of that kind of beautiful writing, in which the very sound bears a *significancy*, at least carries an exact correspondence to the sense.

manner

manner, for an indifferent one of his own. As you request me to write on this subject, I shall only observe, that your Highness knows musicians seem agreed, in making only three principal schools in music, that of your favourite Pergolese in Italy, of Lully in France, and of Handel in England; though some are for making Rameau the founder of a new school, different from those of the former, as he is the inventor of beauties, peculiarly his own. He has certainly shewn, both by precept and example, that improvements French music may still admit of. Pergolese's music is reckoned to deserve the first rank; he has, indeed, universally been allowed to be the musical Raphael of Italy. This great master's principal art consisted in knowing how to excite the passions, by sounds which seem frequently opposite to the passion they would express. By slow sounds he is sometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and even by quicker movements, he excites melancholy in every heart that sounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent which seems born with an artist. To this excellence he adds another, the happy transition from one passion to another. His melodies also, where no passion is expressed, give equal pleasure from their delicate simplicity. That song in the *Serva Padrona*, which begins, *La conosco quegl' occli*, is reckoned one of the finest instances of excellence in the *duo*.

The English school was first planned by Purcell: he attempted to unite the Italian manner that prevailed in his time, with the ancient Celtic carrol, and the Scotch ballad. But he was entirely eclipsed by Handel; who, though originally a German, yet adopted the English manner.

ner. He did not succeed in Italian composition though his English oratorios are accounted inimitable; yet his Italian operas are fallen in oblivion.

Pergolese excelled in passion, and simplicity. Lully was remarkable for creating a new species of music, where all is elegant, but nothing passionate or sublime; and Handel's great characteristic is sublimity.

The present fashion with many, is to admire a new style of composition lately cultivated in Germany, and to despise the Italian music, wanting spirit and variety: the truth is, they will not bear any comparison. The excellence of the Italian composition consists in the richness and sweetness of their harmonies. The other pleases by its spirit and wild luxuriance which makes an agreeable variety in a concert but possesses too little of the elegance and pathetic expression of music, to remain long the public taste. A man of fashion first introduced the species of music into this country, and the merit of his own composition, and his own spirited performance of them seduced the public ear. Fashion, or the reigning mode, is too often prevalent with regard to musical taste, when supported by that authority which title or fortune may impose; but no man of a liberal education will allow that fluctuating fashion, or striking novelty, though they may dazzle insipid observers can ever be the standard of true taste, either in music or any other science. It is with pleasure I was credibly informed, that Mr. Tenducci at present in the highest vogue in Italy, by only singing the Scotch tunes.

As to dancing, I entirely agree with your Highness; nothing so much exposes self-conceit

or natural defects of body, as an exhibition in this way; for self-love blinds (too often) even the most sensible people to their own imperfections. At the same time, it is an useful, and, in some degree, a necessary exercise for young people, but the greatest precaution is necessary in the attainment. If too much neglected they are almost ridiculous in company, either by the stiff awkward manner of their performance, or by a disagreeable bashfulness when they attempt it.

I hope this evening to receive a continuation of the family narrative; in the mean time, I remain,

Your Highness's

obliged friend, and humble servant,

ANNA PIERPONT.

L E T T E R LVIII.

From the Duchels DE CRUI, to Mrs.
PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

AS you are now acquainted with the characters of my aunts, it will be no matter of surprize to you, that at the age of fourteen I was totally ignorant, the extent of my knowledge being to read English, and hammer Italian music on harpsichord, when they were within hearing; at other times, my whole life was employed in reading romances, which was also my *gouvernante's* constant occupation.

My aunts were too much engrossed between sleep, dress, and amusements, to spare any of their valuable time on me. As I began then to be a great girl, they carried me to the opera every Saturday, and to the play twice a week. I at last so perfectly entered into the spirit of my studies, that I was enchanted. The generality of our modern romances, novels, and theatrical entertainments, are commonly calculated to inflame the passions; or, if conducted with so much modesty as not to seduce the affections, they prevent the judgment, and bewilder the mind by their incredible adventures, their extravagant parade of gallantry, and their character, widely different from truth and nature.

They

They inspire romantic ideas, create idle expectations, introduce a disgust of genuine history, and indispose their admirers to acquiesce in the decent civilities, or to relish the *sober* satisfaction of common life. The emotions of hatred, love, pity, and vengeance, have all their turns in the spirit of the reader, who is interested in the fate of the fictitious characters; and becomes from a reader a party; nay, actor of the same weaknesses, whenever he falls into the same circumstances. Young people apply them to themselves: their imaginations being heated, the first youth they meet with is an Adonis.—From such scenes of illusion may be traced the ruin of thousands. A young mind is easily impressed, and as the passion of love makes a considerable part in every play, describe the effects of it in what manner you please, or it will not be that of love. If it be ill painted, the play, or romance, are bad ones. If it be well described, it makes us blind to every other passion. Oppositions, misfortunes, and sufferings, render it still more affecting than if it met with no resistance. We are apt involuntarily to confess, that this passion is in itself a sufficient recompence for every degree of distress. An image so tender insensibly melts the heart; and softens us too much for our after-happiness, or peace. I am convinced (says Mrs. Brooke) at a certain time of life, there is no pleasure without the heart; where that is untouched, and takes no share of the amusement, all is *still life and vegetation*. Another Lady, Mrs. Griffith, says, that there is in reality no other passion in the human breast but love. All other affections, such as avarice, duty, envy, revenge, or ambition, arise from some foreign sentiment, and are founded on principle, or instigated

stigated by vice or pride. If this is the case, should not we guard a young mind against these fallacious representations, which insinuate themselves into the hearts of the spectators, and from an unhappy inversion, a copy shall become an original?

People, indeed, in a more advanced age, flock to the theatres, some to admire, others to be admired, but seldom or never to see the play, without it is a new one. Why is this? Because they are supposed to have seen every thing *a thousand times*. Fine ladies would be as much humbled, and out of countenance, to be melted with pity, or humanised by a well acted tragedy, as even to be caught at a tête-a-tête with their husbands, or observed attending to the music at Ranelagh, both of which customs are abolished in high life.

Before this century, when the stage, by means of Mr. Congreve, and other authors, became licentious, the ladies were afraid of venturing to a new comedy, till they were assured they might do it without the risque of an insult to their modesty; or, if their patience was subordinate to their curiosity, to save appearances, they put on masks, then daily worn and admitted.) This age is superior to such vulgar emotions; we have lost sight of nature so much, we never blush; therefore a mask is unnecessary for the theatre. Blushes used to be the companion of innocence and virtue, and constantly bespoke a delicate sensibility, joined to a guiltless heart, and overspread the face, on a consciousness of an error, or the recollection of a mistake; but this has been long exploded, and is one of the many improvements which have been made on the unfashionable manners of our ancestors. The
schools

schools of the Cynics, however, regarded this sentiment, as of so much consequence, that judging modesty a dangerous allurements, made it a duty to banish it from society. Let women, therefore, never forget, however unfashionable it may be, *it is their greatest charm*; and, to speak seriously, none can be held in estimation without it, or produce in the other sex those feelings which constitute an elevated affection. If a deficiency of delicacy excite admiration, it is like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of his object. The fear of shame is the grand penal law, which was instituted to hang over our heads: will you pardon me, if I add, that it is an advantage for us to be restrained by the fear of the world? Instead, therefore, perhaps of exclaiming against its severity, we ought to be thankful for the kindness it does us; for the truth is, to this alone sometimes those that are uninformed are indebted for their virtue.

To Pausanias we are indebted for the following story: "About thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, Icarius placed a statue of Modesty, to perpetuate the following incident; having married his daughter to Ulysses, he solicited his son-in-law to fix his household in Sparta, to which Ulysses would not consent; frustrated in his application to the husband, he made the like request to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him; but seeing them ready to depart, he redoubled his efforts to detain her, nor could he be prevailed on to desist from following the chariot in the way! Ulysses, shocked at the desperate situation of his father-in-law, and wearied with his importunities, says to his wife, "You can best answer this request; it is your's to deter-

mine, whether you will remain with your father at Sparta, or depart with your husband for Ithaca? you are mistress of the decision." The beautiful Penelope finding herself in this dilemma, blushed, and without making the least reply, drew her veil over face, thereby intimating a denial to her father's request, and sunk into the arms of her husband. Icarius being very sensibly affected by this behaviour, consecrated a statue to Modesty on the very spot where Penelope had thrown the veil over her face, that it might ever after be an universal symbol of delicacy with the fair sex."

Perhaps there is none of our moral feelings more strongly marked than that of modesty; and when any violence is done to this feeling, it is not the mind alone that is affected, but it is visible even in the colours and expressions of the countenance, as in this of Guarini:

Vergogna che'n alturi stampa natura;
Non si puo rinegare, che se tu senti,
Di caccarla dal cor, fugge nel volto.

Nature stamps shame on every heart,
Which serves instead of grace;
And if you drive it from that part,
It flies into the face.

But to return to my own story, which I am rather unwilling to enter upon: While I was thus bred up in folly, Lady Filmer was extremely hurt in observing it, but declined interfering with my mother's relations, as my father seemed satisfied with my remaining under their care, in expectation of my inheriting their fortune. I heard this amiable woman constantly ridiculed, and represented as a female pedant. It happened

ed one day, when the courtship was in agitation, that Sir Violet May-dew, and some brother coxcombs, were with my aunts, when Lady Filmer sent to enquire if they were at home, and to signify she was coming to wait on them. They immediately laid a plan, that Sir Violet May-dew might charm Lady Filmer, by entertaining her (as they called it), in her own way. Upon her arrival, however, her elegant unaffected appearance embarrassed him, and suspended his intention; but recollecting his honour was engaged, he began, by saying, the day was then very *transpicuous*, but the sky had been *obnubilated* at one o'clock, when many curls had been moistened to *flaccidity*, and many coats had lost their gloss, by trusting to *oracular* glasses. "I was caught in it myself, added he, but I made an *approximation*, as I wished for *retrocession*."

Lady Filmer soon perceived their design; and, had she doubted of it, a laugh half-suppressed would have confirmed it. She smiled, and answered, "I perceive, Sir, you have lately read the *Idler*; it is a pity an author of his very great merit, should choak up his excellent works with so many *lexiphanicisms*." Nor could she, if she had endeavoured it, have conveyed into that smile any mixture of contempt, although she might have been justified for it, as it is only allowable to use such in satire against incorrigible folly, which requires punishment, in the way of warning to others, as felons are executed by public justice. But her smiles at absurdity indeed were such, as we may suppose the angels bestow on the follies of mankind. You may believe, however, she did not make her visit long. My nurse had taught me to revere her, I slipped out of the room, met her on the stairs, kissed

her hand, and burst into tears, saying, Why was I not your daughter! She kissed me tenderly and withdrew.

A few days after this, upon the eve of my aunt's nuptials, they thought proper to carry me to the masquerade. Sir Violet May-dew said we resembled the three Graces. They approached much nearer to that character, in one particular of their dress, than I did; in other respects, my youth, perhaps, was in my favour; it must be confessed, they would have made excellent Hecates. I dressed myself from a description of one out of a favourite romance, in the dress of a Princess Iris. My little head was perfectly turned, and I made not the smallest doubt but some charming adventure was to commence. I was not deceived in my expectation; the God of War attached himself to me; as we were at that time all without masks, he appeared to me the loveliest youth I had ever beheld; there was an expression of tenderness in his countenance when he addressed me, that confirmed me in the expectations of meeting a lover. He asked me who I was; I answered, the Princess Iris: I am also a Prince, replied he, I wish I could inspire my Princess with the passion I feel for her. — In short, after two hours conversation, he proposed that we should go off together; that he would marry me, and I should live happily with him in his own country. I made no doubt but he was some King's son. — After a small hesitation, I complied. — I was really very far from being a bold girl, but my imagination was so much tainted by reading romances, and seeing comedies, that what would have thrown another girl of my age into a pannic appeared to me as a thing of course. — My

Prince

Prince did not dare return to his lodgings, where he informed me his people were; we took a coach to Westminster-bridge, when, stepping into a post chaise, he ordered it to drive to Dover. We were, however, overtaken at Dartford by the Prince's governor, who immediately, notwithstanding his resistance and cries, dragged him from me, paid the postillion, whom he ordered to carry me where I thought proper; and thus was I separated from this lovely youth, without even knowing who he was, or having communicated to him my name. I stopped the chaise at Greenwich, and wrote to Mrs. Jackson, my nurse, to come to me immediately. The good woman (whom you have often seen), when she arrived, cried over me; "Alas! said she, my child, from what hands you rescued; it is well it is no worse; you must return no more to these old *beldames*, I will go instantly to Lady Filmer, and unfold this tale. Sir John will take you home, perhaps, my child; as you are of a sweet docile disposition, it will be possible yet, to inspire you with notions."

Lady Filmer was going to the drawing room, when Mrs. Jackson went, but, undressing herself, came immediately to me. She caressed me with the utmost tenderness, assuring me of her affection and protection. On observing my figure, she said, I was indeed dressed in the style of victims, who were most adorned with flowers and garlands when they were going to be sacrificed; and that the more gay our life is, the nearer, like them, we are often approaching to destruction. "Enough, therefore, cannot be said to invite the younger part of the world, to engage in the truly noble and worthy

worthy labour of improving their minds, rather than indulging their senses; of cultivating the immortal part, rather than pampering the body; of aspiring to a resemblance of angels rather than sinking themselves to the rank of brutes."

I asked her again and again, if I could depend on her not delivering me up to my aunt. She told me, that a promise with her was a sacred thing, and to be extended to every thing understood by it, as well as what is expressly said. But, added she, in return, you must unfold to me every circumstance of the elopement, and every idea of your little heart.

I complied, giving such a description of my passion for the Prince, as made this tender friend tremble for me. She began by telling me, that he whom I had supposed my lover was very likely a young man of no consequence, that as I had assumed the title of *Princess*, he had that of *Prince*; "But, added she, whatever he may be, you, my dear child, have been misled, by the negligence of your instructors, into gross errors and false principles.

"You look upon love as a blind irresistible deity, whose darts fly at random, and admit of no defence or cure.—Consider the matter, my dear, in a more reasonable light. The passions are intended for our servants, not our masters, and we have within us a power of controuling them, which it is the business and duty of our lives to exert."

My father, and Lady Filmer did every thing they could to enable me to forget my *Prince*, and to regain my lost time. Lady Filmer was angry with herself for not having interfered before in my education. There is not, perhaps

said she, a more pernicious, nor a more common error, than the doing, or not doing a thing, out of regard to the opinion of fools; which is doing them too much honour.

Lady Filmer and my father spoke very little to me on the subject of my dejection, which I could not conceal; they knew that all discourses of this nature would rather augment, than extinguish the passion: they only attempted to amuse me, by various avocations, which might turn my mind to other considerations.

In the midst of amusement, however, this excellent woman used to speak the language of reason and good sense; while her insinuating behaviour, and the friendship she threw into her discourse, softened and rendered agreeable, what might have otherwise appeared too grave and formal for a child. Thus, she turned into instruction, what appeared not to have the least relation to it. As you have already seen so many of her sentiments, you may believe she took the utmost pains with me, beginning with religion; this opened a new world to me. In the three years I remained with Lady Filmer, I learned the little I know, as I have never since had much time for application. She desired me not to be discouraged at my extreme ignorance.

"All endowments and acquisitions, said she, must have a beginning. The time was when Sir Isaac Newton did not know the letters of the alphabet; and the time may come, when another, by making a proper use of his natural abilities, and providential advantages, will exceed the pitch to which that prodigy of our species reached."

It is almost needless to acquaint you, that my aunt lived so unhappily with her husband, that

that they soon separated. It has been observed by some, matrimony affords an equal opportunity of satisfying either hatred or love; and this opinion is verified by much experience. To say the truth, if we are to judge of the ordinary behaviour of married persons to each other, we shall, perhaps, be apt to conclude, that the generality seek the indulgence of the former passion only in their union of every thing but of hearts. Lady May-dew and Miss P^{lums} lived together in the same style as before the marriage of the former.

It appears from the exact calculations of the value of life, that out of an hundred persons born in London in one week, there are not more than ten who reach to forty-six years of age; yet most people flutter on, forgetful of what must be the inevitable fate of all; preparing for themselves, after a youth blooming with roses, mixed with thorns, a miserable old age, in which the thorns alone continue. Nature is always in motion; she must either advance or recede; in this position are all things involved, every thing carries in its progress the cause of its destruction, as the fruits of the earth, having gained a perfect maturity, begin to decay. The causes of our dissolution is, therefore, necessary, and death inevitable. It is no more possible for us to ward off the fatal term, than to change the law of nature. The notions of some visionaries concerning the possibility of perpetuating life by remedies, must have perished with them, if self-love did not always increase credulity, to the degree of believing in any thing that flattered it.

Lady Filmer used, with the greatest gentleness, to point out to me my aunts absurdities,
for

for my improvement. " Their errors, said she, proceed from their not having in their youth furnished themselves with any resources for advanced age. For, my dear child, variety of employment is necessary to exercise the activity of the mind, which is otherwise sunk in gloominess, or evaporated in vague or useless ideas.

The great difficulty arises in being able to regulate our thoughts by the dictates of our will, so as to fill up the pauses of action, and the hours of solitude, in a manner consistent with the profession of rational faculties. Though this happy talent can never be effectually acquired, yet it may be in part obtained—and to obtain it in part, is to perform a great task, worthy of a wise man; so dangerous is our own company, and so difficult is it to keep the mind steady and employed on some useful subject! No man can be long alone without becoming either better or worse for it; a state of neutrality in this respect is incompatible with human nature, always progressive: we cannot exclude thoughts; bad as well as good will present themselves indiscriminately, though to reason is left the power of selection. But unless we exert that power of selection, how shall we chuse the good? If we allow vicious habits from negligence, or indulgence, to gain ground, we should then, my dear child, said the excellent monitress, always consider our latter end. " Cicero, in the first book of his Tusculans, shews ingeniously the falsity of the judgments we form concerning the duration of human life, compared with eternity. To give the more force to his reasoning, he quotes a passage from the Natural History of Aristotle, touching a kind

kind of insects common upon the banks of the Hypanis, a river of Scythia, at present called the Bog. Aristotle says, that they live but a day; those who die at eight in the morning, die in their youth; those who die at five in the evening, die in a decrepid old age. What is the longest life to eternity? Yet so little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprize us like uncertain contingencies. My aunts have led me to moralize; you will excuse them for it, when I acquaint you, notwithstanding Sir Violet May-dew had spent every shilling of his wife's fortune, they bequeathed me forty thousand pounds, being both carried off by the same fever. I shall write to you again to-morrow, in the mean time remain

affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

L E T-

L E T T E R LIX.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I AM happy you approve of my letters: When I declare that I have the greatest opinion of you, none will mistrust my sincerity, and all will applaud my discernment; but you cannot express your zeal for any friend at so high a rate, without risking the world's opinion of your judgment.

The slip I had made, by eloping from the masquerade, was well known; my aunts themselves had promulged it, partly out of a desire of talking, and partly out of revenge, because I was taken from them; it had, therefore, become the general discourse, and had served to render their own absurdities more conspicuously glaring. If we have no good to say of young people, or those dependent on the world, we should be silent; but to speak ill, and declaim against a young girl of fourteen, is the height of cruelty; her character is at that time not completely formed, and she may afterwards be totally different from the ideas formed of her at that early period. The voice of satire is not to exasperate, but amend, and should never be personal. If it be, it may make an impartial person suspect, that the satirist has a natural spleen to

to gratify, which may be as great a fault in *him*, as any of those which he pretends to expose and censure in others.

Had I fallen into other hands, who might have imprudently acquainted me with the thousand dreadful stories circulated concerning me; I am fearful it might have driven me to despair, or led me to suppose what is generally the case, that I had nothing to hope from the world.

Lady Filmer knew better; she counteracted these reports, and thought it necessary to introduce me sooner into company on that account, and took particular care I should always be with other young ladies of the strictest propriety and decorum. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, my own fortune, beside what it was natural to suppose my father would give me, procured me some very good offers of marriage. All which I rejected without the smallest hesitation.

There were two, however, whom I found very difficult to discharge; the first was, Mr. Worthy, the son of my father's partner, bred up by him to the same business, and who succeeded him in his early youth; and in a little time distinguished himself, not only by his knowledge in trade, but also by his probity of heart and generosity of sentiment. Nor was he deficient in personal accomplishments; his figure was remarkably agreeable, his address engaging; and no pains had been spared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education. A cheerfulfulness made his conversation as lively and agreeable, as it was useful and instructing.—He was ever in good humour, always the same, both accessible and affable to the meanest creature, to whom he could afford comfort or relief. He heard every thing patiently, and was not a

either

either to mistake or suspect; his own great candour disposing him to put the best construction, and to judge the most favourably of all persons and all things. He was never imperious or assuming, and though he had a superior judgment to most men, yet he never dictated to others. And as no man had observed human nature more carefully, or could judge better; so *none* made larger allowances for the frailties of mankind than he did. His maxim was, that no man can descend below himself in doing any thing, which may contribute to protect an innocent person: he spent annually a third of his income in acts of beneficence. My other lover was a baronet: his chief merit consisted in being a *chapperon* to all the Signoras at the opera-house, and this alone was sufficient to fix my aversion. Mr. Worthy possessed my highest esteem; and as I really believed he sincerely loved me, I unfolded to him the real situation of my heart.

He was affected by my relation, even unto tears; and the regard I felt for him was such, that I even thought, though I could never marry any other than the object of my affections, yet that would hurt his mind, I would willingly remain single. He soon convinced me of the folly of his reasoning, and that the source of it had sprung from the erroriousness of my former studies; which by his excellent conversation he always endeavoured to remove.

I had been indulged in learning to paint, for which I have some small genius. You may remember in Tasso's Jerusalem, Edward and Gildippe, husband and wife, are introduced fighting gallantly against the Saracens; Gildippe receives a mortal wound by the hand of Solyman; Edward, inflamed with revenge, as well

as concern for Gildippe, is agitated between the two different objects. The poet describes him, endeavouring to gratify both at once; applying his right hand against Solyman, the object of his resentment, and his left to support his wife, the object of his love. This subject I had attempted to paint, and it was said with tolerable success. Mr. Worthy was one day admiring the beauties of it to my father, when Sir Joe *Concetta* entered. He was perfectly astonished, when informed it was my performance, and had always considered me so inanimate, that it was scarcely possible I should have any ideas of the passions I had there so well expressed. I enjoyed his surprize, and was determined to add to it; my musical powers had never attracted him; he had never heard me sing or play; I therefore sat down to my harpsicord, and sung and played some of the most favourite Italian songs, in which I *quavered out the feelings of my heart in exact time.*

He now, I believe, began really to like me for I had taken off some of his Signoras, and was expressing his admiration, when we were surprised by a violent noise in the hall. Mr. Worthy, went to see what it was; when returning he acquainted us, it was only a foreign servant, who insists Sir, (addressing himself to my father) that you are a surgeon, and your people are so angry at it, that they seem inclined to knock the poor fellow down. As Sir Joe *Concetta* had intreated another song, I was going for it to my music repository, when looking at the stranger in the hall, I screamed and almost fainted away. Lady Filmer flew to me, and procuring me every assistance, after some little time I could only say to her, dear Madam

the stranger is the Prince's servant, and burst into tears. My father took the man into a room by himself; poor Worthy assisted Lady Filmer in recovering me, from the agitation of spirits I had been thrown into; while the Baronet coolly said, "This is very extraordinary! (and seemed to think) this girl is not so great a fool as I thought. I do not understand all this; I have mistaken her character." Making a bow, he ran down stairs, whipping the rails with a small switch all the way he went, as he was going to ride in Piccadilly and St. James's street, for the air.

My father found the man half drunk, who spoke very bad English, but had in his hand, extracted from the list of baronets, the names and residences of every one of the name of John, and said, "An please your honour, I know I am drunk, but I could not help it, *ces fautes de mes affaires le pauvre Prince seroit mort*; if I do not bring him news de Mademoiselle." As my father understood from this man, that my lover was the Prince de Sols; and that his father, the Duke de Crui, was actually come over with him, to endeavour to find me out, though by my precipitate departure he only knew I was the daughter of a Sir John; this accounted for the servant's mistake. Their denying my father's name, might have excluded me ever from happiness! On what slender accidents does our felicity depend? My father waited on the Duke that afternoon. I soon saw my lover—and every thing was soon concluded to my satisfaction, except the tender regret I felt for Mr. Worthy. When a woman has once said *I love*, hath she not said every thing in her power to say? Can she do wrong in repeating it, or in proving by her

her conduct the sincerity of such a declaration? Many young ladies will hurry a man into a consumption before they will give him their hands.

After our marriage I stayed a few months in London, and then went to Paris; my father-in-law's almost constant attendance on the late king, confined us there. If you expected any love scenes, you see you are disappointed. Dryden observes,

Imperfect sounds,
And nonsense, shall be eloquence in love.

I refer you to Terence's Pamphilus, in the fifth scene of the first act. Pamphilus's attestation of love to Mytis is very affecting, and the relation of the circumstances so solemn, serious, and pathetic, that nothing in the writings of the ancients are reckoned equal to it.

But far more difficult would it be for me, to delineate my dear husband's conduct to me in every circumstance, since that happy day I became his wife. I am writing no romance, and the truth so far exceeds credibility, that I will not attempt the description; let it suffice to say that these last eighteen years have been an invariable scene of tenderness, complacency, and attention; always happy to prevent my wishes, and ever exalting me for imaginary virtues, mostly produced and cherished by himself.

But,

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it.

Farewell, my dearest friend, may you soon be equally happy!

ELIZA DE CRUI.

L E T T E R IX.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR MADAM,

AS you request me to give my opinion on dress, I comply with your desire. Our innate consciousness precludes the necessity of inculcated such trifling attentions to our sex, as a late noble author repeatedly urges to his son. An elegant mind is a sufficient monitor, and will always exclude what is offensive to delicacy. The opinions of men of great abilities, are respectable before they have given their reasons for them; but afterwards they are upon a level with the opinions of other men:—for they will depend then upon reason for their support, not upon the authority of the character.

The speculations of the great, however, deserve attention; for if they teach us nothing real, they will at least teach us, by their deviations from reason, always to confide in the rectitude of our own. It is not for our sex to admire this author; he places them throughout his work in a despicable point of view, therefore I shall say no more of him. Trifling as dress may appear to some people, in my opinion it is of infinite consequence; insomuch that I shall apply to it, what Mr. Addison said of dancing, “That no person can dress well, that is to say, with a thorough

thorough propriety, who has not a good understanding."

Propriety is distinguishable in adapting dress to the station and time of life; *good sense* in the œconomical arrangement of it; and *modesty* in its adjustments. As dress is a science in this age, a woman that does not avail herself of it is to blame, as it is so very easy a matter to attend to; she must unite the most exquisite delicacy with the utmost simplicity, qualities so far from being incompatible, that the *first* cannot exist without the *last*. Excellence in every thing, in dress, in poetry, in painting, and all the fine arts, depends on simplicity; yet simplicity alone does not give it; choice is required, and there is in nature such infinite variety, that taste needs be at no loss for its exercise. The finer a person is adorned, the mind appears the less, and serves only to illustrate natural blemishes. Plain dress for a plain man or woman, at least implies modesty. Caligula was as ridiculous for the softness of his habit, as Augustus was admired for the modesty and gravity of his. As a woman's dress is composed of many more articles than a man's, she has still a greater opportunity of exposing herself in this way. It therefore requires on her part, a stricter attention; which is necessary, as it has been ever esteemed to convey a striking emblem of the mind:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

But as we have every day some new conviction of the effects of appearance on the minds of people, it is innocent for those in subordinate situations, to avail themselves of it, by making as good a figure as possible, suitable to their circumstances,

circumstances, and situations. Quin asserted, he could not afford to go plain. But they must beware of not permitting artificial desires of any kind to deprive them of the power of relieving the poor. And ought never to forget, that though life hath its venal trifles, yet they cease to be innocent when they encroach upon its more important concerns.

Diogenes observing that the inhabitants of Athens treated trifles with gravity, rattled his tub about the streets, to shew them his thoughts of their behaviour. But the women, in this respect, have been sufficiently imitated by the men in all ages, and in none so much as the present. You may remember the young Roman knights, on whom Pompey had placed all his hopes, turned their backs at Pharsalia, for fear of being wounded in their pretty faces : and Juvenal blames the effeminacy of the judges for their delicate dress, painting their eye-brows, wearing silks, and consulting the glass.

Alexander was so anxious to transmit a favourable idea of his looks to posterity, that he permitted none to draw his picture, or form his statue, but Apelles and Lysippus. The Spartan Agefilaus (conscious of his bad figure) would never suffer any picture or statue of him to be taken : and Hortensius, the Roman orator, spent half the day in admiring and dressing himself.

Julius Cæsar used to wear the laurel to conceal his baldness ; and Ferdinand, King of Spain, constantly wore gloves, to conceal a defect in his hands. Does not the army in general owe its being filled with so many gallant young men, to the love of fine cloaths, more than that of battle ? as it has been often said, the prerogative of a captain (which is every thing above a

serjeant, and below a major) is to dress as fine as his taylor will let him.

I think too great a neglect of dress, a worse fault, if possible, than running into that of over-dressing; where beauty perishes through mistake as miserable as that of the *Roman virgin* smothered under *Gallic* shields, instead of receiving the trinkets she had bargained for, as reward of her treason.

Mr. Shenstone says, apparel should be rich in the same proportion as it is gay, it otherwise carries the appearance of somewhat unsubstantial; in other words, of a greater desire than ability to make a figure.

We must not deviate very much, as I hinted before, from the fashions: if a fool's cap were fashionable, she would be a fool who did not wear it; and those who will not conform to the custom of the country where they reside in their dress, the mob survey as if they were come to triumph over them.

Indecency does not consist in the cloaths, but in the singularity. Yet although we should be above singularity, we will nevertheless, in things we think right, be governed by our own rules which are the laws of reason and convenience.

Now, as self-love, and the flattery of others when we are in an exalted station, render us blind to the alteration that years make on our persons; the adapting dress to our time of life is the point in which people are most likely to err; hence the ridiculous old women, you and I used to note at the drawing-room, whom in spite of nature, and their climacteric, are determined to enjoy eternal spring, and shine forth in their silver silks, blended with pea-green, laylock, and pink.

The

The same author remarks, that persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauties of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may increase their own beauty.

You may remember how much we admired the Duchess of ———, who does not think it suitable to her character, to be sitting an hour under the hands of a friseur, to have her venerable grey hairs tricked out to the taste of the times. Although her good sense sees the necessity of such a submission in young people, in whom any singularity would be esteemed an unhappy emblem of their minds; her own apparel, and the colours of it, are always adapted to her age: she is particularly nice in her linen; and the articles of her dress are composed of as little variety as possible, to preclude the attention it may require. Fashion (I have often observed), altering annually around her, affects her not; she invariably remains the same respectable and revered person; and, though her rank in life obliges her to go to court, no flounces, *chevaux de frize*, nor any of those redundancies, does she ever think necessary. While our amiable Queen (I write as an English-woman), who is perfect mistress of propriety herself, I am convinced, only admires her the more for it: an air of dignity distinguishes her person, and every virtue is engraven in indelible characters on her countenance. She is humble to her inferiors, never forgetting her advanced age, and thinking it high time to slacken the reins of pride, and to wave all sublunary distinctions, when they are near being at an end between her and the meanest person breathing.

This Lady I have selected for my model many years ago, with a few exceptions, on account of circumstances. I make no doubt, but you will wish to do the same; but in order to accomplish that desire, you must not postpone your intentions, as people do the practice of religion, to a more advanced age, but begin *now*. As I have painted the difficulty of our ever knowing ourselves, after you are thirty, dress always five years older than you really are; that is, in the manner of those of that age. It is a maxim of prudence, to leave things before they leave us. There are three other Ladies at the English Court, whose style of dress I was greatly pleased with: the Countess of A——le, for her unaffected simplicity, Lady S——ds and Lady P——m, for their elegance and propriety.

But whilst we think it of our interest to recommend ourselves to the world, because we may probably live so many years in it; the same prudence must determine us, never to lose sight of our eternal concerns! What are fame, wealth, and admiration, when compared with the expectations of a being without end? How poor will these things appear to us at our last hour? how joyful will those be, who have led honest and virtuous lives, and travelled to Heaven through the roughest ways of poverty, affliction, and contempt? It may be conceived, what immense advantage it may be of, to have endeavoured, even in this imperfect state, to get our minds opened by the accession of new ideas, to have habituated ourselves to examine, to compare, to reflect, and distinguish. It is evident, that all these exercises of the understanding must be absolutely necessary in any future state whatever, for ennobling our minds.

As

As they say *the tongues of dying men enforce attention, like deep harmony*, I shall, therefore, have recourse to that of a few of those eminent men, distinguished in their lives by their talents, address, and politics, which best discover the real situation of earthly things, because the mind must then be more free from prejudice, and every secret human bias, than ever it was before.

Philip III. King of Spain, seriously reflecting upon the life he had led in the world, cried out upon his death-bed, "Ah! how happy were I, had I spent these twenty-three years that I have held my kingdom, in a retirement."

Cardinal Wolsey's speech on his death-bed, is well known: and, Cardinal Richelieu, after he had given law to all Europe, died in great horror, on account of many things he said he had done in his life-time, from that which they call *reasons of state*. And here I must observe, Cicero's Offices prove that nothing is *useful*, but what is *just*. The man, says he, who reasons, that this is *just*, but that is *expedient*, erroneously dares to separate what nature has cemented, which is the source of all fraud and iniquity.

Cardinal Mazarine having made religion subservient to the secular interest, discoursing with a Sorbonne doctor, concerning the immortality of the soul, and a man's eternal state, said in an agony of mind, weeping, "O my poor soul, whither wilt thou go?"

Sir John Mason, privy-counsellor to King Henry VIII. upon his death-bed, delivered himself to those about him as follows: "I have seen five Princes; I have been privy-counsellor to four; I have seen those things that are most worthy of observation in foreign parts; and have been present at most foreign transactions for

thirty years together ; and have learned this after so many years experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate : and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy-counsellor's hurries for a hermit's retirement ; and the whole life I have lived in the palace, for one hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things forsake me besides my God, my duty, and my prayer !”

Solomon long ago told us, that after having sought, and found, and tasted of all sorts of pleasures, he confessed, that besides loving God, and serving him, all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Yet the poet tells us,

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continual sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate bett upon to-morrow ;
To-morrow comes ; 'tis noon, 'tis night ;
This day, like the former flies,
Yet on he runs to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

Should we not accustom ourselves to think the greatest part of our lives are already past ; to contract our views and schemes ; and set light by a vain and transitory state, with all its seductive enjoyments ?

Farewell, my amiable friend : may your days, nevertheless, be many ; “ But blessed is he who feareth always,”

Ever yours affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

L E T T E R LXI.

From Lady FILMER, to the Princess
DE SOLS.

MY DEAR MADAM,

YOUR Highness does me great honour in regretting you were not sooner under my direction; and you now so earnestly request my communicating to you my plan of education, that I instantly comply, and hope it will be salutary to your young ones.

The delicacy of modern education destroys the foundation of the native vigour and flexibility of the human body: it is impossible to say what it may be brought to bear, if gradually inured to the intemperance of seasons and climates, to hunger, thirst, and fatigue. Before it has acquired a settled habit, we may give it any we please, without danger; but when once arrived at its full growth and consistence, every alteration is dangerous. Notwithstanding the variety of absurd and unnatural customs that prevailed among barbarous nations, they were not sickly as we are, because the hardness of their constitutions enabled them to bear all excesses. Nor were they deformed: Mr. Hay says, in his Essay on Deformity, that Rutila is the only Lady among the ancients, who was distinguish-

ed for a hump-back. All that class of diseases which arise from catching of cold, on a sudden check given to the perspiration, is found only among civilized nations. An old Roman used to plunge into a river, whilst in a profound sweat, without fear, and without danger. An education equally hardy, would render us proof against every thing. The greater care we take to prevent catching cold, the more we become subject to it: the only precaution we can take, is to render ourselves superior to its influence.

There is a striking instance of this in the vigorous constitutions of the children in Scotland, braced by the daily use of the cold-bath; and still a farther proof of it in those children, who go thinly clad, especially of the poorer sort in the Highlands, who remain without stockings and shoes in all seasons. The softness and effeminacy of modern manners have deprived us of our natural defence, against the diseases most incident to our climate, and subject us to all the inconveniences of a warm one; particularly to that weakness and morbid sensibility of the nervous system, which lays the foundation of most of our diseases, and deprives us, at the same time, of the spirit and resolution to support them.

In Greece, no maxim ever more practically prevailed, than that sloth and inactivity were equally the parent of diseases of the body, as of vices of the mind. When the body of a smith is enfeebled, his arms have greater strength than those of one of better health, and more vigorous constitution. In like manner is the mind strengthened by application; and those who never apply to any study, will ever remain in a state of childhood, liable to every perturbation,
and

and susceptible of every weakness, in the same manner as the body is affected with cold.

At a certain age children are susceptible of habit, though incapable of reason, at this period; therefore, they should be accustomed to submission. By thus inculcating obedience, before they are able to speak, one of the greatest difficulties is subdued.

For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And master even the devil, or throw him out,
With wond'rous potency.

If parents manifest their affection to children, as soon as they can be sensible of it, they will gain their confidence; which is the most effectual method. As soon as reason authorizes you, assume a despotic empire, and teach them never to appeal from your decisions; and to fear nothing so much as being in disgrace with themselves on having done any thing to incur a just reproach from their parents; which they should never make to their children, without, at the same time, rendering them sensible, that it is a pain which it is ungenerous in them to occasion.

A violation of truth, I would punish by four days banishment, but an acknowledgment of the crime should obtain forgiveness. This should be the utmost of your severity. Never have recourse to the cruel custom of beating, or depriving them of their meals; blows are too great a disgrace to an ingenuous mind, and the want of food is injurious to health. Manual correction blunts the finer feelings of the soul, and weakens that sense of shame, which, at that age, is perhaps the strongest guard of virtue. Children should be punished as nearly as possible,

in the same manner as if they were arrived at years of discretion; that is to say, by remorse, by shame, and by the loss of the advantages of society. Shame, that great engine of education, should be employed with great sparingness and attention; not to wear out the springs of it by too frequent use.

As soon as they are capable of reflection, begin to form their minds, by inculcating such principles as are certain and invariable:—these are to be found in religion alone.—You will first instruct them in such points of it as are intelligible to them; and, as their understandings strengthen, you will explain it more fully.—It is certainly more reasonable to expect a religious education should have a proper effect on a person's conduct, than that an uncultivated mind should produce the fruits of virtue. But even good principles are not always a sufficient security from deviation, when violent temptations assail; but these principles will soon influence an offender to a return of duty, and inspire a stricter attention, to avoid future errors.

Though it is necessary to promote an emulation in children, yet the greatest caution is requisite to prevent it from degenerating into jealousy. The best method to suppress envy or hatred, is to prefer the action without respect to the person. To preserve the most scrupulous justice in rewards and punishments, and never to praise one child at the expence of the other. When a child is slighted or neglected, he grows sullen and jealous, and is perhaps, in consequence a misfortune to his family, a disturbance to society.—When this is the case, must not the fault originate with his parents? It should be their particular care not to render themselves
odious

idious by austerities of temper, but to gain the affections of their children by such indulgencies are sometimes unavoidable. "Reproof (says my favourite author*) should not exhaust its power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently against the incursions of vice, and leave foppery and futility to die of themselves." This general lesson may be extended to children. Servants act diametrically opposite to this plan; their own passions and partialities enter into their punishments and rewards. It is in the nursery where prejudices and false ideas are imbibed, which it is ten to one if the grown-up man is ever afterwards able to eradicate. Thus betimes they, with a barbarous folly, create the strongest aversion in the mind, to that which Providence has ordained; and with a superstitious weakness, impress the mind with a reluctance and contradiction to the wisdom, will, and unalterable decrees of the Almighty. A credulous nurse, or governess, fills a child's head with stories of ghosts and witches; or perhaps being frightened themselves at some reptile or insect, they impart their terror to the child, by giving him circumstantial accounts of the malignant influence of those animals, which being illustrated by examples, they at last make him believe such creatures are dispensers of life and death. Tender mothers, on the contrary, think a restraint upon their own behaviour indispensably necessary; and to conceal their own faults from their children, to appear the same at all times, and never to manifest the least caprice or folly of passion. But this method costs too much trouble, when they are left to the care of the servant; the quick-

* Dr. Johnson.

est way with them is, that of railing or striking which does not require much skill; and never to take the smallest trouble to disguise their own feelings. Whereas, to bring them up by reason there must be a care, and an attention to their tempers and capacities; a delicacy of which few teachers are capable. The misfortune is few mothers have patience to take pains in the education of their children; this negligence may be accounted for from their ignorance of the pleasures which are united with these sollicitudes. A fine Lady searches after happiness abroad while she may enjoy at home the most affecting of all sensations, by practising duties of the last importance.

What greater felicity can a fond mother possess, than in an easy familiar manner, to give her children such an insight into history, such a taste for poetry, and other branches of literature, as may suit their genius and rank in life! The great Cornelia, mother to the Gracchi, and Aurelia the mother of Augustus, did not disdain this office. The first thing a girl is commonly taught is to disguise her sentiments, to contradict the thoughts of her heart, and to utter all the civilities custom approves of; and to esteem pride and ambition admirable ingredients in a genteel and virtuous education. Is it not better, by teaching humanity, to inform her that to give pain is immoral; that she will be equally culpable in shocking a person's *mind*, as in racking his *body*; and that to please by her *actions*, and not offend by her words, is necessary to render her amiable in society? Dean Swift says, "Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company." I need not observe it is necessary, that girls should be inspired early with

with that reserve which is becoming their age and sex. This requires constant attention; and for this reason an attentive mother will study to find out their characters, and never prevent them (in private) from talking. The contrary method proceeds from cruelty and ignorance, by which the graces of the mind are stifled, and the finest period of our lives made one of tiresome restraint.

I make no doubt but girls so educated, will be preferred to others of better fortunes, brought up in a different manner; for their good principles, health, and strength of mind, will prove more profitable than a more ample dower. To observe one's duties, one must know them, and be able to distinguish betwixt those that are *real* and those that are merely *nominal*.—Many suffer reproach, because it is the custom to call one thing *right*, and another, *wrong*, without tracing any thing to the bottom. One reason why men usually have such erroneous notions of things, is, because they receive general rules, which yet have many exceptions; or rather it is, because they receive rules as *universal* which are only *general*; while, for want of knowledge and judgment, they do not make right distinctions between that part of a rule which must always be the same, and other parts which are liable to change. The mind must always be impressed with sound principles; *custom* may give the *appearance* of virtue, *solid* knowledge can only give the *reality*.—Hence we acquire exactness of thought, justness of action, and propriety of speech; are enabled to distinguish between truth and falsehood; and learn that true happiness consists not so much in enlarging our possessions, as in contracting our desires.

I am

I am exceedingly concerned to hear of the Prince's tendency to a consumption; may the waters at prove salutary. As Heaven has favoured you with every circumstance of human happiness, perhaps, this allay may be necessary to fix your thoughts on a superior felicity, and give you a full evidence of the vanity of human events. I ever am,

Your Highness's

affectionate and

sincere friend,

AMELIA FILMER.

LET-

L E T T E R LXII.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I Hope this will find your Highness, and all your family, in perfect health. Agreeable to your desire, I continue my reveries.

There are many who think politeness a very trivial affair; but, if they reflect, they will be very soon convinced, that the tranquility, even felicity of our lives, depends as strongly on small things as on great, of which men may be easily convinced, if they but reflect how much uneasiness they have experienced from cross accidents, although they related to but trifles; and at the same time remember, that disquiet is the greatest evil, from whatever cause it may arise. True politeness is founded on goodness; it must therefore consist, in speaking to every person in the language he knows best: to give attention to him is not merely to be silent; but we must answer what is required of us. We ought never to contradict, except in defence of ourselves and absent friends. It is a polite and amiable practice to make some excuse for another; even in those cases where you are apprehensive he may be justly blamed.

We

We ought seldom to speak of ourselves ; but it is a duty to bear this fault in others, and an indispensable obligation where people are unfortunate. There are many who tire us with their talking, and others by their silence. The one exhausts our *spirits*, and the other our *patience*. A medium should be observed between the indiscretion of making others hear us always, and the supercilious pleasure which some take in keeping a profound silence. I believe however, we repent ten times we have spoken, for once that we have been silent. Yet I by no means like the maxim of *second thoughts being best*. It may suit a crafty politician *, but I can by no means approve of it for youth—the former nature dictates, art the latter ; for we are by *starts* what we are by *nature*, being at such times off our guard. Third thoughts (it has been observed) often coincide with the first, and are generally the best grounded. “ *Un cœur ferré* (says Mrs Griffith) would disgust me, though the possessor had ten thousand amiable qualities ; life is short, but were I an antideluvian, I should not think it worth while to seek for a heart, that is wrapped up in a hundred and fifty envelopes.” It is true, that the love of entertaining, and the vanity of being listened to with eagerness, may lead young people of vivacity to expose what prudence should oblige them to conceal.—Yet where there is a good understanding, a little experience will lead them to get the better of this folly ; people seldom speak

* Read Sophocles Philoctetes. The dialogue betwixt Philoctetes and Neoptolemus, is the most complete system of dissimulation I ever read, except a late nobleman's Letters to his Son.

ill of themselves, but when they have a good chance of being *contradicted*.

As to the offence we may give others in conversation, I should suppose it hardly possible for an elegant mind to produce any thing contrary to delicacy. But if from the warmth of temper incident to youth, a young lady has exceeded the due limits of propriety; let her go to the fountain head, and correct her *heart*, not her *tongue*. When, if she is directed by reason, and open to conviction, on a review of her conduct she will make an acknowledgment of her fault. Think (says some author) when you are enraged at any one, what would become of your sentiments should he die during the dispute. A man should never blush to confess that he is in the wrong; for by making such confession, he proves that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won; great minds submit not to the meanness of being positive in error. On any occasion of this kind, nothing more is necessary than to put yourself in the party's place, which will obviate a great deal of jealousies and little resentments you may be sensible of towards them; and to put *others* in ours, considerably abates the pride and haughtiness of ourselves.

You remember Lady S—— T——, how much as a young lady, was she to be admired! Her conversation was gay with innocence, sensible with ease; she possessed politeness with sincerity; and the modesty of her discourse, whilst it added a lustre to truth, furnished also an excuse for her errors. I have often been tempted to say to her what the queen of Sweden said to Mademoiselle Le Fevre, "With such an understanding are you not ashamed to be so handsome?"

some"? Without these attentions, young people seldom please in conversation: their knowledge *must* be very *limited*, which commonly render them positive in their assertions. There are indeed some few penetrating minds, with whom a short introduction has the effect of a long information, and who from the little they see, imagine all that can be seen; but these instances are very rare.

I have already observed, in our correspondence, that a change in dress is necessary as we advance in life; but of how much greater consequence is the address? Unaffected modesty, unsuspecting innocence, and amiable sincerity, softness, exquisite sensibility, and tenderness of heart, are the characteristics of youth: but in middle life these must undergo material changes. What formerly was *agreeable gaiety* would now be *levity*; to be admired might then be a young lady's *desire*, to deserve respect is now her duty. *One* is as easy as the *other*: and a woman is very blind to her interest, who thinks she loses by the exchange. Hitherto, from being accustomed to feel nothing in her heart but what was strictly honourable, she was above all disguise, and had sometimes *discovered* what she ought to have concealed, having not then seen enough of the world to be humbled at a discovery of her own credulity. Her *artlessness* and *sincerity*, must now be tinged with *worldly prudence*; she had before judged others by herself, distrust is not natural to a virtuous mind: can those possibly suspect deceit who find themselves incapable of practising it? Credulity is the common failing of inexperienced virtue. She may now with dignity, as well as virtue, censure a *double entendre*, though it was not consistent before with

with the amiable timidity, that feminine reserve, which gives such charms to extreme youth. There are many occasions where ladies of delicacy are put to the blush. Affecting ignorance can never be graceful, or a proof of delicacy: on the contrary, a woman of virtue would be wanting to her character, if she had not courage enough to express her resentment of any discourse that is meant as an insult to modesty. But in this, as in every other species of conversation, it is the understanding which must direct, in regarding times, tempers, and occasions. As we should adopt the style of our writing to the capacity of the person to whom it is addressed, so should we our manner of acting; for as persons of inferior *understanding* will misconceive and perhaps, suspect some sophistry from an elegance of expression which they cannot *comprehend*, so persons of inferior *sentiments*, will probably mistake the intention, or even suspect fraud from a delicacy of acting, which they want *hearts* to *feel*. If a lady possesses any superior talents natural or acquired, they must not appear with all their lustre to dazzle the eyes, and confound the understanding: one of distinguished abilities seems obliged to some terms of *condescension*, as a tax on her genius. The discourse of some people is like the stars, which give little light, because they are so high. With facility she can descend to their apprehensions when they cannot mount up to her's. But this must not seem to be the effect of a designed *condescension*; for this is still more mortifying to pride than the other. It has been observed, that nothing offends more than explaining things particularly in our conversation; where more is meant than meets the ear, it is always a compliment

pliment to the sagacity of the company ; which will render you at least not arrogant to those who do not understand you ; to the others, it is pretty much the same ; it is probable they will be pleased at your giving them the credit of what they are ignorant of. This observation however I should suppose can only extend to a few, whose superiority must be universally acknowledged before they can flatter people's self-love, by acting as Socrates advised Alcibiades, to consider his hearers as so many cabbage-stalks. The best judges have observed that the surest way to please, is not to say what may be said, but to make way for others to do it. Horace, says " A well bred man should mask his strength and artfully affect weakness in a dispute, rather than excite the rancour of his antagonist." Our conversation should appear always natural, and suggested by the occasion, not strained, nor premeditated : if we deliver our reasons with equal simplicity and accuracy we shall be eloquent. But above all things let us never lose sight of our constant maxim : " Nor too little, nor too much."

Nature *pleases*, affectation *disgusts*. A person of good sense will easily discern what will be agreeable to the company. It is as ridiculous by the force of superior knowledge, or affected language, to expect to gain the attention of a mixed company, as it would be to catch a herd of deer by the beat of drum. Most people are frightened by the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or a quick *repartee*, than by a clear demonstration. So far from pleasing, a woman of learning is reckoned

one of the most ridiculous creatures in nature; and the restraint people are laid under by her presence, must render her highly disgusting, as it must banish from their conversation all that freedom, gaiety, and ease, in which they would naturally indulge themselves before people of *less wisdom*. The ease and sweets of social intercourse, are only to be enjoyed among those who are as heedless and unguarded as ourselves.

There are some people who priding themselves on being particular, view nothing in the same light with the generality of mankind. They affect this singularity to shew the depth of their understanding, which would not have it supposed they could be imposed on. I always let such have their own way. If we accurately observe the humours of mankind, there is nothing which sooner, or more certainly provokes a man, than the giving a check to his desires and inclinations even in the most trifling affair. It must be confessed, however, it requires patience when we are connected with

A sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pool,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
Or who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

The being absent in company is inexcusable, because it creates offence. Lord Chesterfield says to his son, "A man never is *absent*, either in presence of a *man* he *fears*, or a *woman* he *loves*." The same may be said to the want of
all

all attentions. A. Gellius mentions a remarkable instance how much the Romans were offended with a man for gaping before the Censors, for which he would have been severely punished, had he not declared upon oath he did it voluntarily, and that it was a kind of disease. I have only now to add, it is to be regretted that scandal, like irreligion, gives too great a relish to people's enjoyments; but the censorious forget, that in artfully describing the characters of others, they undesignedly display their own. I have seldom heard a woman talk with violence (on the unfortunate of her own sex) who was either of an established, or unsuspicious character. Censure is a disease of the mind, which owes its rise to a criminal curiosity of listening to stories, and an ill-natured credulity in such reports as tend to the disreputation of others; and in a great measure owes its birth to man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. You are too amiable for me to fear any thing of this kind from you; let me only intreat you, as I know your high and just ideas of *right* and *wrong*, to soften the severity of your virtue in the cases of other persons.

They are only the *pretended* votaries of virtue, who are inflexible to penitent offenders. Real goodness is never severe, but delights in perceiving a return to virtue. And indeed how can we reasonably expect forgiveness of our own faults if we refuse it to others?

Make not thy sports abuses; for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

HERBERT.

Let

Let us, my amiable friend, respect ourselves, and cultivate in us a charitable disposition of mind. If people attended to what is amiss in *themselves*, they would be less at leisure, to remark on the conduct of *others*. We had better find out *one* fault in ourselves than ten in any *other* person.

I ever am your Highness's

affectionate friend,

and humble servant,

AMELIA FILMER.

LET-

L E T T E R LXIII.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

London.

THE Prince De la Roscelli, Lord F——, with Mr. Trueman, dined here yesterday.

Mr. Trueman, in my opinion, possesses every merit that can distinguish a human being. The manly beauty of his person, the elegance of his manners and politeness of his address, can only be equalled by the extent of his learning, the profundity of his knowledge, and his innate modesty. But as the Prince and this gentleman are to accompany Lord F—— to Scotland, you will see them all at Bruce-hill in their way. The Duchess's character in regard to men is unimpeachable; but she is defective in every virtue which could endear her to society, and has sufficiently proved what you once said of her—that she has no heart.—Lord F—— knew Mr. Finlay abroad, has a great respect for him, and was carried home one day lately to dine with him; he said Lady Julia was dressed with the utmost neatness, waiting to receive him, whom she welcomed with a smile of complacency: not like certain fine ladies, who are enraged if their husbands bring in an unexpected guest, without previously informing them, that they be enabled to provide a sacrifice for their own

own vanity. "Lady Julia, said Lord F——, received me with the utmost chearfulness: she made indeed some apology for their style of living, but it was politely turned as a compliment to my friendship, which she said could carry me where I was sure of being so ill entertained. In the course of conversation, I endeavoured (added Lord F——) to make an apology for the Duchess's behaviour to her Ladyship."—She smiled, and answered, "You will pardon me, my Lord; but I must have a very great esteem for any person, before they can hurt my mind by their neglect. The poet says,

You soothe not, therefore hurt not.

There are two virtues to be learned from human imperfections: the faults of others may teach us patience; and our own humility."

Lord F—— agrees entirely with my son in his opinion of Mr. Druce, who succeeded Mr. Trueman with his Grace when Lord Dacres, and has even since been his bosom friend. I asked them gravely, how they could reconcile their good opinion of him, with his practice, as he adapts himself to every appearance, every circumstance, every disposition and situation of life, though at the expence of his sincerity, if necessary for his interest?

Lord F—— answered me, that he had once spoken to him on that subject, when he answered him as follows, "A person that is dependent, my Lord, said he, is obliged to comply with a thousand caprices, to concur in a thousand errors, of which in his own mind he does not approve. I never yet knew a man who did not *hate* the person who seemed not to have the same opinion of him as he had of himself; and

as that very seldom happens, I believe it is one of the chief causes of the malignity mankind have against each other. The oracles of Apollo, in nothing discovered their knowledge and the justness of their pretensions to inspiration, more than in gratifying all their inquirers. The subtle managers of that mystery were acquainted with the prevalent passions of those who came for information, and left a constant room for vanity, superstition, and ignorance to please themselves; they did not fail to pronounce success to those conquerors who could demolish their temples; or to proclaim those the wisest philosophers who were the most capable of discovering the cheat. Whoever, said he, would deceive the multitude, let him not despair of persuading them to believe any one thing in the world except truth." "Mr. Druce therefore (said Lord F—— to me) so far from endeavouring to deceive mankind against their inclinations, rather confirms the foolish in the notion that nothing is so insipid as good sense. He makes the prodigal believe that he is generous, and the miser that he is only an œconomist; and the rich man that he is a scholar, a hero, a patron of the Muses and a favourite of the ladies. This method of conversing with mankind is attended with infinitely greater advantages than one would at first imagine; it gains their affections and their confidence, and raises the idea of our merit in proportion to the opinion they have of their own. Plausibility is a more marketable quality than good sense.

"Tis cruel, sir, 'tis needless to endeavour
To teach a sot of taste, he knows no flavour.
To disunite, I neither wish nor hope,
A stubborn blockhead from his fav'rite sop.

ARMSTRONG

"I asked

"I asked Mr. Druce, said my son, his opinion of Lord Dacres : he answered, "I depend, sir, upon your honour, and I speak without reserve ; he has the *bluntness* of an Englishman, without his *honesty* ; the *petulance* of a Frenchman, without his *sprightliness* ; the *jealousy* of a Spaniard, without his *gravity* ; and the *roughness* of a Russian, without his zeal to be *serviceable*." I could no help again expressing my surprize (added my son) that a man of Mr. Druce's good sense could bear the company of the Duke and his drunken companions: he replied, "Alas ! sir, there is a great difference betwixt *choice* and *necessity*. As to drinking, it is easy to decline any excess of that kind, if a man is known to have established rules to himself from which he will not depart. But it must not be refused sullenly, (especially by a man that is dependent) and mirth and good humour must be more studiously kept up by the person who otherwise would be looked as a spy on unguarded folly. Will he not then be more esteemed by the company, although they may not have strength of mind to follow his example."—I am so surprised I can hardly proceed ; the Duke, Mr. Finlay, and some of the others dined yesterday at — near town : there was some poison in the wine or victuals : his Grace is dead ; Mr. Finlay they think cannot survive it.

Farewell, my dear friend : I ever am with regard,

your affectionate friend,

and humble servant,

AMELIA FILMER.

L E T T E R LXIV.

From Lady BRUCE, to Lady FILMER.

O H ! my dear friend, it is too much ! No language can convey to you the sensations of my heart ! *What am I, O Lord ! and what is my father's house, that thou shouldest still follow me with thy blessings ?* In acknowledging so highly the merit of Mr. Trueman, you have approved my son worthy of your regard. It is said in Scripture, *that all things shall work together for the good of those that love God.*

But how imperfect have been my services ; and in giving way to anxiety for this beloved son, how often have I arraigned the justice of Providence ! It was *you*, Madam, who calmed my soul, it was *you* made me humble myself to almighty God ; and it is *you* alone who hath procured to me these blessings. How vain, how weak is human prudence ? What care, what foresight, what imagination could contrive such blessed events to make me happy, as Providence in one short hour has laid before me ? Soon after Mr. Lewis's return to the country, he came to Bruce-hill. Exclusive of the respect due to a divine of his distinguished worth, some distant hopes I yet entertained rendered me very desirous of seeing him. I found his conversation highly entertaining ; but as if nature had informed me of the truth, I found every particular concerning

concerning Mr. Trueman interest me strongly. I dwelt with rapture upon his character, and could never hear him sufficiently applauded. As Mr. Lewis was acquainted with my connections, and former situation, from Sir James, I flattered myself, that I observed a something in his countenance, when speaking of Mr. Trueman, that could not deceive a mother. But for shame, I should have clasped his knees, and conjured him to tell me every thing about my son. One day, however, I ventured to ask his christian name, upon his answering Edward, I cried out, *It is, it must be him!* But upon my dear Sir James's desiring me to compose myself, and not to give way to delusive hopes, I acquiesced. But upon the arrival of the Prince, Lord F——, and Mr. Trueman, I was so agitated, that I was no longer mistress of myself. It appeared to me, as if the whole fate of my life depended on a single point, to confirm or confute my hopes. A pleasing error is not easily detected. I ran, I returned, I sat down, got up, halted again, took drops, came back; and then walked forward, as if I expected sentence of death to be pronounced against me. Under this anxiety of spirits, I entered my drawing-room, supported by Sir James, my knees knocking under me, without having sufficient strength of mind to venture to look up, or to do the honours of my house with any propriety. Figure my emotions, when I heard the words pronounced, "Gracious Heaven! I thank you, it is her!" then venturing to look up, I beheld the most amiable of human figures advancing to me. And then kneeling, and clinging round me, conjured me in the tenderest and most endearing accents to pardon him.

Mr. Echard mentions a certain Baronet, who was so delighted at the Restoration, that one felicity after another turned his head, and he was killed with a blaze of happiness, as another man might be with a flash of lightning. However ludicrous this is, it is certain, that the feeble body is too weak to bear the rapid and violent emotions of the soul, when it is filled and agitated with an excessive joy. The heart is capable of bearing but a small degree of joy, it may be over-charged with it, and be rent and destroyed with the irresistible efforts of it; according to the several degrees of which, it is evident it often occasions extasies, swoonings, and death.

After staring wildly at him, it seems, "I said my son, my son!" and fainted away in his arms. This is the Agamemnon of the picture, over whose face it is necessary to draw a veil, from the impossibility of faithfully representing it.

Joy could not shew itself modest enough,
Without a badge of bitterness.

I remained so long insensible, that they became alarmed: I was let blood, and by degrees recovered, after a violent fit of crying. The scene was so truly affecting to every one, that there was not a dry eye present. My amiable Lucy actually thought I was dead; which rendering her regardless of every other person present, she gave a loose to her tears. After I was perfectly recovered, she was obliged to retire for the rest of the day, she was so much indisposed. My worthy son assured me, that he had never ceased, for one instant, to love, to respect, and honour me; but that these affections had induced him
to

to fly from me, as he had intimated in his letter.

" Oh ! my child, said I to him, how are our sorrows past over-paid by such a meeting ! Though I have lost so many years of soft maternal joys ; yet in one day to find thee in such perfect felicity ! is ample, ample reparation ! "

After we were all a little composed, for I may say *all* were deeply interested in my Edward, he gently reproached Mr. Lewis for not advertising him of his happiness, which might have armed him with resolution to have behaved with greater propriety : " Besides, added he, my dear friend, how could you be so cruel as to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from this knowledge ? You have robbed my life of some months of pleasure that ought to have been in it." Mr. Lewis answered, he had resisted every temptation to the contrary, in order to make the discovery more agreeable. " My expectations have been answered : what, said he, exclusive of my Lady's fainting, could be more joyful or more tender than your meeting ! A few of those exquisite moments, of which the best minds are only capable, over-balance the longest enjoyments, which can ever fall to the lot of the worst." The Prince acquainted me with his obligations to my son ; and that he had settled 7000*l*. per ann. on him and his heirs for ever, with leave to sell the property and purchase in Great Britain.

You may believe we all extolled the Prince's generosity ; he answered, " Can I do too much for the man, who has been a kind of subordinate guardian angel to me ? "

It must be observed, that those who immoderately extenuate their actions by their words, and renounce those honours which are indispu-

tably their due; by that very conduct, discover as great a degree of pride, as those who in this respect usurp what does not belong to them. My son only bowed, and said he should ever be grateful for the Prince's goodness.

We are to take a tour to Scotland. The Prince accompanies Lord F — — ; Edward must attend him. Farewell, my beloved friend,

your's ever gratefully,

and affectionately,

MARY BRUCE.

L E T -

L E T T E R. LXV.

From the Same, to the Same.

Edinburgh.

MY DEAR MADAM,

WE arrived here a week ago. As I was determined to owe no attentions from my relations, to my change of circumstances, I wrote two letters, the one to my sister, the Countess of O——, the other to my brother-in-law, Sir Benjamin Ross. They were both dated from the New-Inn; and to avoid making myself known, I had couched them in the same terms, beginning “An unfortunate sister,” &c. &c.— My maid delivered both these epistles to a porter. you cannot be surpris’d, when I acquaint you, that the answers from both were equally discouraging; and as if they had possess’d the same ideas, each inclos’d five guineas, desiring to be no farther troubled with me or my son. And with this heroic act of generosity, they silenced the soft pleadings of nature, and had persuad’d themselves they had done their duty. Sir James had gone to his lawyer’s, and brought me home the agreeable news that my son had obtained a verdict in his favour.

We were sitting at dinner when, the landlord came into the room, and ask’d if Mr. Lewis, who is with us, was not an English clergyman;

upon our answering in the affirmative, he begged he would go to see a dying gentleman, who was desirous of speaking to him. This proved to be Mr. Plot, the writer or attorney of whom you have heard me speak. I told Mr. Lewis that I knew him very well, and had suspected some dark doings on his part in favour of his brother, who had been my husband's principal creditor. Sir James answered, that they could not possibly be in worse hands, as he knew him to be a rascal. Lord F——— looked very grave, and said, that Mr. Plot's name had recalled to his remembrance all the irregularities of his youth, which had all originated from him, "O Sir, what is your opinion of a death-bed repentance?" "If repentance is sincere," cried Mr. Lewis, I hope, through the mercies and merits of our most powerful and benign Intercessor, it will never come too late." "Oh Sir, said Mr. Plot, you speak comfort to my soul. But one of the ministers of this city was always, though a holy man, of a different opinion*; what dreadful ideas I have! horrible recollections! unutterable misery! it is not to be borne! I suffer strangely."—Mr. Lewis called for help; he was afraid he would have died. Upon his recovering a little, he looked eagerly about for him. "Where is my deliverer?" said he, then seizing his hand said,

* See an Essay on the indispensable Necessity of a holy and good Life to the Happiness of Heaven; shewing that this Necessity, according to the plain Tenor of the Gospel, is without any Reserve or Expedition. By W. Wishart, D.D. Principal of the College of Edinburgh.

“ Tell

“ Tell me, assure me that I am forgiven, that it is possible I can be forgiven of God !” Then growing calm he said, “ But do you not think, Sir, that in order to obtain pardon for any great sin we have committed, by an injury done to our neighbour, it is necessary, as far as in us lies, to make all the amends we can to the injured party ; and to undo, if possible, the injury we have done ?” Most undoubtedly, cries Mr. Lewis ; our pretence to repentance would otherwise be gross hypocrisy, and an impudent attempt to deceive and impose on our Creator himself. Now if you repent sincerely, it is probable by reason, it is certain by revelation, that God will pardon those that sincerely repent.” He then told Mr. Lewis, that he had lived in reputation for forty years ; had never been detected ; but was the greatest of villains. That he had wished to confess his guilt, as a relief to his conscience ; but was ashamed to humiliate himself to the ministers of the place ; and the one he regarded most, never attended any person on a death-bed. He then acknowledged many sins, but in particular, many that he had had the management of all Mr. Ross’s affairs, which he had bribed the workmen to secrecy—and had infused poison into Mr. Ross’s wine ; and, after his death, had contrived that his brother should seize the estate as principal creditor.

Mr. Lewis told him, he must declare this before proper witnesses, in order to its having the desired effect, to put the right owner into possession. He complied, and he confirmed what he had before declared, giving a box of papers, which he said would be indisputable evidences in corroborating the facts. He then fell into strong convulsions : as soon as he had a little interval, he

he said, "A hundred voices cry for judgment on me!—It is pronounced—already, I am in torment."

Thus he lay groaning out the remains of life, his heart struggling with convulsive shocks—pains insupportable throbbing in every pulse, and innumerable darts of agony transfixed his conscience*, untill death put an end to his existence. Happy as this discovery is for my son, there are circumstances attending it so shocking, as to affect me sensibly. Sir James cannot but approve of my sensibility for my poor poisoned unfortunate husband, who engaged my earliest affections, was the friend of my heart, and the father of my Edward. Yet I must not appear too sorrowful; and though I feel my heart ready to burst, at a thousand tender recollections, I must, I will suppress them; it would be an indelicacy to the best of men. Is not this an argument against second marriages? I love, I revere my dear Sir James; but to sorrow in secret for my poisoned Charles, would be luxury to me; yet I am tremblingly alive to all his kindness for me and mine.

I had written so far, when Sir James, slipping behind me, had read what I wrote. I heard him exclaim, "By Heaven, Madam, your sorrow shall be sacred! I honour, I adore you for it. The sensations your delicacy of sentiment has produced on my mind, surpasses what the most enraptured youth could have felt for you in your bloom of youth. Such a husband! can I be otherwise than happy? yet my mind leads me much to melancholy." As Sir James saw my letter, I will not shut myself up this evening, as I had wished to do: you must know

* See a valuable poem, entitled, *The Grave*.

know, this week happens to be the election of the peers; there is a great ball to-morrow night.

In a former letter I acquainted you, that the Duke of N——'s mother had been a visiter of Lord O——s; in consequence of this connection, Sir James, and family, were invited to dinner, and to go to the ball afterwards. We declined it. I sent a card to your friend the Duchess of B——, begging leave to have the honour to attend her Grace with my daughter.

Farewell, my dear friend; you know my heart, judge of the variety of feelings it has undergone within this very short time;—but whilst it beats, it will be

your's,

MARY BRUCE.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXVI.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

WE went to the ball with your friend, the Duchess of B——. I had sent a note to my sister, which I had contrived to be delivered into her hands after she was seated. As she sat opposite to me, I witnessed her confusion. The contents of it were, “Lady Bruce returns Lady O——’s five guineas. It was the return of a sister’s affection she so eagerly solicited, not pecuniary assistance. After Lady O——’s former coldness, no calamity could have induced her to have applied to her for relief.”

The prince opened the ball with the Duchess of B——. Edward and Lucy accidentally danced a minuet together: instantly a murmur of applause ran through the whole room: The elegant the charming couple! there never was such fine dancing as this gentleman’s! The truth is, without partiality, I never saw a finer figure; his clothes were a present from the Prince, which he had insisted on his wearing that evening: it was a violet coloured silk, with an *epaulette* of diamonds, &c. Edward was reckoned in Paris the best dancer there: his master was the great Marcel, who published a treatise of the power and efficacy of that art,
in

in refining the mind, and infusing sentiments of elegance and delicacy; and advanced, there was no truer method of discovering the elevation, or meanness of temper and disposition of a man, than to see him in the different attitudes of dancing. After his dancing was so much admired, the next thing was, Who is this gentleman? The answer, Mr. Ross, nephew to Sir Benjamin Ross, and son to Lady Bruce, was whispered through the room. The congratulations his relations met with on his account, completed their confusion.

Lord Myrtle, the son of Lord O——, retired into a corner. Sir Benjamin Ross, at the time Edward danced, was chatting with Sir James: he called out, that he had never seen so fine a young man in his life. Sir James let him run on in praise of Edward's dancing, and then said, "Give me leave, Sir, to wish you joy of your nephew; the assistance you sent his mother, I now return you; my wife is not in a situation to receive pecuniary assistance from any one; and her son's fortune is too considerable to be essentially served by any of his relations." He retired staring, and seemed to doubt the reality of what he had heard. I could not help thinking,

All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deserving.

Sir James Ramsay joined us, is more in love than ever with Lucy; but she is still averse to him; there is a delicacy in women, which will not suffer them even to be easy in the presence of a man whom they know to have pretensions, which they are not inclined to favour.
This

This amiable girl has a melancholy hanging over her, which I cannot account for; she is also often indisposed, and much altered. Lord Myrtle, my sister's son, admires her also: as it is known Sir James will give her ten thousand pounds to her fortune, the parents readily consented, and employed Sir Benjamin Ross to propose it. So true the observation,

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend.

And beginning to feel the consciousness of having made but a bad figure in our adventures, they were desirous of coming to an accommodation. Sir James made answer, that I had shewn my good intentions on my first arrival, but had then been spurned and neglected; he humbly thought I could never bring myself to look upon them as relations; that he had considered my character thoroughly; and knew, that what person soever I found worthy of my esteem, I would not give up for any consideration, and the greatest on earth, whom I did not esteem, could not obtain from me any farther tribute than decency. "It must be confessed, said Sir Benjamin, that we have behaved all very ill; but you know a Latin father said, "to love one's enemies is a god-like revenge." Sir James answered, he knew the goodness of my heart, but would leave this matter entirely to myself. When he acquainted me with this conversation, my sentiments entirely corresponded with his. I answered, that I should receive a visit from Lady O—as the wife of Sir James Bruce, as *conscious* that to him alone I owed her attention.

We met at Sir Benjamin Ross's—a most awkward meeting it was to them: for my own
part

part, I was perfectly at ease. Lord O—— is now very old; and, as he had consented to his son's marriage, he thought the affair was finished, and spoke in a dictatorial manner of the writings, settlements, and necessary preparations. Sir James smiled, and said, that he apprehended it would first be necessary to know, if his daughter approved of it. This proud old man had thought her consent certain, but was deceived: she gave an immediate refusal; and really my nephew is not worthy of her. Lord O—— was astonished. Lord Myrtle was quite inconsolable; Lucy was so much in his *head*, that if he had been accustomed to reflection, he would have concluded, she was in his *heart* also, and that he was seriously in love with her: he is, however, come to Bruce-hill to urge his suit, and Sir James Ramsay has asked leave to accompany us. Of those who have yet made their addresses to her, there is none I would wish to succeed sooner than the last mentioned gentleman; but I am much afraid he will not succeed. There is no logic like that of the heart: having taken his resolution to come to us, before he reasoned upon the matter, he reasoned afterwards in such a manner, as soon to persuade himself he is in the right, and that he may still have some chance of success. Farewell, my amiable, my *real*, my *true* friend, I am never so proud as when I receive your letters, nor so humble as when I would answer them.

Ever your's,

MARY BRUCE.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

Bruce-hill.

DEAR MADAM,

WE arrived here ten days ago; I resisted staying longer in Scotland, on account of Mrs. Bruce, who, since our arrival, has presented us with another grandson. Lord Myrtle and Sir James Ramsay are here. Lucy is very melancholy, and declines much in her health. I believe I wrote to you some time ago, that Mr. Moss was killed by a fall from his horse; his lovely wife has been in great affliction; one little girl only, she has to console her for his loss. I should send Lucy to her, but that I think it will hurt them both. We were for some little time at Lord F—'s; it is a noble seat, but in great disorder. My son's estate is within two miles of it, but we never had any connection with the late Earl.

A covetous man as naturally shuns the company of an extravagant one, unless he has a great estate, and can make a prey of him, as an envious ugly woman does that of a handsome one, unless she can contrive to do her some mischief by conversing with her. Scotland, your Ladyship knows, is a mountainous country, but in many places has as fine vallies as any in England:

land: there is a great deal of good and useful timber in many places of Scotland.

We regretted very much we could not shew the Prince Arthur's Oven; it formerly stood upon the estate of Sir Michael Bruce, near Falkirk: it was a noble miniature of the Pantheon at Rome, and the admiration of all men of taste. Does not the gentleman who suffered it to be demolished, deserve condemnation as much as the Roman general Sylla, for the destruction of the famous Lyceum? We went and saw the chapel at Rosline, with which the Prince was greatly charmed. It is situated on a rising-ground, beautified with wood, water, and rock: the Esk, gliding along the west and south foot of the hill. The chapel is all of free-stone, and one of the most curious pieces of old Gothic workmanship in Europe.

The Prince's indignation was excited to see the chapel of Holyrood-house, the repository of the remains of our crowned heads, without a roof.

Learn hence ye vulgar souls, to die without repining
MALNEBE.

The Greeks, you know, from whom the Prince is descended, were always fond of sepulture. In the history of the Lower Empire, I was struck with the animated and affecting description of the Greeks expulsion from Belgrade by the Grand Signor, in 1739, when that place was delivered up to him by a treaty with the Emperor. They were forced (says he) to wrest the women from the tombs of their husbands, their children, and fathers, to which they clung and supported themselves, until spent with tears,
and

and fainting with grief, they were borne for ever from the remains of persons so dear to them *."

The Italians have imitated the Greeks in their love of sepulture.

What an extent must the Catacombs of St. Sebastian be in Italy? forty-eight miles long, consisting of labyrinths of narrow, dark, humid alleys, lined with tombs.

"Do not imagine, said the Prince, that this view of mortality among the tombs, is altogether dismal and gloomy. The species of horror such a spectacle impresses on an honest and gentle mind, is greatly alleviated by the variety of objects around it. Curiosity, and even humanity, finds a sweet satisfaction from the inscriptions which give, as it were, a language to the tombs, and where, too often, unfortunate mortals receive the first recompence of their virtues from society. Envy being silenced, the veil is removed that kept merit and justice asunder.

I have presented the Prince with Mr. Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs. He is delighted with them. Farewel, my respectable and much beloved friend.

Ever gratefully your's,

MARY BRUCE.

* Hist. du Bas Empire, tom. iii. p. 414.

L E T T E R LXVHI.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

I sincerely rejoice in your happiness. I now ask your pardon for keeping you in the dark with regard to your son: I discovered who he was, and suspected it long before I saw him. I only kept it concealed, in order to make the discovery more joyful; had any bad consequences arose from your excess of joy, I should have been unhappy for the remainder of my life. How unthinking I was! The heart can no more support immoderate joy than excess of grief; the one is destructive by too much dilating it, the other by too great a depression; and it is equal whether the vessel be crushed by too strong a pressure without, or burst by too violent an extension within. I enjoyed the confusion of your unnatural relations. Although, my dear friend, I have repeatedly transmitted to you my congratulations by others, I cannot help now repeating them myself. My dear Sir John's death, my constant attendance on him until that mournful period, the having been confined to my bed ever since, have till now prevented me writing you. I have examined myself thoroughly, on the cause of my great grief: it must either flow from one of these causes; either that I think his death
a dimi-

a diminution of my happiness, or of his ; or else I grieve I know not why, and consequently my grief is unreasonable. In the first case, I must be moved by interest and self-love, not by the love of my friend. On the other hand, if my friend's happiness be the occasion of it, I must have an ill opinion of his condition ; and if I conceive, that my friend's felicity depends entirely upon the union of soul and body, my faith is as doubtful as my happiness. Is not grief then an effect of infidelity ? Is it not impious and unreasonable, as deviating from that perfect obedience and resignation we owe to God ; and, therefore, not allowable in a wise and virtuous man, who makes it his endeavour to know and perform his duty ?—I have now in some measure recovered my tranquillity. I endeavour to divert my attention, and to amuse my mind.

My amiable Harriet has supplied to you my correspondence—I now resume my pen, to acquaint you with some particulars, of which she cannot so well write as myself *. She acquainted you, that Mr. Finlay did not survive the Duke but two days, from the effects of the poison. Lady Harriet has been as much with his disconsolate and affected widow, as she could spare from me. The Duchess of A—— has conducted herself through the whole season, in which grief is to make its appearance on the outside of the body, with the strictest regard to all the rules of custom and decency, suiting the alterations of her countenance to the several alterations of her habit ; for as it varied from silk to bombazine, from bombazine to grey, from grey to white ; so did her woeful countenance change from dismal to sorrowful, from sorrowful to sad, and from sad to serious ; till the happy
day

day came in which she was allowed to return to her former serenity. You start, and say, if she is so great a stickler to forms, it is not yet arrived.—I answer, the Duchess mourns according to the court. But you will still be more surprised, when I acquaint you that her Grace is married; and more so, when I tell you it is to Mr. Druce.

An ingenious female author* acquaints us, that in Turkey they think any woman that dies unmarried, dies in a state of reprobation. Many of them, says she, are very superstitious; and will not remain ten days unmarried, for fear of dying in the reprobate state. Upon hearing of this report, I did not believe it, and immediately wrote and begged her Grace would come to me; as I wished to speak to her, and was confined to my bed. She came; after some apologies, I told her what I had heard; but that I hoped the report would be fortunate for her; as when the impropriety of such a marriage was properly represented to her, she would not, I was persuaded, think any more of it: “What, right Madam, have you said I, to pervert the order of society; which, in distinguishing the stations of individuals, for the good of the state, requires those who are placed in an honourable rank, should neither be so mean, nor so ungrateful, as to disturb the public harmony by their own debasement?” She answered, “Madam, I have sufficiently proved my respect to you, by listening so long; had I debased myself in my first marriage, I could not now please myself. I loved my husband when living, rather more than he wished me to do, and did what decency required of me when he died; but being free—I am free to chuse.

* Lady Mary W Montague.

“ I have

"I have now 5000l. a year, besides board for my children; I think Mr. Druce not only an agreeable man, but one of superior understanding, passionately fond of me, and universally well received and esteemed; it is true, his father was a petty attorney, but *he is himself every thing*."—I then ventured to hint to her Grace, the decency of marrying so soon—and that it had been insinuated, that there must be some reason for it, not conducive to her honour; and that Mr. Druce ought not to remain in the house. Lady Dacres became outrageous; I trembled to behold her in such a fury. The consciousness of injured innocence naturally produces dignity, and usually prevents excess or anger. Our passions, it has been observed, are most apt to rise when we are conscious of blame, and when we apprehend that we have laid ourselves open to contempt. When we know we have been wrong, the least injustice in the degree of blame imputed to us, excites our bitterest resentment; but when we know ourselves faultless, the sharpest accusation excites pity or contempt, rather than rage. The Duchess after this said, "I am sensible too late your reasoning is just in that respect—but *I am married*."—The ceremony was performed yesterday; I may have been imprudent in this matter, but Mr. Druce has obtained an entire empire over my soul; he was afraid my relations, if pre-acquainted with our intentions, would prevent them.

"Remember, Madam, said he to me, that while your friends have only your happiness in view, you do in effect, though not in circumstances, answer their kind intention, when you seek it by the indulgence of your own inclinations.

ons.—When led by nature and by reason, by love and truth, you give your hand to the man of your choice, and insure your happiness, by making him happy who loves you with invariable tenderness!" In this manner he addressed me, until overcome by his arguments and my own esteem for him, I yielded to his request. I must now abide by the consequences; but indeed, indeed, Lady Filmer, I am no farther culpable, and cannot suffer an idea to be supposed, that can fully the purity of my heart."

"Then, Madam, added I, as this folly is committed, it is necessary that it should be immediately declared; that after-consequences may not bring upon you censure, which you would be so little enabled to defend." They dined with us the day after; he is really a genteel, sensible, agreeable man.

I am apt to believe she really loves him, and was induced to marry him from his having assiduously courted her, by agreeing with her in her follies, agreeable to the character you have before received of him.

Lady Harriet and Sir Edward dined with them a few days after. Upon their going up stairs after dinner, from the disposition of the card tables, it appeared her Grace was to have a great rout, at which Edward and her sister were surprised, but said nothing. At length a great knock at the door announced the arrival of one of the visitors. As no body appeared, the Duchess rung the bell, inquired who had called, where they were, &c. The servant replied, "Lady Flush is extremely sorry to hear that your Grace is indisposed, and cannot see company: seemed much displeased; said that she had refused twenty invitations for this night, and

did not know what to do with herself." "Heavens! said the Duchess, what is the meaning of this?" Mr. Druce made a sign for the servant to retire, then walking forward, placed himself in a sofa between Lady Harriet and the Duchess; when taking her Grace's hand, he smiled and said, "The mystery I shall now, Madam, take upon me to explain to you in presence of these your best friends—if they blame me, I shall submit to your censure; if they approve of my conduct, will you resign yourself to their decisions?" The Duchess did not seem to know how to take it, when he proceeded as follows, to Lady Harriet, still holding the Duchess's hand: "There is no man breathing, Madam, more penetrated with the beauty, or more sensible of obligations he may lie under to a Lady, than I am this moment to this lovely woman. No man has had greater opportunity of observing her than myself—I have studied her character thoroughly—I have adored her person, admired her wit, and been delighted with her humour; while I have lamented her follies, her improper connections, and pursuits.

"Yet she never seemed to be, but what she really was; and through that carelessness of temper, there still shone forth to me an undesigning honesty I have always doubted in women of the world. I know that errors from want of thinking might be borne, when probably one moment's serious thought would end them.

"Love, the desire of independence, and the hopes of reclaiming her, have induced me to run the risque of marrying her." Upon observing that even Harriet coloured at this, he added, "Pardon, Madam, this seeming impertinence; as I have now the honour to be your
brother,

brother, I speak to you plainly, and as a man of sense should address a woman of understanding. I do not exaggerate the matter; notwithstanding the heavenly countenance of your sister, had I not known her so well as I did (as I had myself a competency settled on me by the late Duke of 500*l.* a year for life) and as her imprudence has made her universally censured; I would not have married her, had I not watched for so many years her temper, each turn and fall of her mind; that I knew honour was centered in her soul, and that she would not do wrong in an essential part, and that all her little affectations are but the effects her glass produced; which had told her, beauty like her's may take ten thousand different liberties. Your Ladyship may soon believe me, when I add, what signifies it to me, if my wife is as beautiful as an angel—if I do not possess her heart? What consequence are her great relations to me, if she connects herself only with the worst company in town? And of what use is her large income, if she not only lives up to it, but loses it at play?

“ I have taken the liberty of debating this point with the Duchess; she has been unreasonable; and has sent cards for a rout this evening—which I would not submit to; and have therefore desired to acquaint the people as they came, that her Grace was suddenly indisposed, and could not see company. Your Ladyship will probably be more convinced of the propriety of my conduct, when you read the list of their names.

“ As I will venture to say that there is not among them, a young Lady whom you, or Lady Julia Finlay, would go into company with; or an old one whom Lady Filmer would sit an

evening with at a *tête-a-tête*." They acknowledged that it was truth, on reading a list of the company, which was composed of old routers, who make a trade of playing; foolish people who are wise enough to be soon tired of their own company, and therefore impatient of solitude, perpetually impose it on their unfortunate acquaintances. And some others, who although they do not love play themselves, yet as they find it the easiest passport into company where their whole happiness is centered, think it a small price to pay for what they esteem so valuable.—But the worst of it is, some of them cannot afford to play, but sacrifice to the vanity of appearing with the great, what would procure them every thing essentially necessary in their own sphere of life.

During all this time, the Duchess's astonishment had prevented her from the power of utterance. At last she exclaimed against the cruelty, the barbarity, and tyranny of his behaviour, in having exposed her to all her acquaintances. "You, Sir, said she, that used to approve of all my actions!" He answered, "Madam, as a dependant of your husband, your follies made me laugh; as your husband, they would make me weep: but, tyrannous! great God! can the heart of the truest and tenderest lover harbour tyranny? I hope I have explained myself in a satisfactory manner to Lady Harriet; if you imagine I have carried things too far in regard to this rout; you must reflect, that an inveterate disease requires a violent remedy; I had tried and proved the inefficacy of milder remedies before. From the time in which I was able to form to myself any rules of acting, I determined that whenever I married, I would be
despotic

despotic. I have not altered my opinion. The conduct of your life, Madam, shall be dictated by the strength of my reason, until I can prevail on you to exert your own; which is the only thing wanting to render you the first of your sex. This is a right which you have yourself confirmed, by the dearest acknowledgments of mutual affection which led you to distinguish me. I shall be happy in making you so. I shall rejoice in your reformation, and be ever ready to grant you every *elope* in my power. Consider me at present as your passionate admirer, your fond husband, and tender friend. And that you will find in me, a heart that shall embrace you with exclusive fondness, and would be happy to be wrapped up alone in the dear enjoyment of your virtues and your love, and will make your happiness my unwearied study. But remember, Madam, that if you wish to retain my affection, you must be *amiable*.—Habit may indeed, for a time, supply the deficiency of merit; what we have long loved, we do not easily cease to love; but habit will at length be conquered by frequent disgusts.”

However extraordinary this address was, Lady Harriet and Edward could not help being rejoiced at his behaviour, and agreeing in his sentiments. But what could equal their surprise, to see the Duchess, after the first transports of passion had subsided, smile on him, and seem even proud of his steadiness!

He has a genteel person, and a most insinuating address; he took her hand and kissed it, saying, “Passion is a flame which is soon extinguished; we can never love long where we do not esteem; let it be our mutual endeavour to improve ourselves in virtue, and in propor-

tion as our respects increases for each other, so will our fondness, and upon our return to town two years hence."—Mr. Druce ! Heavens ! What do you mean ?" cried the Duchess.—" I mean Madam, what I say ; we set out to-morrow morning for the country : I asked this worthy and respectable pair to witness this conversation, and flattered myself they would approve of my plan. There is only one thing remains with you ; I should suppose a female companion would be agreeable to you ; I am grieved that there are none of your own intimate acquaintances I approve of ; but should suppose your asking Lady Julia Finlay, would be a proper attention to her ; and her society will, I am sure, when you have time to reflect, be highly acceptable to you." As the Duchess saw she must comply, a letter was dispatched to Lady Julia Finlay, to request her company to Buckinghamshire. Her answer was, " That the present weak state of her health and spirits, incapacitated her from witnessing scenes of joy and festivity ; that her loss was yet *too recent*, to permit her even to partake with cheerfulness, those assiduous attentions of her *real friends*, who had done every thing in their power to comfort and sooth her sorrows, and who were doubly estimable in her eyes, from having at all times evinced the sincerity, and truth of their respect and friendship for her deceased friend."

When this note came back, it truly affected Mr. Druce, Lady Harriet, and Edward : the two last knew very well what the answer would be ; the former shed tears, called her an angel of a woman, and declared that her husband had possessed every virtue that could dignify a human being. The Duchess and Mr. Druce left

town

town yesterday, and have left their house for two years. At the Duchess's desire, Lady Harriet intreated Mr. Druce to postpone the journey for a month longer; he would not comply. I talked the matter over with him myself, and I cannot sufficiently admire his sentiments; and am convinced, that the Duchess's marriage to him is the luckiest event that could have happened to her, in regard to her most essential concerns. He said to me, "Madam, I perceive you are surprised at my apparent change of character; but I intreat you to recollect, that it is only now that I begin to act for myself. The dependent situation I was in for the first years of my life, taught me to reflect; I found, that under those circumstances, it was necessary I should have no desires, no inclinations, no opinions contrary to those who either did, or had the power to oblige me. Thanks to the loveliest woman in the world, I have succeeded; it shall be my care to return my obligations to her, by rendering her merit as conspicuous as her beauty; and if I am firm in my opinion, it is because I know I am in the right; as I am determined my wife shall break off all her former connections, this cannot be well accomplished if she remains longer in town. I have said her Grace is indisposed, we go to the country for air; I am convinced at the end of the time we return to town, she herself will thank me for it. To think to be polite we must never refuse, is the source of numberless inconveniences; there is a just distinction to be made between a rational complaisance and a blind obedience: the one is a decent regard, the other a dishonourable weakness." I could not help subscribing to the

justice of those sentiments. The manner of his refusal was no way derogatory from politeness, which consists in granting or refusing with a proper grace. Mankind are deceived in their ideas on this subject; they give the name of politeness to an agreeable external behaviour, and gracefulness of action; is not this a mistake? True politeness lies in the sentiments of the mind, and is the unaffected result of good nature, and good sense; and is observable by the manner of expressing them: by an obliging behaviour, may we not resist the greatest and most officious importunities? My son is highly pleased with Mr. Druce, and flatters himself that he will find in him every thing he could wish for his sister. Sir Edward, I hope will not be long detained from you by his law-suit. It is a pity justice acts by such slow degrees in this country. I honour the king of Prussia for having had all the laws of his nation comprized in one volume; and for having made an edict, that all suits in his courts, shall be determined within the year.

I find Lord Myrtle and Sir James Ramsay have not succeeded in their addresses to Miss Bruce.

Farewell, my amiable, my beloved friend; Heaven confirm, and continue all your blessings to you. But let us never forget, that upon whatever foundation happiness is built, when that fails, it must be destroyed; for which reason, it is wisdom to chuse such a foundation for it, as is not liable to destructive accidents. If happiness is founded upon the health, the welfare, the life of our friends, a thousand diseases, ten thousand

and fatal accidents have power to destroy it; but, if it be founded upon the infinite bounty and goodness of God, and upon those virtues that may obtain his favour, its foundation is immoveable, and its duration eternal.

Once more adieu.

Ever your's

AMELIA FILMER.

M 5 LET

(250)
L E T T E R LXIX.

From Sir EDWARD ROSS, to Lord

James!

MY DEAR LORD,

Edinburgh.

I AM just returned from doing the last offices to my uncle, Sir Benjamin Ross, to whose title and estate I succeed. His illness, late fondness for me, my duty in comforting and attending him, confined me to this place, contrary to my most ardent wishes, eager desires, and fondest hopes, which would have carried me to Brucehill. Now, alas! it is too late, for my peace or happiness; but I flatter myself I have been the means, under Providence, of inspiring my uncle with a true sense of things, and of the importance of those duties he had before neglected. He was about fifty-five, and (with many others) had taken up the preposterous resolution of delaying to be virtuous till they grow in years, imagining that wisdom is the natural consequence of old age; as if that which is the greatest *imperfection* of human nature, were most proper to confer upon us the highest *perfection* of it. Now, my dear friend, virtue is a habit of the mind, to be acquired with great diligence and study, and to be with difficulty impressed on the soul; if vice has gotten a long and undisturbed possession of it, and must be dislodged by great

great exertion, and a persevering resolution. Those ever multiplying *Hydra's* heads are not to be lopped off easily, and it were but folly to attempt the *labour* of a Hercules without his strength; nor can so difficult a work be successfully undertaken, otherwise than by the help of that divine and irresistible power which is communicated to man by the divine grace. My uncle declared, that the last six weeks he lived, had been the happiest in his life. He was a man of sense, my Lord, and after the mist raised by his passions was removed from his eyes, he spoke to me as follows; may his experience, and the sentiments he expressed at this awful time, strike deep into my heart, and that of my friend, and influence our future conduct!

After repeatedly asking of me, with inutterable anguish of heart, if when the sprightliest part of his life had been spent in vice, whether the dregs of it were a fit offering for God? he acquainted me, that the inconveniencies and errors he had fallen into, had arisen from the fickleness of his humour. It were good, therefore, thoroughly to understand ourselves, to prevent the miseries accruing from this cause.

“ We think, perhaps, said he, this instant, that such a thing would please us, and make us happy: this becomes our reigning passion, which we spare no pains to procure; tho’ it is ten to one, by that time we succeed, our humour is altered, our labour lost, and all our expectations of happiness frustrated; and then our inconstant fancy fixes upon some other thing, persuading us, that it is *that* must give us content; which also obtained, from the same cause disappoints us as much as the former. How frequently are people’s happiness destroyed by this alone?

alone? imagining, that the warmth of the present temper will continue, and procure them satisfaction in despite of all the inconveniencies that may attend the gratification of it; but that eagerness unexpectedly relaxing, leaves them in a maze, defrauded of their happiness, and loaded with vexation. How many women (from this cause), said he, have I ruined, abandoned, and remained perfectly satisfied with myself, as the world considered me only as a man of gallantry?

“Reputation is no rule of action; the only rule we can be directed by, is the united principles of reason and religion. The principal thing towards which a wise man ought to bend his thoughts, designs, and actions, is the approbation and favour of God, the natural enjoyment of whom, is the only true happiness he ought ambitiously to aspire after. This is no vain imaginary pleasure, but a real felicity to be felt, tasted, and enjoyed for ever. It will not vanish when the heat of imagination is extinguished (like those pursuits I have followed all my life), but it will be so inseparably united to our very souls and beings, that the one must last as long as the other.” My uncle then mentioned a woman in the house whom he desired I should provide for.

I assured him I should, to the amount of his fortune, if it could give him any satisfaction. He wept, seemed pleased, regretted his long ignorance of me, directed particularly what he would wish me to do in regard to her, and also concerning his funeral. I knelt down and prayed, he answered, Amen! took my hand, and died. He had an excellent disposition, but had always given way to his passions; may he find that

that mercy he besought ! I enquired for Mrs. ———, my uncle's house-keeper.—I heard she was confined to her bed, but entreated to see me. I accosted her with that tenderness, humanity, and gentleness, we owe to the sex, which even their infamy should not obliterate in our breasts, but which their misfortunes should more particularly exact from us. To my great surprise I found her very homely : she told me she was now in the last stage of a consumption, and wished in part to make atonement for her past errors, by acknowledging them to me. I wished to spare her confusion, would not listen to her, and desired her to make her peace with God ; assuring her, that I would do every thing that could conduce to her establishment and comfort.

My dear Lord, reflect on this scene, give up your present infamous connection. The *heart* of man is *capricious*, but his *mind* ought to be *firm*, and should never permit him to lose that sight of order and decorum he owes to society, the world, and himself, or that humanity to individuals, whose happiness may depend upon him, I now, my Lord, ask your pardon, for the subject of this letter, but be assured, the affection I bear you alone has urged me to write it, and at a time when my whole heart and soul is absorbed in grief. You think I am a very fortunate man, and the world will look upon me as such, when I enumerate all the blessings a merciful God has bestowed upon me. I have had the felicity of finding a beloved and respectable parent in an elevated situation, in the enjoyment of good health, and much happiness. I have the satisfaction also to know, that during the painful interval in which I was ignorant of her situation,

ation, she had received every attention from Lady Filmer, who in distinguishing her superlative merit, sufficiently evinced the greatness of her own.

I have the honour of being esteemed by my friends, I possess a princely fortune, good health, and the means of exemplifying the sincerity of my benevolence to mankind. Yet, my dear Lord, I am unhappy. As a man of the world, you will be amazed what it is I can wish or want, who have been so eminently favoured by fortune? My poor deceased uncle need not have blushed before me for his errors. In fact, no man of sense can wonder at the folly of another, because the wisest of men find difficulty enough to overcome their own, and to restrain their still natural propensity to it, which will incline them to be not only thankful to that infinite wisdom, which has so graciously communicated itself to them, but to be very compassionate to the weaknesses and folly of other men. I have been aiming all my life to conquer the irregular motions of my heart, that I might be enabled to steer a steady course; to be able truly to distinguish good from evil, to chuse the one, and avoid the other.

Reason must be careful to keep all the affections of the soul under a constant exercise and strict discipline, as a skilful general does his soldiers; for too much rest will make them grow licentious and mutinous; and when they have learned to be disobedient, it will be a difficult task to reduce them to order.

Grief and discontent have generally their foundation in desire; so that whoever can obtain the sovereignty over his passions, will be master of his happiness. On the other hand,

all:

all desires as occasion such unruly passions are founded upon weakness and ignorance; so that we must gain the possession of their contrary qualities, which are wisdom and constancy, before we can ever hope to be masters of ourselves. I find this attempt very difficult; the business I have resolved upon, is to oppose my inclinations. Yet I am the miserable victim of a passion, which having merit for its object, can never be extinguished in my unhappy breast. The object of my tenderest affections is Miss Bruce; that amiable girl whom I mentioned to you in the letter, in which I gave you an account of my happy meeting with my mother; she then made an impression on me never to be removed. You smile at this asseveration, my Lord, but I know myself a little, and can aver my love is unalterable, although the object should never know it! How immutable the obligations would then be to me, where I had vowed, or where I had engaged the affections of a woman. Oh! my dear, though erring friend, in what light can I look upon that man, who under the mask of the tenderest regard, unlimited respect, and most endearing attentions, can seduce the affections, and enslave the mind of a woman of merit—and whom at last can condemn her to the most painful of all human sensations, the being under a necessity of *despising the object of her tenderest regard.*

But my friendship carries me *too far*; I resume my own story. My amiable parent fainted on discovering me to be her son, and remained so long in that situation, that Miss Bruce greatly alarmed, and dreading the event, forgot at that instant there were any beholders, exemplified her sensibility by the extravagance of her grief, giving

giving way to the exquisite feelings of her heart.—As you know, my dear Lord, the great regard I ever professed for this respectable mother, you cannot easily conceive my emotions on this occasion, Miss Bruce's being so similar to my own, attached me to her.

O, she that hath an heart of that fine frame,
To pay this dole of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the stock of all affections else,
That live in her?

I have ever admired beauty and revered virtue, and have met with them frequently conjoined; but never was my heart affected until I saw this lovely creature: I am no longer master of myself, but a sorry slave to my passions. My cousin, Lord Myrtle, is at Bruce-hill, and has addressed her, but has been rejected by her; and there is an amiable respectable man, Sir James Ramsay, whom I thought she seemed to favour when in Scotland; this supposed discovery affected me with a deep melancholy—I have since been confined here by my law business, which was happily terminated, when I had a letter from my mother, that she was entirely disengaged. I intended to set out the next day to make proposals for myself, when my uncle was taken ill with the palsy.—In the mean time the Prince and Lord E—— went to Bruce-hill, where they now are. But not to keep your friendly heart longer in suspense—the Prince, my benefactor, my friend, has wrote that Lord F—— has made proposals of marriage to Lady Julia Finlay; that these nuptials will soon take place; that his memory is too faithful to suffer him to witness their joy on this occasion.—But that

that he has a scheme much at heart, which he does not doubt accomplishing, if I will befriend him, on the success of which depends his happiness; and which if he can accomplish, he will carry back such *company* with him to Italy, as shall even console him for the want of *mine*, in case I should not chuse to accompany him. Is not this too plain? Grant me, good God! a command over myself? It is evident that true happiness consists in such a peaceful tranquillity and contentment of mind, as is neither to be ruffled by fear, nor discomposed by desire.

Yet I am a man! oh my friend, were you to see this lovely woman, you would pity me; were you to hear her charming voice, you would be enchanted; were you to witness her bewitching sensibility, her engaging tenderness, and respectable attention to my mother—her sweet art of conquering by seeming to yield, you perhaps would be more in love than you have thought yourself *five hundred times already*. Yet I must not think of her; what a sacrifice is it to gratitude, to friendship! When our nature prompts us to do a thing our religion has forbid us, we should (were it possible) conceal even from the soul itself, the knowledge of the body's weakness. Dante, one of the nicest moral critic any age afforded, placed Brutus in hell, next to Judas, for the odious crime of ingratitude. So common is this crime, the Florentines have the following execrable proverb, "Do no good, and nobody will do you any harm." What a picture is this of human nature! I will not evince the truth of it in myself.

It is recorded Alexander resigned a favourite to Apelles, who was in love with her; shall I not do for my noble friend, what he did for a depen-

dependent! Had I inspired the Lady with any partiality, for me, or did she know my sentiments, what I owed to her would have been the primary object; that not being the case, I sacrifice myself for my friend. The voice of ingratitude cannot be so frequent as it is usually represented; because the instances of real and disinterested obligations, from whence alone it could proceed, are very rare. A modern writer, speaking on this subject says, "The difficulties we apprehend, are more than those we find, in the strife with all our passions; is the only thing which prevents philosophy or virtue from being commonly attainable in general life. What makes the difference between a chaste woman, and a frail one? between a brave man and a coward; an honest man, and a knave? *one had struggled, the other not.*" Meet me, my dear friend at Bruce-hill; I go there to-morrow: sacrifice so much to friendship; to you only can I impart the feelings of my heart.

Farewell, my dear Lord, forgive the freedom of this letter; and be persuaded, that nothing but my regard could induce me to write it, at a time in which I suffer so much myself.

I am ever, my dear Lord,

your faithful and obedient

humble servant,

EDWARD ROSS.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXX.

From Mrs. BRUCE, to Lady HARRIET
FILMER.

MADAM,

I Am extremely mortified to impart to your Ladyship, what from the goodness of your heart, must sensibly afflict you ; exclusive of the tender concern you take in every thing Lady Filmer is interested in. We had prevailed on Mrs. Moss, to meet us at the Asylum at breakfast, from whence we were to dine with her ; although Lady Bruce expected Sir Edward Ross, yet her extreme goodness, in wishing to do every thing to relieve Mrs. Moss's grief for the loss of her husband, made her not hesitate being of the party. Miss Bruce alone declined going, complaining of a violent head-ach, which she had been subject to for some time. When we were met, we missed Lord Myrtle, on which account Sir James Ramsay became restless and uneasy ; and although he has given up all expectations of Miss Bruce's rewarding his attachment, yet is sincerely devoted to her. He whispered me, " Madam, I am going to see why Lord Myrtle is not here ; take no notice of my departure, I shall return in half an hour."

I waited

I waited a whole hour, when I became so anxious, that I was obliged to say, "that Sir James's not returuing really alarmed me, as he appeared to have a more than ordinary meaning in his words." They were all greatly agitated, as they knew I am not apt to give way to whims. And it became impossible to remain longer in this state of suspence, we accordingly returned home : a quarter of a mile from the house we were met by Sir Edward Ross's servant, Le Seur, who came up to the coach with a face pale as death, called out, "Is my Lady here?" just looked at her, and dropped down in a swoon. This terrified us all exceedingly : as to Lady Bruce, she instantly cried out, "My son is dead," and fainted away. Happy was this state of insensibility : my father looked as if he would drop, and the afflicted Mrs. Moss, who at present sees every thing on the gloomy side, exclaimed, "*My sister loved him*; both sisters are doomed to be wretched!" As we advanced to the house, not one servant appeared, all unwilling to acquaint us with the horrid particulars they had to relate ; we entered the hall, where were several of the domestics wringing their hands : they seemed, on our appearance, to be transfixed with horror, while we stood stupified with apprehensions and amazement. By this time my Lady was brought out of the coach ; while I saw her taken care of, I conjured Sir James to inquire into this mystic horror, that seemed to invade the family : unluckly my husband was from home with the Prince and Lord F——, who had gone before us to Moss-castle. Upon seeing my Lady still insensible, I left her in the hands of the women, to inform myself of all this disorder ; judge of my horror and grief,

to find Sir Edward supposed dead, and Miss Bruce out of her senses! The account Sir James Ramsay gave, is as follows;

“ Upon finding Lord Myrtle had absented himself, Madam, you saw my uneasiness; I did not doubt but he had concealed himself to watch the motions of Miss Bruce, as Sir Edward Ross was expected, whom we both think she has a partiality for; the consciousness of his great merit determined me to resign my pretensions, while it confirmed Lord Myrtle in his, who had thrown out many things occasionally, which not only marked the littleness of his mind, but his inveterate malice to Sir Edward, whom he swore he would destroy, if he found she favoured him, or if he had any pretensions there. On my approach to the house, I met Lord Myrtle in the avenue, on foot, with a bloody sword in his hand, eyes staring, and his whole dress dishevelled: he appeared to incline to pass me, when I grasped him by the collar, and demanded what he had been about? he at first answered incoherently, I did not do it! I say, she did it!” and some sentences similar to those. I was resolute, acquainting him he was my prisoner, and made him march before me—He had time to recollect himself. He then told me, that upon hearing Sir Edward was arrived, and was gone into the garden to Miss Bruce, he had hid himself behind the arbour, when Sir Edward having attempted improper liberties with her, she had stabbed him to the heart; and that he was going for assistance when I met him. I took no notice to him of the unlikelihood of this account, from obvious reasons, but continued driving him before me. We entered the garden by the back-door; upon our first approach, I
saw

saw Miss Bruce laying her cheek to Sir Edward's, and in the most soothing fondness lamenting his early doom; she had tore her handkerchief to stop his wound. Upon hearing a noise she started up; but, on seeing Lord Myrtle, she exclaimed, "Barbarian, he has not more lives to lose." Then turning to me, "What! did *you* assist him in this hellish act, Sir James?— It was not his fault, it was *mine*; I told him I would not marry the Prince, but that I would be his sister, and would love him, attend him, and take care of him all the days of my life!" —But, he answered, "That, if I loved him, and would be a kind sister, that I would marry the Prince!" Upon Lord Myrtle's making a motion to take the sword from me, she threw herself on Sir Edward, crying out, "Strike me, ruffian! he shall not be hurt but through me!" she then made use of the fondest, the most passionate expressions to Sir Edward; but, upon again observing Lord Myrtle, was seized with terror, became quite distracted, tearing her hair and throwing herself on the ground. It is so truly pitiable, said he, it unmans me! I was so affected, and so many of the servants being dispatched for surgeons, that Lord Myrtle has escaped.

Sir Edward had fainted by loss of blood; when he came to himself he enquired for Miss Bruce, and again swooned away. The surgeons have examined his wounds, and judge them not mortal.

Sir James has been obliged to unfold this dreadful tale to my Lady. Your Ladyship knows she is possessed of a spirit, which has assisted her to overcome those accidents which admitted of any redress, and enabled her to support outwardly,

wardly, with decency and dignity, those which admitted of none, yet has, till very lately, suffered inwardly, through almost her whole life, from a succession of melancholy and affecting objects. She seemed first insensible; at last, a flood of tears a little relieved her: I hope she will be supported under this great and heavy trial. What a day was this! What strange transitions! What violent emotions! O, Madam, what a world is this to set our hearts upon, when every rash fool, where we are surrounded with millions, can put a sudden stop to our happiness; can in an instant change it into perfect misery!

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Prince, Lord F——, and my husband, are just arrived: they have wept bitterly over Sir Edward; he raves a great deal about the Prince, Miss Bruce, and a Lord I——y, whom he incessantly calls for.—His Lordship is just arrived; had promised Sir Edward to meet him here. He has shewn the Prince part of a letter he received from Sir Edward within this week, by which it appears he was in love with my unhappy sister; but, upon having understood from the Prince, it was his intention to address her, had determined to conquer his inclination. How must this endear him to his Highness at this time, as the uneasiness Sir Edward had suffered on his account, had proceeded from his not having been explicit enough in a letter he had written to him about a scheme he had much at heart, and which he told him he must assist him

him in!—this was to obtain from Lord F—the care of the little Lady Eliza, whom he means to make the heiress of his fortune, and proposes to himself the greatest happiness in cultivating her mind. This, said the Prince, and the catacombs of St. Sebastian (alluding to where Lady F—— is buried), are the only consolations that I can enjoy, now that my dear, my esteemed friend, is in danger ; nor can I hardly wish him to live, to see the deplorable state of Miss Bruce. I went to see her to-day : her fine long hair was hanging dishevelled down her her back. She says the fondest, most endearing things to Sir Edward, whom she supposes lies dead before her ; she tells him she will follow him, that she had always loved him, although insensible to all his sex, and that nobody but her sister Moss had been acquainted with her passion. I could not bear it ; Heaven restore this amiable sufferer to her senses. We have not dared as yet to acquaint Lady Bruce with her situation. Your Ladyship will acquaint Lady Filmer with these particulars, as your good sense will direct you. Had her Ladyship been in good health, her presence would have been highly salutary to her friend.

I shall write next post ; in the mean time, begleave to subscribe myself,

your Ladyship's

obedient humble servant,

WILHELMINA BRUCE.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXI.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady HARRIET
FILMER.

MY DEAR HARRIET,

Bruce-hill.

I Arrived safe here. I cannot sufficiently express the sense I have of your tenderness and attention for me, in having so earnestly wished my son to attend me ; no, my amiable child, my absenting myself at this time * from you, is a sufficient sacrifice to friendship. The anxiety I feel on your account, can only be mitigated by the knowledge of my son's affectionate and tender attention to you ; but, my sweet girl, shall I again repeat what I so often mentioned to you before I left you, not to see your children for at least a week after your delivery ? Recollect the consequences, last time, of your having your little girl with you ; 'as you love these innocents, preserve yourself carefully for them.

The situation of this family, so lately a scene of joy, is not to be described, and recalled to my remembrance Virgil's description of the lovers, whom he saw at his descent into hell ; the poet places them in fields watered with tears, called the weeping country. Lady Bruce had had a fever, and got up for the first time to receive me : she

* Lady Harriet expected to lie in every hour.

looked dreadfully. Sir James thanked me a thousand times for coming, as he said nothing could help to compose, and fortify her mind, and prepare her for all events, as my conversation. Mrs. Bruce met me at York, and acquainted me with the situation of every thing before my arrival here. Sir Edward is alive, but so faint and low, that it is yet very dubious what will be the consequences: he is delirious, and is constantly calling for the Prince and Lord I—, who are continually with him.

I have seen the lovely Lucy, for lovely she is even in madness. Modern history informs us of certain countries, where they pay a devout regard to *mad people*; they look upon them as favoured with some nearer aspects of heavenly things than are allowed to other men, and as having somewhat about them as *sacred* and *divine*.

I acknowledge, I was never more affected than by her appearance. Lady Bruce ventured to attend me. She is various in her absences—sometimes has sensible intervals, but they are very short: when we entered, she was sitting pensively, leaning on her hand, earnestly examining a small picture in a shagreen case: upon hearing us, she arose, saluted us with dignity, called herself a poor forlorn creature, bereft of all comfort—asked us our names. Lady Bruce burst into tears, and taking her hand, eagerly kissed it; she drew it back, and turning round to her attendants, asked how they dared to admit people to deceive her? “This woman added she, calls herself my dearest, my adored mother, the mother of my Edward.—‘I’ll not wed Paris, Romeo shall be my husband.’ She answers exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in

in his Orphan. The goddess with an hundred tongues, has published through the world his praises; she can never have said enough of him, had she two thousand. Love either elevates or debases the soul, according to the object that inspires it. I am an *archangel*! I am mad with love. O the caitiff! had he a thousand lives, he should suffer as many deaths! The Almighty has taken him back to the everlasting mansions of peace, nought is left of him but his dear picture which I drew:—here it is, but I will not trust it out of my hand, lest you give it to the hoary fiend.” Judge of Lady Bruce’s surprize, to see a miniature of Sir Edward, which could only be painted by herself, yet is a striking likeness. “O, said she, what is the world without him? why does the sun shine? all nature should weep; are these eyes only to flow for this unmeasurable unconquerable woe?” Then turning round to me, she said, “You weep, you have a tender heart; who are you?” Upon hearing my name, which she had disregarded before, she kneeled down, kissed my hand, and said, “I had been the guardian angel of her mama, and would love me for ever.” She then became quite incoherent,—sometimes she falls into silent fits; and, in general, her memory is too unfaithful to make herself understood for a sentence together: yet she was tolerably connected with us; and, upon the whole, her reason seems to gather strength.—After a long silence she said, “Those that sleep in the dust of the grave *shall awake*, some to eternal life, and others to confusion.”—She lost what she was going to add—paused as if she could recollect it—and had exhausted her spirits by talking so much—We withdrew.—She seldom speaks to

her people. I flatter myself this malady will subside in time, if Sir Edward lives, as it is the belief of his death, her witnessing the supposed murder, and her passion for him, which have conspired to her misfortune.

I hope to have better accounts to transmit you. This letter is directed for my son, as it is probable, the contents may be too affecting, in your present situation. I ever am,

My dear Harriet,

your affectionate mother,

AMELIA FILMER.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXII.

TO SIR EDWARD FILMER.

MY DEAR SON,

I Rejoice with you on Lady Harriet's recovery. I hope you have been a good nurse, and flatter myself you obeyed my injunctions, in not suffering her to talk, or see too many people for the first fortnight after her delivery.

I have the pleasure to acquaint you, Sir Edward Ross is now so well as to have been once out airing. The situation of Miss Bruce was concealed from him until a few days ago ; the Prince, in the most judicious manner, has gradually, as his health would permit, opened to him new ideas in regard to his misapprehension of his intentions, &c. &c. but, at the same time, guarded him against any hopes that might affect him, by talking of the uncertainty of human events, &c.—Sir Edward from these hints, immediately apprehended that Lord Myrtle had assassinated Miss Bruce ; and it became absolutely necessary, notwithstanding his weak state of health, to inform him of the truth. Although he had never been dejected by adversity, nor had it been in the power of prosperity to raise him above that moderation, which always was his principal characteristic, yet the variety of his contending passions alone supported him ; joy, grief, pity, love, and gratitude, successively ingrossed the whole faculties of his soul. He expressed all these passions in the most pathetic terms, and declared he would devote his whole life to the amiable sufferer ; and, as she had been the only object of his affections, she should ever remain that of his tenderest esteem, although

though she should never again be restored to her senses. Sir Edward then begged to be left alone—after three quarters of an hour, I suggested it might be proper to hazard intruding on him, lest he should have fainted through weakness—this was found to be the case, he was on his knees quite insensible : we prevailed on him to go to bed, and hoped he would not attempt to see Miss Bruce, until he should be perfectly recovered.

I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that her lucid intervals increase—and the greatest prudence has been used on these occasions to insinuate such things as may lead her to suppose Sir Edward is alive.—To communicate it at once might be equally fatal to her as the belief of the contrary.—This consideration *only*, has prevented Sir Edward from seeing her. I must leave off, as I cannot spare much time at present, from the attentions I pay to my distressed friend.

I now resume my pen : Sir Edward insisted on seeing Miss Bruce, notwithstanding all our entreaties to the contrary. He argued, that if she was insensible, she would not know him ; and that he would watch the turn of her disorder, and not hazard any thing that might be prejudicial to her ; and that he flattered himself, he might be able to soothe and comfort her, by falling in with her humour. It was agreed none should be present but Mrs. Bruce and myself at this interview ; when we came in, she had her little picture in her hand, which she was talking to—she did not perceive us, and repeated these lines,

It was pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him ev'ry hour ; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our hearts tablet ; heart too capable
To ev'ry line and track of his sweet favours !
But now he's gone ! and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

Then

Then kneeling down, " May the avenging arm of the Almighty revenge the death of the most perfect of human beings!" Then starting up, she said, " I lye, he was not a human being, he was only lent to the world to reform mankind." Figure to yourself the feelings of the best of men; he was obliged to support himself against the wall, and burst into tears; his emotions discovered us to Miss Bruce, who was before leaning carelessly on a sofa.—The gracefulness of her figure, when she advanced to us, beggars all description; she was dressed in a long white robe, her hair tied carelessly behind, which was the only ornament she had; she started a little when she first looked at Sir Edward, and turning round to her maid, inquired who he was; by our directions she acquainted her he was a relation of Lady Bruce's. She looked very attentively at him and said, " You are like my Edward, do not weep;" and taking up her auburn tresses, gently wiped away the tears from his eyes. " You are (said she) then, Sir, the relation, you have perhaps, been the friend of my Edward, my heart tells me so, and you are like my picture—I am silly, very silly, and sometimes distracted—but bear with it—let me see you, and talk to me for ever of him."

" I know not what is the matter with my head, putting her hand to her forehead, such a strange confusion just here, and so stupid"—she shut her eyes, and leaned against me,—my involuntary tears were shed on her lovely face, while she lifted up her eyes said,

* Dear brother, I shall never see thee more,
Dearer than life itself thou wert to me!
For ever I have lost, but shall for ever love thee.

* Nunquam ego te vita frater amabilior
Aspiciam posthac; et, certe semper amabo.

CATULLUS.
Dr.

Dr. Munro arrived here a few hours ago : although he is a man of very liberal ideas, he has in the genteelest manner blamed the method the physicians here have treated Miss Bruce. —As he has more practical knowledge in this branch of the profession, we flatter ourselves his remedies may prove efficacious. I cannot express to you, my son, the respect I bear every individual of this family. Sir James is a Christian not by chance, caprice, or prejudice, but conviction. He honours the wise with his esteem, the good with his friendship, and treats the bad with tenderness and mercy.

It is enough to be poor or afflicted, to obtain relief from him ; and more than enough to be sick, in prison, or distress, to merit his assistance. The widow, the orphan, and the oppressed find in him a husband, a father, and a friend. And yet he suffers not the money he bestows on the necessitous, to injure the circumstances of his family, or break in upon his duties to it.

You ask my opinion of Mrs. Bruce—She is mistress of every useful knowledge science can impart ; and yet more the mistress of herself. Her good sense and learning contribute no more to make her assuming, than her reserve does to make her solemn, formal, or affected. She is gay with a becoming gravity, affable with dignity, and social with decorum. Whether silent or speaking she is ever affording instruction, while intent to receive it. Were you to be acquainted with her, my dear son, you would not tremble as you say you do, for your friend's heart leading him astray, from the practice of those sacred obligations you hold inviolable.

She is agreeable ; and the useful knowledge she is mistress of, added to the advantages of her mind

mind being cultivated by study, so amply supply her want of natural charms, that I am convinced you would think her handsome and agreeable, although you are so nice a critic in beauty. You inquire of me also, what my opinion is of Lord I——. He is polite, easy, and gallant; his carriage and conversation have in them that propriety, which distinguishes true good breeding. He knows all those delicacies of behaviour felt by so few; and that politeness of heart, which, like a kind of internal sense, feels as it were all the peculiarities of different circumstances of time, place, and company; still accommodating himself with equal dignity and good humour. He possesses above all that unassumed, unassuming superiority which characterises the fine gentleman of every country in the world. He was born and educated in France, inherits all the vivacity and sprightliness of that nation, and has not escaped imbibing a few of its levities and errors. In company he is a very agreeable companion, handles subjects without too much inquisitiveness, and a needless profundity of speculation, exerting himself only in extracting from them, that which has a reference to the promoting of festivity. He suffers himself to be much engrossed by fashionable pursuits, yielding out of politeness to a thousand engagements that are disagreeable to himself; because *it is civil to comply*; and is not unfrequently fearful of using his reason, from an apprehension of ridicule, and the laugh of those whom he ought to despise.

This amiable, though unthinking man, unites in himself what are commonly deemed the most incompatible qualities; to the greatest magnificence, the highest beneficence; to the utmost profusion in his expences, the most extensive

charity; to a pride of family, the utmost humility; and to a love of pleasure and gaiety, a decent regard to the exteriors of his religion. I do not mean to infer from the last, he is a sceptic; on the contrary, his mind is impressed with a just sense of the most awful truths.

Farewel, my dear son; my kindest and everlasting wishes attend my Harriet, and her sweet prattlers.

Your affectionate mother,

AMELIA FILMER.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

From Lady HARRIET FILMER, to Lady
FILMER.

MY DEAR MAMA,

IT gave us great joy to hear such agreeable accounts from Bruce-hill. May Miss Bruce be perfectly restored, and her lover made at last happy, by obtaining her hand as a reward for the faithful unremitted attentions he has now shewn her for so considerable a time.

I hope your second friendly, charitable visit to Yorkshire, will prove as efficacious to your health as the first—We arrived safe in Buckinghamshire, and had the pleasure of finding my sister and Mr. Druce, in perfect health and happiness. She is now nursing a lovely little girl. It is impossible for me to express the agreeable surprize I have undergone in regard to her: nought remains of the Duchess of A——, but her beauty.

ty. Her house has the appearance of a temple of the Muses and the Graces. She is as industrious in her œconomy at home, as she is liberal in her charity abroad; and the prudence with which she distributes these marks of her beneficence, enables her to do so; frugality is the support of generosity. She has a time for the embellishment of her mind, a time for the œconomical affairs of her family, a time for conversation with her domestic friends, a time for the relief of distressed virtue, and a time for her innocent relaxation. By these sagacious means, she has gained a facility of acting successively the part of a wise, virtuous, careful, tender wife to her husband; a discreet and indulgent mother to her children; an agreeable companion to her friends and acquaintance; an universal benefactress to the poor; and a faithful servant to God: all of which she is, without the least vanity or ostentation. Her conversation is still highly animated, but the sprightliness of her wit, the justness of her reflections, the dignity that accompanies her vivacity, plainly evinces with how much greater strength the mind can exert itself in a regular and rational life, than in a course of dissipation. Of how much consequence, my dear Mama, is it to be connected with a man of worth? My sister expresses her obligations to Mr. Druce, in the most affectionate and lively terms. When Lady F——*, and I were bestowing that praise we thought her intitled to, she answered, that she was very sensible of her deficiencies and inferiority still to others; but that Mr. Druce had taken the ut-

* As it appears from this letter, there had been a considerable chasm in the correspondence, it is necessary to inform the reader, that Lady Julia Finlay, is now Lady F——.

most

most pains to inform her understanding, correct the errors of her heart, and had led her to look back with horror on her past exceptionable conduct. " When we arrived in the country (said she), he convinced me, that if my mind was cleared by reason from those thick mists that my disordered passions cast about it ; when I came to discern perfectly, and consider more nearly the immense power and goodness of God ; and to make a comparison between those perfections of his, and my own frailty and weakness, and the shortness and uncertainty of my being ; I should humble myself even to the dust before him. Can the greatest monarch upon earth, secure himself from the least mischief that is incident to men ? Can he, by his own power, give strength to his body, or length to his life ? Can he free the one from pains and diseases, or the other from vexation and trouble ? If not, what excellence has he to boast of above other men ? What advantage has he to be proud of in relation to his fellow-creatures ? Custom indeed has made a wide difference between man and man ; but it is a difference purely imaginary, and not real ; for it must be some intrinsic worth in any creature, that must give it the preference to another. Titles and riches signify no more to the making of one man better than another, than the finer saddle making the better horse ; and it truly shews a poor spirit, for one man to take these paltry advantages of another. If he is ambitious to excel, let it be something that belongs to himself, something that demonstrates him to be a better creature. Let him contend in virtue, which alone is capable to put a great and true difference between man and man ; and whosoever gains the advantage there, has reason to value it, though it will never make him proud.

—My

—My husband (said the Duchess) also convinced me, the delights which flow from well timed, and well chosen recreations, would very soon console me for the loss of those I had formerly so much admired. The last, said he, emasculates the spirits, discomposes the judgment, displaces reason, feeds the senses, and starves the soul. But the first diffuses a pleasing regular warmth through the whole human system, which does not consist in the giddiness and raptures that arise from frolicksome wit; but a well informed conscience, which is the perpetual spring from whence they flow. “They, said he, who can set a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives.”

“I also, added the Duchess, by my husband’s desire, began upon a regular and improving course of studies, and discontinued my miscellany reading. For when he examined what I had acquired by my studies, he found such a confusion in my memory, that an historical anecdote was crouded by a moral sentiment, and scrap of a play interwoven in a sermon.

My Edward, and little ones join with me in wishing every happiness to attend her, whom we all love with the tenderest, the most sincere, and heart-felt affection.

HARRIET FILMER.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

From the Duchess DE CRUI, to Mrs.
PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM much on the *que vive*, with the thoughts of our ensuing happiness—your’s, and your daughter’s marriages, that were it not that you are to set out for England two days after the ceremony;

remony; and that I wish to inform you of some particulars previous to your departure, concerning those friends mentioned in the family narrative, I should hardly be able now for that task.

In the two last letters you would perceive there had been a long chasm in the correspondence; these letters are lost: it only remains with me to acquaint you with a few of the most remarkable occurrences. Four years are elapsed since Miss Bruce's malady commenced; she has at times been perfectly restored, but has never yet been without returns of it. Sir Edward (now created Lord Ross) has been constant in his attentions, devoting his whole time to her. About a year ago, after an interval of a few months flattered them she was perfectly restored, he urged the completion of his happiness; I was then at Bruce-hill.—She acquainted him, that she would give him his answer in our presence. In the afternoon she summoned us to her dressing-room; there was a solemnity in her appearance, that predicted no hopes for her lover. He advanced, pale with anxiety, and kneeling down before her, kissed her hand, conjuring her in the presence of these respectable friends to confirm his happiness.

Miss Bruce's eye glistened with a tear she could not suppress; she prevailed on him to quit that posture: and then told him, that esteem is the result of reason, and to deserve it from good sense, the height of glory; that the sentiments of her heart were well known; she was sensible of all her obligations to him, but that these were sufficient to prevent her making him so bad a return, as connecting him so imprudently, by rendering him not only miserable himself, but, perhaps, entailing her misfortune on his family; that

that she had, from accident, heard of an alliance that had been proposed to him, the only daughter of the Marquis of O——, a young lady rich, beautiful, and accomplished; that this marriage taking place, would render her happy; and that she would devote those intervals of reason still afforded her, to implore God's pardon for having forgot the Creator in the creature, and having been too much attached to sublunary things!

Lord Ross here assured her, that whatever would accord most to her happiness, he would acquiesce in as to what regarded herself; but, in a most determined and passionate manner, solemnly declared, that he would never connect himself with any other woman, or engage himself in any public employment, while she lived; and that, if she would not give a legal right to his pretensions, yet the business of his life should ever be directed to procure her every comfort, every attention, that sympathetic tenderness, and endearing solicitude could effect!

He looked most charmingly graceful! how engaging is modesty in a man, when one knows there is a great mind within:—he appeared with such tenderness; in such confusion; and yet, in other respects, so much himself, so determined!

This scene was too much for her poor agitated heart; she at that time relapsed, and for some time after, either gazed in silence with a vacant unmeaning eye, or uttered her distraction in incoherent sentences.

Lord Ross and Miss Bruce continue to live like brother and sister.

After such an example, let not our young beaux, or rakes, presume to say there is no such thing as Platonic love, or that there never was, but in the imaginations of a writer of romance;
for

for, in spite of the depravity of the age, there are men who know the value of a generous heart, and who are sufficiently rational to be content with the possession of that alone.

Mrs. Moss is still single, and dedicates her whole time to the educating her child, comforting her sister, and preparing herself for a better world, her whole hopes of happiness having been destroyed here by the premature death of her husband.

Lady Filmer died about a year ago: the last three months of her life was spent in a constant preparation for that awful moment, so dreadful for the wicked, so full of peace, confidence, and holy joy to the good! My bleeding heart still feels her loss.

The Prince de la Rocelli spent a year lately, in England, with the little Lady Eliza, whom he is as fond of as ever, and has settled his fortune entirely upon.

And now, my dear Mrs. Pierpont, I conclude my family narrative. Those dear surviving friends will shew you every attention in their power, and long to embrace you. What an acquisition you will be to them; what a loss to me! a loss, notwithstanding all my happiness, I cannot help being selfish enough to regret. *Your* daughter, however, who will also in two days now be *mine*, will partly console me. May she be the counterpart of her mother, while her husband emulates his father's virtues; and they will then be as happy as a state of humanity admits of.

I ever am most affectionately,
and truly your's,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

F I N I S.

